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Dan Drake, M.D.

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OHIO VALLEY HISTORICAL SERIES

Robert Clarke & Co. Publishers, Cincinnati

PIONEER LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

A SERIES OF

Reminiscential Letters

FROM

DANIEL DRAKE, M.D.,

OF CINCINNATI,

TO HIS CHILDREN.

Edited with Notes and a Biographical Sketch by his Son,
CHARLES D. DRAKE.

CINCINNATI:
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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

My Mother.

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PREFACE.

The publication of the Reminiscential Letters comprised in the following pages, has for years been contemplated by my brother-in-law, Alexander H. McGuffey, Esq., and myself; but no favorable opportunity therefor was presented until the enterprising publishers of the *Ohio Valley Historical Series* proposed to make of them a volume in that series. As no more appropriate or acceptable place could be given them, we cheerfully placed them in the hands of those gentlemen for that purpose.

Much has been said and written of the warlike and adventurous aspects of Pioneer Life in the West; but these letters are believed to be the only attempt at a detailed description of its more peaceful phases. I can not but regard such a description as a valuable, as well as peculiar, contribution to American literature.

Pioneer life still follows our western border; but, going with the railroad and the telegraph, it is a pastime to what such life was in the last century. The overland journey of more than three thousand miles from Portland in Maine to Portland in Oregon, requires less time now, than that from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt, some three hundred miles, required at the period described in these letters; while the ease and comfort of the former is luxury compared with the exposed, protracted, and oftentimes perilous character of the latter. The contrast between the two eras is not less striking than purely American.

As the old-time period recedes from view, its interest increases. If its events were such as might be expected, substantially, to repeat themselves, they are historical guide-posts to succeeding generations; if, however, they belong to conditions, which, in the nature of things, may not be looked for again, they, at least, stimulate inquiry into, and aid in the study of, the character of the people among whom they occurred. In this view, if no other, these letters may be considered to have an appreciable value.

They portray with equal vividness the character of pioneer life, the character of the pioneer boy, and the character of the "old man"—as in them he called himself—who, in describing that life and that boy, unconsciously photographed himself as he was when he wrote; all done with a frankness which invites confidence, a freshness which arrests and rewards attention, and a truthfulness which claims belief. This triple portraiture, not often found in such sharpness of outline and fidelity of detail as in these letters, can not, I think, fail to interest the reader.

Of their literary character I may not speak, for two reasons: because of my relation to the writer; and because, aside from my personal knowledge of the fact, they bear internal evidence that they were not designed as a literary performance. They were merely the offhand familiar talk of a father to his children; and as such, while they may not claim exemption from criticism, their freedom from literary pretension may, at least, somewhat turn its edge.

In preparing them for the press and superintending their publication, I reverently and affectionately complete the cairn which marks where passed, on the journey of life, one who, going forth from the uneducated poverty and rugged toil of the frontier in a past age, exemplified in himself the energy, courage, perseverance, and endurance which, in three score and ten years, have pushed that frontier more than a thousand miles farther west, and will speedily impress our whole wide domain with the grand signet of American civilization.

Those who knew Dr. Drake will recognize in the portrait accompanying this volume an animated and faithful likeness.

No one will probably estimate lower than I do the biographical sketch which it devolved upon me to prepare in connection with this publication. I would it were better; but, written as it was in the midst of pressing duties adverse to literary effort, I found it impossible to make it what my desire prompted or the subject demanded.

ST. LOUIS, *April* 11, 1870. C. D. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

DANIEL DRAKE, M. D.

THE life whose first fifteen years are depicted in this volume, was one of devotion to science under many difficulties and with many drawbacks. It was one, also, which surmounted those obstacles and achieved success and distinction. The lesson of patience and perseverance learned in his childhood and youth in the wilds of the "Dark and Bloody Ground" molded that life. With him who learned it, as recounted in the Letters now made public, labor was not more a destiny than a choice, and the pursuit of knowledge not less a desire than a necessity. Far back in my childhood's memories are recollections of his protracted study, his keen and constant observation, his intense search of knowledge through men and books. One of the most distinct impressions left upon me by recollections extending through more than a third of a century prior to his death, is, that he sought knowledge for its own sake and for the good it enabled him to do, rather than for the profit it brought to himself. From my earliest memory to the close of his distinguished career, a broad public spirit inspired his actions: too much so, oftentimes, for his personal benefit. Had he lived more selfishly, the occasion for this prefatory memoir in connection with these letters, might not have existed.

An extended memoir of Doctor Drake, by Edward D. Mansfield, having been published in 1855, I shall confine myself principally to references to his professional and public life, rather than to details of his personal history.

To obtain any just view of his professional and public character and of the obstacles to improvement which he met and overcame, we should know something of what Cincinnati was when he, in December, 1800, became a student of medicine there. It was then a village, of not a dozen years' existence, and with not more than four hundred inhabitants, situated in a wilderness, without commerce, without manufactures, with very limited means of communication with other parts of the country, with no mails to or from any quarter except such as were carried on horseback, without institutions of learning, with the most limited facilities for education in any form, and with little, in fact, to invite population but the hope of a brighter and broader future; which eventually it realized. Even ten years afterward the whole number of dwelling houses in the town was but 360, and the whole population only 2,320.

To this frontier village this uneducated boy of fifteen went to study the science of medicine. What he was when he went there, these letters describe. What he became in the progress of years, can here be only sketched.

Dr. Drake was the first student of medicine in Cincinnati. His preceptor would probably in this day be regarded as possessing very little medical knowledge, though perhaps gifted with much skill in the use of what he knew. This student plunged into the books which constituted the Doctor's library, full of medical terms derived from the Latin, of which he had not the least comprehension, and had to clear a way for himself in the field of science, very much as his father and he had had to clear a space for a habitation in the forests of Kentucky. He was less than four years nominally a student, during three of which, he says, it was his function to put up and distribute medicines over the village—medicines which were compounded in what was then called the "Doctor's shop;" concerning which he used subsequently this language: "But few of you have seen the genuine old Doctor's shop, or regaled your olfactory nerves in the mingled odors which, like incense to the god of physic, arose from brown paper bundles, bottles stopped with worm-eaten corks, and open jars of ointment not a whit behind those of the apothecary in the days of Solomon. Yet such a place is very well for the student. However idle, he will always be absorbing a little medicine, especially if he sleep beneath the greasy counter."

In May, 1804, before he had attained the age of nineteen, upon the slender stock of medical knowledge which he had acquired in the three years and a half that he had studied it, he entered upon the practice of his profession in partnership with his preceptor; a partnership which, from his own account, was not a source of much prosperity. In July, 1804, writing to his father, he said that their business increased rapidly, and that they charged from three to six dollars per day! but he doubted whether one-fourth of it would ever be collected.

Though poor, and troubled by the pecuniary embarrassments of his partner as well as his own, insomuch that he wrote to his father that he had not been able to purchase two books which were at a store in the town, he determined to avail himself of the advantages of medical lectures, and in the fall of 1805 went to Philadelphia as a student in the Pennsylvania University. To accomplish this he was obliged to look to his father for assistance, who rendered it, though himself poor. The winter of 1805–6 was to him a winter of earnest and faithful labor. He wrote: "I learn all I can. I try not to lose a single moment, seeing I have to pay so dear for leave to stay in the city a few months." Again he wrote: "I attend the lectures, and then study until two in the afternoon. After dinner I apply myself closely to books, call for candles, and sit up until one, sometimes two, in the morning. This is my constant plan of conduct. I only sleep six hours in the twenty-four, and when awake try never to lose a single moment. I had not money enough to take a ticket at the Hospital library, and, therefore, had to borrow books."

In the spring of 1806 Dr. Drake returned to Cincinnati, but went thence to Mayslick, where he practised medicine for a year, and then again went to Cincinnati, where was his home during the remainder of his life. The first event of importance after his return was his marriage, in December, 1807, at the age of twenty-two. No further reference to this is intended than that which enables me to render here a fitting tribute to the memory of my Mother.

Her birth-name was Harriet Sisson, and she was born in New Haven, Connecticut, November 11, 1787, and died in Cincinnati, September 30, 1825.

She should have a distinct and honored mention in connection with the account given in these letters of the early years of him in whose heart and memory she was so closely enshrined, and over whose life she exerted so potent and elevating an influence. I could not trust myself to attempt a portraiture of her character, and fortunately need not venture it; for *he* left it elsewhere than in these letters. Soon after her death he began, and from time to time through a period of two years continued, to commit to paper the "Emotions, Reflections, and Anticipations" which alternately swayed his mind and heart. This manuscript, left among his papers at his death, is now in my possession. Sacred from observation as nearly all of it is, there are yet portions which, in my judgment, may be properly given to the world as an intimate and noble part of himself. No insight into his life and character can approach completeness which leaves *her* out of view. I therefore feel justified in presenting here such passages as at once portray her person and character, and indicate the nature and extent of her influence upon him. From it I group the following selections:

"Wherefore should I record that which now occupies my mind, seeing that she to whose scrutiny and approbation all my thoughts were exhibited is no more? For years the repository of whatever arose in my soul, the partner of every emotion, she is now withdrawn behind the curtain of death, leaving me at once rent asunder with feelings of grief, and destitute of those sympathies which alone could afford consolation. Her presence only could alleviate the sufferings which the loss of that presence has excited.

"What is the relation in which we now stand? Does her disembodied spirit take cognizance of me and mine? look down with the just discrimination of past times on my actions and efforts, approving or condemning, exhorting, animating, and enjoying, according as those actions conformed themselves to the principles of honor and conjugal affection? Could I believe her still within my sphere, a witness of my actions, a listener to my expressions, frowning upon that which should be condemned, and deriving satisfaction from that which on earth gave her joy in my conduct and conversation I should at once be reconciled to her personal absence.

"For eighteen years and more we had been coalescing in spirit. An identity of existence had gradually been established. Our hearts had become conjoined. They were conjoined on principles of equality. The relation of superior and inferior came not into the union. It excluded, it abhorred all despotism and all servility. It was not that of activity uniting itself with apathy. All was reciprocal strength of feeling. It depended not on temporary or temporizing principles. It embraced no expedients, no transient or sinister objects. It was deep and durable as life itself; but alas! how short and uncertain is life.

"Our marriage was from love; our love from mutual respect and esteem. It rested on no considerations of family or fortune, was excited and inflamed by no arts or affectation. It was a spontaneous sentiment in both souls, and rose simultaneously.

"I was twenty-two, she twenty. In person she was of middle stature or rather less, with a comely though not beautiful form, but erect, elastic, and dignified; in countenance animated, forceful, expressive; free from affected looks and gestures; inclining to an aspect of honest and native pride. The great charm of her presence was simplicity. Her appearance and manner exhibited not less *naiveté* than her conversation. This was always marked by good sense and good feeling. Her opportunities of acquiring knowledge, particularly scholastic learning, had been limited; but her observation of those about her and of society was acute and discriminating. She saw with accuracy and judged with correctness. She expressed herself with that modesty which pervaded all her actions. In mixed circles she was silent. To her immediate friends and associates only did she disclose the intrinsic beauties of her soul. In regard to marriage her great maxim was, to marry for love, and to love from manifestations of character.

"Our courtship was not coy, nor formal, nor protracted. My desires and designs were made known to her guardian aunt (Mrs. Colonel Jared Mansfield) before they had been, in words, communicated to herself. They were approved by her to whom they were addressed; and nature had already assured me they would be approved by her who was their object. A few interviews brought us to a full understanding, almost independently of the use of words. We conversed on the objections which each might find in the other; and while contemplating the obstacles to a union, our spirits imperceptibly commingled into one. Perfect reciprocal confidence arose before we were conscious of perfect love; and ere the marriage rites were performed, our fortunes and fates were indissolubly united and our souls consecrated to each other.

"We began the world in love and hope and poverty. It was all before us, and we were under the influence of the same ambition to possess it; to acquire not wealth merely, but friends, knowledge, influence, distinction. We had equal industry and equal aspirations. She devoted herself to every duty of her station, and might have been a model to those much older and, in bodily powers, much abler than herself. But her active understanding and warm sensibilities did not suffer her attention to exhaust itself on objects of domestic economy. Her mind was highly inquisitive, and she soon manifested a rising interest in my studies and literary pursuits. She evinced a fondness for my society, even when my attention was absorbed by these objects, and it was not long before she became my companion when I was engaged in study. I retired not from the association, and custom soon rendered it desirable. She often read to me select passages from books which attracted her attention, while I was reading those of a different kind. Her selections were always marked by the good sense and good taste which characterized her whole life. I read to her in turn, and she comprehended and commented. She seldom wrote, but soon manifested that she was an excellent judge of composition. She not only sat by my side conversing, more or less, while I wrote at various times the most that I have written, but my constant practice was to exhibit to her inspection whatever I wrote. She saw the first draughts, and criticised with taste, judgment, severity, and love. We were thus together personally and spiritually, in most of my domestic hours. When abroad for social enjoyment, we seldom were without each other. I had no separate social or sensual gratifications, no tavern orgies, no political club recreations, no dissipated pleasures nor companions. Society was no society to me without her presence and co-operation.

"We lived together, not merely at home and in the houses and society of our friends, but frequented, as far as possible, in conjunction, all places of rational curiosity, of improvement, and of innocent and attractive amusement. On such occasions, her observations were always just, instructive, and piquant. I relied upon her taste and judgment; I adopted her approval; I submitted my own impressions to her decision; I was gratified in proportion as she approved and enjoyed.

"We journeyed much together. At various times we had traveled with each other more than five thousand miles by land and water. This was not all. Many years ago she began to ride with me in my gig while I was engaged on professional business, and this practice had at last grown into a confirmed habit. It was a daily custom—a sort of afternoon recreation, and was often kept up till bed time. In the coldest nights of winter she sometimes traversed with me the town and its vicinity in every direction. The time which most delighted her was the evening, before and at sunset. To view and admire the scenery of the atmosphere, was then a great object. Her admiration for such exhibitions was unbounded. The love of brilliant and delicate coloring was in her a passion.

"In these evening rides we conversed on all subjects; discussed matters of business; inquired into the wants and interests of the family; compared and contrasted the dispositions and characters of our children; speculated on their future condition; fixed the relative rank and value of our friends and acquaintances; canvassed all our schemes of ambition, of gain, and of love. She often carried a book and read, sitting in the gig, while I was occupied in the chambers of the sick. She frequently declared that she felt so happy no where else as in this situation. When asked where was her home since our partial removal to Lexington, she often answered, 'In the gig.' In truth, we almost lived in the open air. She has thus become associated with every pursuit and every object that lies before me. I can resort to nothing which does not reflect her image, and exhibit to me what I have lost.

"A more devoted mother never lived. The love of her offspring was at once a passion and a principle. After her husband, all her solicitude, her ambition, and her vanity were for her children. She loved them tenderly—she loved them practically, but she loved them with discretion, and was jealous of whatever could impair their qualities, manners, or physical constitution. Her tenderness was without frailty, her fondness without folly, her care without sickliness. Her affection begat vigilance, and modified the indulgence which maternal love too often sanctions, to the ruin of its object. She loved her children, but she also respected virtue, intelligence, modesty, industry, accomplishments, and honest distinction. She loved them as candidates for excellence. Hence her affections were chastened with severity, and the greater her attachment the more intense her desire to preserve the subjects of it from folly, vulgarity, and vice. Her care rose with her love, and her corrections multiplied with her admiration.

"Few persons had equal skill in domestic economy; and while some husbands were employed in a system of supervision, I might have been occupied in receiving from her lessons of economy. An inextinguishable love of independence was the foundation of her system. Her great aim was to make the means within her reach subservient to the wants and wishes of those for whom she had to provide the necessaries and comforts of life. For its elegancies no one had a higher natural relish; but this passion never betrayed her into an act of extravagance. In limiting herself, she made sacrifices of which persons of a different taste could not be apprised; but she made them without a murmur. She felt deprivation, but abhorred dependence. Her opinions and advice on this subject were always worthy of adoption; and one of the errors of my life was my not having more fully observed them. Far from being extravagant, I have been imprudent; and with a natural disposition for independence, I contracted those debts which in reality destroyed it, before I was apprised of the effects which they never fail to produce. She had been rocked in the cradle of poverty. The want of early opportunities had for a time crippled the perfect development of her faculties. Dependence had irritated her pride. The desire to see her children placed beyond its morbid influence had become a ruling passion. Her daughters were especially the subjects of this anxiety, and to leave them in possession of the means of education and support, without the pecuniary aid of friends, was a desire of her heart which death only could extinguish.

"She had studied the subject of education with great care and inquisitiveness. Her favorite author was Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, a copy of whose Treatise was presented to her by Mr. Ogilvie, the orator. She, however, read all works on the subject that fell into her hands, and all the stories, tales, narratives, and essays, which came within her reach, designed for the perusal of children. Of these she was most partial to those by Miss Edgeworth and her father. She sought in such works a practical illustration of the doctrines and maxims of elementary books. Her extraordinary love and admiration for little children led her, moreover, to take a deep interest in those and other works of fiction which faithfully portray the characters, and vividly exhibit the passions and propensities, the hopes and joys and sorrows of infancy and childhood. In the choice of books for her own children, of which she bought many, she was scrupulously careful. She bought none without first reading or vigilantly looking over them. Whatever might deprave the taste or moral feelings of the child, plant in its heart the seeds of impiety, infuse superstition, or perplex and mislead its judgment by an absurd departure from nature, she regarded with great disapprobation. She often required her children to read to her in the books she had selected for them. Charles was so much absent from her that he could not do it very often, and Harriet Echo was too young to have exercised herself much in that way. With Elizabeth, however, it was during the last two years a constant practice, and she esteemed it a very great favor thus to read to her mother. It was to the mother a source of much pleasure and amusement to watch the workings of the daughter's countenance, and hear her little exclamations of emotion and her childish expressions of preference or disapprobation. On such occasions her mother never failed to ask and answer questions, offer explanations, clear up doubts, and introduce new and apposite reflections for the consideration of the daughter.

"With a reference in a great degree to the education of our children, she was accustomed to read many of those works which, consisting of short essays upon society, or rather upon individual classes of men and objects in society, seemed to supply the elements of a system of education. Of these she preferred the numbers of Johnson as found in the *Rambler*, and of Bacon in his *Moral Essays*. She was not less captivated by the vigor of style in which these great writers express themselves, than by the profound wisdom of their maxims and reflections. Her taste and temperament led her to relish a strong more than a beautiful and polished, but weak style. The union of power and opulence in Bacon was peculiarly attractive to her. To this natural admiration for strength and originality in style and matter may be traced her great preference of Homer and Milton over all other poets. She had for them a decided taste, and continued through the last ten years of her life to recur to them constantly. She confined her readings, however, to the *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*. The second and sobered efforts of those great masters of song she found insipid. To Virgil she was not partial in any palpable degree. She had first read the Iliad, and admired it too much to relish highly what she regarded as the more tame and tedious narrative of the Ænead. Her taste, however, was by no means limited to the sublime: it fixed upon the beautiful with all the energy of a passion; but it must be the beautiful with strength, proportions, and originality that could captivate her. She was fond of the elegant descriptions of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. For beauty without simplicity and energy, in poetry, painting, or person, she had no affection."

This much, from two hundred and fourteen manuscript pages, I have selected as his portrait of a wife and mother, loved, respected, and mourned by many, but after the lapse of so many years remembered now by few, and as his picture of a married life which too seldom has its like. My memory, reaching back with distinctness over half the period of that married life, affectionately attests the unexaggerated fidelity of both the portrait and the picture.

It is not strange that with such a wife Dr. Drake's life should have assumed the character of high professional aspiration. That with his desire for professional success, stimulated by necessity, he should have devoted himself with assiduity to his profession, was to have been expected; but such influence as hers was calculated to urge him, as it did, to the highest ambition tor distinction as well as success.

Throughout his professional career, after the year 1809, Dr. Drake wrote and published much upon medical and other subjects. The first authentic account of Cincinnati was published by him in the year 1810, in a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, entitled *Notices concerning Cincinnati;* in which he treats briefly of the topography, geology, climate, diseases, population, and condition of the then village of three hundred and sixty dwellings. From that humble beginning, expanding out into professional inquiry over the whole field of medicine, and over the whole territory of the valley of the Mississippi, grew eventually, and was given to the world two years before his death, his great work *On the Principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America*, which is referred to more extendedly in the latter part of this sketch.

In 1814, he delivered before the School of Literature and Arts, at Cincinnati, an anniversary address; which was published, but, singularly enough, without his name. That there should have been a School of Literature and Arts organized in Cincinnati in 1813, when its population could not probably have exceeded four thousand, and it was still in the Far West, will be regarded as a fact of interest by those who have known that place only as a central object in a region inhabited by millions, among whom knowledge and intelligence are well nigh universally diffused.

It is curious to know what, in that early period, the School of Literature and the Arts did. It appears from this address that during the first year of its existence it had assembled more than twenty times for literary exercises. He says:

> "The essays of the members equaled all reasonable expectation. Some of them consisted chiefly of original matter, while others manifested a degree of research which

is honorable to their authors and auspicious to the School. It would be amusing to review their contents, but being restricted to limits too narrow for the undertaking, I will substitute a catalogue of their titles, that, by a single glance we can see the number and diversity of the subjects to which our attention has been directed. I shall enumerate them in the order of their delivery:

"1. An Essay on Education; 2. On the Earthquakes of 1811, 1812, 1813; 3. On Light; 4. On Carbon; 5. On Air; 6. On the Mind; 7. On Agriculture; 8. On Caloric; 9. On Gravitation; 10. On Instinct; 11. Notices of the Aurora Borealis of the 17th of April and 11th of September, 1814; 12. An Essay on Water, considered chemically and hydrostatically; 13. On Common Sense; 14. On Heat; 15. On the Mechanical Powers; 16. On the Theory of Earthquakes; 17. On Enthusiasm; 18. On the Geology of Cincinnati and its vicinity, illustrated with mineral specimens and a vertical map; 19. On the Internal Commerce of the United States; 20. On Hydrogen; 21. On Rural Economy; 22. On the Geology of some parts of New York; 23. On General Commerce.

"The third and subordinate portion of our exercises, poetical recitations, has been strictly performed, and our album of poetry already exhibits specimens indicative of a cultivated taste. The proposition to connect with the pieces recited such critical remarks as they may suggest, has received some attention, and promises to give to this branch of our performances an interest and dignity which were not originally anticipated."

It would no doubt be amusing to review the contents of the different papers read before that Association. They might not be found to impart much knowledge or to excite much observation in this advanced period of the age; but their preparation indicates a spirit of inquiry and a desire to communicate information and interchange thought, which bore their legitimate fruits in the subsequent history of Cincinnati, long celebrated for the literary character of many of its leading men. That this infant School of Literature and the Arts should have its discouragements, was to have been expected. In this Address Dr. Drake refers to them in the following terms; in which it is observable that the backwoods village, then just emerging into townhood, aspired to call itself *city:*

"But it will perhaps be asserted that in a city so young as this no literary distinction is attainable that would outvalue its cost; that academies and colleges are as yet scarcely instituted; that libraries, philosophical apparatus, and scientific teachers are equally rare and imperfect; that associations for improvement, animated and impelled by a persevering spirit, can find no habitation in these rude and checkered settlements; and lastly, that our countrymen are accustomed to look with frigid indifference on every species of literary effort. This is indeed pouring cold water on the flame of literary ambition; but that noble passion is not to be thus extinguished, and if a single spark remains, it will enable us to perceive through the Gothic darkness which envelopes our literature and science, the certain though narrow paths to a brighter region. New countries it is true, can not afford the elegancies and refinements of learning, but they are not so unpropitious to the growth of intellect as we generally suppose. The facilities of improvement which they furnish differ from those of the Old Country more in kind than degree. In new countries the empire of prejudice is comparatively insignificant, and the mind, not depressed by the dogmas of licensed authority, nor fettered by the chains of inexorable custom, is left free to expand according to its original constitution. But the sources of information are fewer than in old countries; and in balancing between the exemptions of one and the advantages of the other it must be acknowledged that the latter has a great ascendency. New countries, however, possess some positive and peculiar aids to the development of understanding.

"To illustrate their relative effects by a metaphor, it may be said that the operations of intellect in an old country are like the waters of a deep canal, which, flowing between artificial banks, pursue an equable and uniform course, while in a new country they resemble a stream which cuts its own channel in the wilderness, rolls successively in every direction, has a current alternately swift and slow, is frequently shallow, but always free, diversified, and natural. The former is eminently useful for a single purpose, the latter can be made subservient to many."

The School of Literature and the Arts deserves the notice here given to it, because it was the first institution in connection with which there is any record that Dr. Drake took an active part; not because I suppose it to have been itself entitled to distinction. It had its influence upon Cincinnati in its day, and doubtless performed a part in promoting his devotion to science and literature.

During the period of the war with Great Britain, from 1812 to 1815, Dr. Drake was not only engaged assiduously in the practice of his profession and in literary pursuits, but also then, and for some years afterward, was interested with his father and brother in mercantile business; which, however, had no profitable issue. It seemed to be his destiny to achieve success only through the labors of his profession and those connected with its literature and its educational institutions. It was characteristic of his mind, when it engaged in any train of investigation or study, to expand in acquisition and in the communication of the results of his labors. Hence the *Notices concerning Cincinnati*, published in 1810, led to the publication, five years afterward, of *The Picture of Cincinnati*, a volume of two hundred and fifty 12mo. pages, which merits distinct mention here. I am not alone in regarding it as a remarkable work.

That it did much to promote the prosperity of Cincinnati and the Miami country, is not less questionable, than that it brought no direct increase of prosperity to its author. "For more than a year," said he in the Preface to it, "it remained doubtful whether sufficient patronage would be afforded to warrant the risk of publication; and as this was an indispensable prerequisite, the preparation of the manuscript was consequently suffered to languish." That was not the day in Cincinnati of book stores or book publishers. According to his account, "The goods brought for consumption in this quarter are kept in more than seventy shops. Of these about sixty contain dry goods, hard, glass, and queens wares, liquors and groceries. The others are stores for iron, shoes, and drugs." It was the time when "the number of mails that arrived every week was nine; by which were brought for distribution in the town about seventy different papers, making three hundred and fifty sheets." Not by any means the most propitious period or place for bringing before the public a work of original and scientific research and thought.

The Picture of Cincinnati, I repeat, was a remarkable work; remarkable to be prepared anywhere, but more especially then and there; for several things remarkable—*first*, for the great amount of valuable information it contained in a small compass; *second*, that it was an original contribution of knowledge, not drawn from books, but gathered by the author through years of careful, diligent, painstaking, and accurate observation; *third*, for its methodical arrangement and clear perspicuous style; and *fourth*, for the enlarged public spirit which impelled him to the preparation of a work which he well knew was to benefit the community far more than himself, but to the publication of which the community lent its aid only tardily, perhaps reluctantly. The first three of these points will appear to any one who will examine the book; the last I state upon my own knowledge of his character and history; not, of course, at the period when that work was published, but afterward and in connection with other works. I think it may be truly said that he never published a book with the expectation of pecuniary profit to himself. He loved to disseminate as well as acquire knowledge; and he loved to disseminate it because of the good it did. This was public spirit.

Space will not allow more to be said, than that it treated, not merely of the town of Cincinnati, but of the Miami country, in seven chapters, entitled as follows: I. Geographical and Historical Introduction; II. Physical Topography; III. Civil Topography; IV. Political Topography; V. Medical Topography; VI. Antiquities; VII. Conclusion: to which were added in an Appendix papers on the Earthquakes, Aurora Borealis, and Southwest Wind; the first two of which papers had been read by the author before the School of Literature and the Arts.*

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* I may be pardoned—certainly shall be by every bibliopholist—for mentioning here how the copy of the *Picture of Cincinnati*, which now lies before me, came into my possession. In 1864, my old friend John B. Dillon, formerly of Cincinnati, afterwards for many years State Librarian of Indiana, and now Librarian of the Department

In the autumn of 1815, Dr. Drake resorted again to the medical lectures in the Pennsylvania University, and in the following spring received his diploma from that institution—the first ever conferred upon a citizen of Cincinnati. From this time his expanded professional life may be considered to have begun and to have left its traces with such distinctness as to constitute the basis of a biographical sketch. From this time, too, began my first distinct memories of his life in reference to those points which enter into this brief account of its leading features.

Early in 1817, he was tendered the professorship of Materia Medica and Medical Botany in the medical department of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, which he accepted; not with any intention of residing in Lexington, but with the expectation of spending his winters there, and the remainder of the year in Cincinnati. In the fall of 1817, he went to Lexington and engaged in the duties of his professorship, remaining until the following April. It was the opening of his career as a teacher of medicine, which continued, with slight intermissions, until his death, thirty-five years afterward.

In the spring of 1818, recognizing the brighter prospects for growth and advancement of Cincinnati than those of Lexington, he resigned his professorship in Transylvania University, but not his purpose to continue a teacher of medicine. He conceived the idea of establishing a medical school in Cincinnati, and in December, 1818, made application to the Legislature of Ohio, and obtained a charter for the Medical College of Ohio,

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of the Interior, purchased a copy of it in an antiquarian book store in Baltimore, and in March, 1867, presented it to me. It was a copy which my mother had presented to the late Morgan Neville, Esq., of Cincinnati, and upon the fly leaf is a presentation inscription to him in her handwriting. More than forty-two years after it passed from her hands, it returned to mine, seeming to speak of her.

which was established at Cincinnati, and, with varying fortunes, has continued to the present time. The history of his connection with that institution, first and last, would be interesting to the professional reader; but I do not propose to attempt to trace it. I can not, however, withhold a brief account of his connection with its creation. It sprang from his brain and will, was his child, and to the close of his days was an object of affection to him.

The charter of the institution incorporated its four professors, with himself as president. Ohio was then a frontier state, with a population of probably 400,000, and Cincinnati a backwoods town of about 7,000 inhabitants: certainly not the most inviting field for such an enterprise which could then have been found. But he looked forward to what Cincinnati, and Ohio, and the West were to become, and planned for an enlarged future, which he lived to see.

It was not until November, 1820, that the College went into operation, and then with a class of but twenty-four pupils. Dr. Drake's Inaugural Discourse on that occasion was published, with a Memorial to the General Assembly of Ohio, signed by himself alone, urging the endowment of the institution by the State. The following concluding words of the Memorial show the spirit which then animated him:

> "By a perusal of the Discourse which I have taken the liberty of dedicating to your honorable body, it will be perceived that the Faculty of this College have endeavored to organise it on a liberal plan; that they have not sought to give it present attractions at the expense of future prosperity; that they have proposed to erect in it, from the beginning, a standard of excellence for their pupils, at least as exalted as that of any other institution in the Union; and, in short, that having a due regard to the high destinies of Ohio, they have anxiously sought to lay the foundation of a school, which in its future progress, and under abler guidance, may be made to contribute to the glory of the State."

This Memorial he presented to the General Assembly of 1820–'21, in person, and either then or on the occasion, two years before, of his application for the charter, he enjoyed the rare privilege of being allowed to plead his cause at the bar of the House of Representatives. His efforts resulted in a grant by the Legislature of $10,000 to erect a hospital at Cincinnati, of which the Professors of the College "were to be *ex officio* the medical attendants, and in turn to have the privilege of introducing the pupils of the College." This appropriation, "although in depreciated bank paper," he said, "was quite adequate to the end in view:" a statement forcibly illustrating the greater value of money then than now.

The second session of the College opened in November, 1821, with a class of thirty students. It was the last session of his connection with the institution for ten years. Unconsciously, he had embodied in its charter the means—too soon to be employed—of dashing all his hopes of building up in Cincinnati a great medical school. The Professors of the College were its governors, filling its chairs, and controlling all its concerns. This plan of organization was the great mistake which affected his whole after life as a teacher of medicine, opening the way, as it did, at the end of the second session, for his dismissal by his two remaining colleagues from the institution which his own efforts had brought into existence, and in which their places were obtained through him.

I have no thought, after the lapse of nearly half a century, of reviving the memory of the bitter controversies of that period. The parties have passed away, and few now live who knew of those controversies, and fewer would probably interested in a recital of them; but I can not resist the impulse to transcribe a single page (omitting the names) from his *Narrative of the Rise and Fall of the Medical College of Ohio*, published in May, 1822, giving his account of his dismissal therefrom.

> "At 8 o'clock," said he, "we met according to a previous adjournment, and transacted some financial business. A profound silence ensued; our dim taper shed a faint light over the faces of the plotters; and everything seemed ominous of an approaching revolution. On trying occasions Dr. —— is said to be subject to a disease not unlike Saint Vitus' Dance; and on this he did not wholly escape. Wan and trembling he raised himself (with the exception of his eyes), and in lugubrious accents said, 'Mr. President, in the resolution I am about to offer, I am influenced by no private feelings, but solely by a reference to the public good.' He then read as follows: 'Voted that Daniel Drake, M. D., be dismissed from the Medical College of Ohio.' The portentous stillness recurred, and was not interrupted till I reminded the gentlemen of their designs. Mr. ——, who is blessed with stronger nerves, then rose, and adjusting himself to a firmer balance, put on a proper sanctimony, and ejaculated, 'I second the motion.' The crisis had now manifestly come; and learning that the gentlemen were ready to meet it, I put the question, which carried, in the classical language of Dr. ——, '*nemo contradicente*.' I could not do more than tender them a vote of thanks, nor less than withdraw, and performing both, the Doctor politely lit me down stairs."

He only who knew at the time how Dr. Drake's heart was bound to this institution, can comprehend the pain inflicted upon him by this act of his colleagues. It was certainly not alleviated by the knowledge that his own mistake in framing the charter of the College led to his exclusion from it.

Simultaneously with the establishment of the Medical College of Ohio, Dr. Drake became much interested in the formation of a Museum in that city, which was opened in June, 1820, in the Cincinnati College building, on Walnut street between Fourth and Fifth, and which for many years constituted an interesting feature of the growing town of Cincinnati. Dr. Drake delivered the address at the opening of this Museum, in which he thus spoke:

> "The plan of our establishment embraces nearly the whole of those parts of the great circle of knowledge, which require material objects, either natural or artificial, for their

illustration. It has, of course, a variety of subdivisions, and in its execution will call for very different architects; as its consummation will afford instruction and delight to persons of very opposite tastes. Already, indeed, in possession of many specimens in Zoology, Mineralogy, Antiquities, and the Fine and Useful Arts, we venture to indulge the hope, that even at this time, we can offer *something* to interest the naturalist, the antiquary, and the mechanician.

"To establish in this new region a scientific cabinet, on a plan so varied and extensive, may be considered by some as premature and impracticable. It is not difficult to show, however, that this objection is rather specious than solid. For an obvious reason, it is a new country in which such a multifarious assemblage is most proper. Ancient communities, only, exhibit a perfect separation of kindred trades and occupations, and a divorcement of the extraneous branches of science from the learned professions, to which in young societies we find them closely united. Old communities, therefore, are the only ones which can *successfully* establish cabinets and museums for particular classes of objects, and destined for the benefit and amusement of particular orders of men. Let no one, then, charge our society with temerity for aiming at a general collection; nor regard as an evidence of vain-glory and undisciplined ambition, what, in reality, is both the effect, and indication of our recent settlement in a new region."

In 1823 Dr. Drake again became connected with Transylvania University, as Professor of Materia Medica; but he would not suffer his name to be brought before the Board of Trustees of that institution until it became manifest that he would not be restored to his position in the Medical College of Ohio, on such terms as would justify its resumption. His connection with the Transylvania school continued until the spring of 1827; a period of the highest prosperity of that institution, and that in which he laid broad the foundations of his fame as a teacher of medicine. His introductory lecture upon re-entering the institution was *On the Necessity and Value of Professional Industry*, and may be considered to have been an expression of his own experience, and a picture of his own professional ambition. The following paragraphs from that discourse possess a permanent interest to students of medicine:

"First, to be successful, there must be method in your industry. You must apply yourselves, in the beginning, to those branches which constitute the alphabet and grammar of the profession; to the truths that are simple and obvious, and may emphatically be said to constitute its fundamental elements. From these you may proceed to the more complicated, until by a gradual and easy transition you come at last to compass the most exalted principles of science. For want of this precaution I have known the industry of many a deserving student apparently of no avail. Having aimed *prematurely* at a knowledge of the higher branches of the profession, he has felt the embarrassment of one who might have sought to understand the movements of a complicated machine, without an acquaintance with the mechanical powers united in its construction. Such an one is often compelled to descend from his unmerited elevation —he is perpetually haunted by a consciousness of imperfection, and, when too late, experiences the truth of the apothegm, that the progress of the human mind *must* be from the known to the unknown.

"Industry, to be efficient, must be real. The eye may wander over the pages of an author for hours, without a mental devotion of minutes. Physical and intellectual application are so different, that it is possible to devote much time to the business of reading, without either enriching the memory or strengthening the judgment. Mental attention is a prerequisite to all improvement, and without it bodily application will be inefficient and delusive.

"To be successful, industry must be unremitted. It should not recur in paroxysms, for with fitful breezes the voyage is interrupted, while under the ceaseless trade-wind the vessel holds her way in constancy to the destined port. I do not insist on close confinement, for that would impair your health, and with it, the activity of your intellectual powers. But it may be safely affirmed, that if students of every class would devote the hours of suspended study to exercise in the open air, a much greater number might, without injury to the constitution, be employed in professional reading than is usual. What we call relaxation from books, in general produces enervation instead of strength. It is the body and not the mind that becomes fatigued and restless in these cases. But when fatigue of body is produced by the restraints and confinement of a studious life, it can afford no relief to visit the heated apartments of a neighboring classmate, or consume the hours of intermission in idleness and pleasure. The true counteracting influence to the morbid effects of intense study, is active exercise in the fields and woods, where nature, with lovely aspect, can allure us from object to object, imparting vigor to the body and inspiration to the soul.

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"Gentlemen, I have dwelt so long on the necessity for professional industry, that but a single moment remains to speak of its rewards. These consist of the various pleasures and profits of success. The most humble of them is an immunity from the chagrin of disappointed hopes; a negative condition it is true, but to a mind of ardent aspirations, capable of affording actual pleasure. Then follow a train of positive gratifications and benefits, embracing all that is delightful to good taste, responsive to the desire for knowledge, gratifying to ambition, available to avarice, or satiating to the love of glory.

"If a provident temper of mind make you desirous of guarding against the gloomy insignificance—the sad and solitary nothingness of an ignorant old age, you must accomplish it by industry in youth; and such industry is peculiarly appropriate to this object, since, in our declining years, the knowledge acquired in early life is almost all that remains with us. The first inscriptions on the tablet of the mind are the last to be effaced. What a resistless motive for early diligence is suggested by this important law of human nature; and from its frequent violation, how few, like Nestor in the Iliad, become in old age the living oracles of wisdom to the rising generation.

"Should you carry within your breast a Samaritan heart, and find the act of doing good to others a greater joy than comes to them, by industry you may be said to acquire a foretaste of the happiness of the blessed; for Heaven itself will look upon and love you. And on the other hand, should you place your affections on the things of this world,—within certain limits, a necessary and useful attachment,—should you love money for the independence and power of which it is the parent, or the comforts and luxuries it may purchase, you may realize the golden dreams of Alchymy; for diligence is the true philosopher's stone.

"If a love of knowledge should prove to be your ruling passion, do not fear that much industry will either exhaust all new objects of admiration or blunt your faculty of enjoyment. The former defies the grasp of human intellect, and the latter can not be cloyed. Nor need you stray beyond the empire of organized beings; but should indeed confine yourself within its limits, ranging with freedom, but still returning to man, who, like the sun in the midst of the solar system, is the central orb of living nature.

"Should you, however, delight in the *gloriæ certamen*—in the struggle of ambition—and pursue fame as an ultimate object, renown, with its long train of brilliant accompaniments, will be yours: or, if nature has given you a relish for praise, the sounds of popular applause, and the sweeter accents of gratitude, breathed forth by those whom you have rescued from impending death, will fall like soft music on your ear.

"My young friends, be not discouraged that I have disclosed to your view the difficulties which the candidate for the honors and enjoyments of the profession must encounter, for I have done it to stimulate you in the race. Enterprise delights not in the path that is unembarrassed, courage is animated by danger, and genius disdains the achievement that involves no peril. The road to glory is not devoid of thorns, but they are the thorns which surround the rose."

From April, 1827, to November, 1830, Dr. Drake's connections with medical schools was suspended, and he was engaged in the practice of his profession in Cincinnati. In 1827, he became the editor of the *Western Medical and Physical Journal*, through which, for many years, he continued to influence the medical mind of the western country. In 1830—if my memory be correct as to the time—he was tendered the Professorship of Medicine in the University of Virginia, but declined it. In

November of that year, he became a professor in the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia. There is reason to suppose that, had he desired it, he might have retained his connection with that institution during the remainder of his life; and had he done so, it would, doubtless, have given him a greater measure of prosperity than he enjoyed. But he never could entertain the thought of a permanent removal from Cincinnati; and his acceptance of the Philadelphia professorship was designed merely to enable him to find professors for a new medical institution in Cincinnati. That institution was organized in the following year under the authority of Miami University; but before it went into operation an arrangement was made for the consolidation of its faculty with that of the Medical College of Ohio; and Dr. Drake again entered that institution. His connection with it continued only through the session of 1831–2. In order to promote this consolidation, and "to prevent a total destruction of the interests of medical education in Cincinnati, from the disorganized state of both faculties at midsummer," Dr. Drake "suggested, as the only means of effecting the union which the trustees had projected and were laboring to effect, the establishment of an eighth chair—Clinical Medicine—and offered to take it himself." Owing to the absence of the Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, Dr. Drake discharged during that session the duties of both professorships; but finding, from the limited extent of the wards of the hospital, that Clinical Medicine could not be sustained, as a separate chair, and that with it the Institutes would not be permanently united, he felt compelled to resign at the close of the session.

During this session he published, and dedicated to his class, a volume of *Practical Essays on Medical Education and the Medi-*

cal Profession in the United States, which probably contain as much practical wisdom as has been anywhere embodied on those topics. The following paragraph therefrom has inculcations, the observance of which by all who enter the profession would elevate its character, not less than ennoble its spirit:

> "But a thorough course of preparatory learning is useful, in more ways than one. It establishes early habits of application, generates a love of knowledge, trains the faculties, and inspires that firmness of purpose which prevents him who puts his hand to the plow from looking back. These are the cardinal virtues of a student, and they are in a great degree the effect of cultivation. We look instinctively at the grand and beautiful aspect of nature, but this is poetry, not philosophy. A poet delineates the surface, a philosopher decomposes the substance of things. One is born, the other called to his vocation. Education never made a great poet, nor nature a good philosopher. The latter is essentially the product of art. Toil is his destiny. He must sink a deep shaft, and draw up his treasures from below. Therefore he should be strengthened by timely and active effort. He must be inured to labor, and acquire adroitness in its performance. Hence he should begin early, for then only can suitable habits be formed. As well might he attempt, at thirty, to learn fencing, dancing, or a delicate and difficult art, as to commence at that age, without previous study, a course of philosophy. In both cases his awkwardness gives birth to the most discouraging failures. He feels, incessantly, the want of that strength and discipline, which are the offspring of practice, and are derived from it only. I would admonish parents to consider this subject anxiously and deeply. Many who place their sons to the study of medicine, are themselves illiterate, and do not apprehend the importance of early intellectual discipline. They transfer the objects of their care from the plow to the doctor's shop, and require them to exchange the recipes of agriculture for those of pharmacy. Of the multitude, a few, by the force of an irrepressible genius, may rise to eminence; but the majority must lag forever in the under walks of the profession. Not having learned to climb, when the art might have been acquired, they may assault, but can not scale the rugged steeps of science."

On the 8th of November, 1833, Dr. Drake delivered in Lexington before the Literary Convention of Kentucky a speech "*On the importance of promoting literary and social concert in the Valley of the Mississippi, as a means of elevating its character and perpetuating the Union.*" In the light of the events of which that Valley was the theater thirty years afterward, the following sentences from that speech have an interest justifying their presentation here:

"The geography of the interior, in truth, admonishes us to live in harmony, cherish uniform plans of education, and found similar institutions.

"The relations between the upper and lower Mississippi States, established by the collective waters of the whole Valley, must forever continue unchanged. What the towering oak is to our climbing winter grape, the 'Father of waters' must ever be to the communities along its trunk and its countless tributary streams—an imperishable support, an exhaustless power of union. What is the composition of its lower coasts and alluvial plains, but the soil of all the upper States and Territories, transported, commingled, and deposited by its waters? Within her own limits Louisiana has, indeed, the rich mold of ten sister States, which have thus contributed to the fertility of her plantations. It might almost be said, that for ages this region has sent thither a portion of its soil, where, in a milder climate, it might produce the cotton, oranges, and sugar, which, through the same channel, we receive in exchange for the products of our corn fields, work shops, and mines. Facts which prepare the way, and invite to perpetual union between the West and South.

"Thus connected by nature in the great Valley, we must live in the bonds of companionship, or imbrue our hands in each other's blood. We have no middle destiny. To secure the former to our posterity, we should begin while society is still tender and pliable. The saplings of the woods, if intertwined, will adapt themselves to each other and grow together; the little bird may hang its nest on the twigs of different trees, and the dew-drop fall successively on leaves which are nourished by distinct trunks. The tornado strikes harmless on such a bower, for the various parts sustain each other; but the grown tree, sturdy and set in its way, will not bend to its fellow, and when uprooted by the tempest, is dashed in violence against all within its reach."

Dr. Drake was not merely a medical man. From his early manhood he took an active and intelligent interest in enterprises which were calculated to advance the social and material interests of the West. Conspicuous in his history is his effort, in 1835, to set on foot the construction of a railroad from Cincinnati to Charleston, S. C. On the 10th of August in that year a public meeting was held in Cincinnati for the purpose of promoting the construction of a railroad from Newport or Covington, opposite that city, to Paris, in Bourbon county, Kentucky. After the proceedings on that subject were concluded, Dr. Drake offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to inquire into the practicability and advantages of an extension of the proposed railroad from Paris into the State of South Carolina."

This resolution was unanimously adopted, and Dr. Drake, J. W. Bakewell, and J. S. Williams were appointed the committee; from which, on the 15th of that month, Dr. Drake presented a report in favor of the practicability, and urging the advantages, of the proposed road. The following brief extract therefrom can hardly be devoid of interest to the new generation now on the stage of action:

> "No public work could contribute more powerfully to our national defense. Establishing a direct and rapid communication between the Northern and Southern frontiers of the United States, separated, unlike the Eastern and Western, from the dominions of foreign nations by narrow sheets of water only, it would afford facilities for the transportation of troops, munitions of war, and military sustenance from the center to the borders, or even from one frontier to the other, with unexampled rapidity; thus favoring a concentration, requisite to national defense in time of war, which could not otherwise be effected, and which would present a new triumph of civilization over barbarism, by making civil public works an efficient substitute for standing armies and powerful navies, which exhaust the resources and endanger the liberties of a nation.
>
> "But the most interesting and affecting consequences that would flow from the execution of this enterprise, would be the social and political. What is now the amount of personal intercourse between the millions of American fellow-citizens, of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, on the one hand, and Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, on the other? Do they not live and die in ignorance of each other, and, perhaps, with wrong opinions and prejudices, which the intercourse of a few years would annihilate forever? Should this work be executed, the personal communication between the North and South would instantly become unprecedented in the United States. Louisville and Augusta would be brought into social intercourse, Cincinnati and Charleston be neighbors; and parties of pleasure would start from the banks of the Savannah for those of the Ohio. The people of the two great valleys would, in summer, meet in the intervening mountain region of North Carolina and Tennessee, one of the most delightful climates in the United States; exchange their opinions, compare their sentiments, and blend their feelings—the North and the South would, in fact, shake hands with each other, yield up their social and political hostility, pledge themselves to common national interests, and part as friends and brethren."

In June, 1835, Dr. Drake succeeded in establishing a new medical school in Cincinnati, as a department of the Cincinnati College. This institution, in which, for many years, all collegiate instruction had been suspended, was one in the establishment of which, in 1818–20, he had taken a leading part. "The building was originally commenced for the Lancaster Seminary. About the year 1819, General William Lytle, who came to the West before Ohio had begun, and had pursued the Indian over this very ground, proposed to some of the citizens, in the spirit of a generous munificence, that they should finish the building, endow it, and procure a college charter. Leading the way with a subscription of eleven thousand five hundred dollars, he was followed by as many respectable citizens as made forty in the aggregate, and their contributions amounted to as many thousand dollars. A charter was obtained, which gave ample power to appoint professors, organize a faculty, and confer 'all the degrees which are usually conferred in any college or university in the United States.'"*

The medical school organized under this charter was strictly a private enterprise, with no endowment; and though the citizens contributed to its support, yet the chief burden rested on the four original projectors, Doctors Drake, S. D. Gross, Landon C. Rives, and Joseph N. McDowell; to each of whom it was a cost, during the four years of its existence, of nearly the entire amount of the emoluments of their respective chairs. "It is not surprising, therefore," said Dr. Gross, "that after struggling on, although with annually increasing classes, and with a spirit of activity and perseverance that hardly knew any bounds, it should at length have exhausted the patience, and even the forbearance of its founders. What, however, contributed more, perhaps, than anything else to its immediate downfall, was the resignation of Dr. Willard Parker, the Professor of Surgery, who, in the summer of 1839, accepted a chair in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the city of New York. The vacation of the surgical chair was soon followed by my own retirement and that of my other colleagues, Dr. Drake being the last to withdraw." Dr. Drake, upon the dissolution of the Cincinnati school, was elected to a professorship in the Louisville Medical Institute, afterward known as the University of Louisville, where he pursued his professorial duties during the succeeding ten years. Some time during that period the trustees of the Institute adopted a rule limiting the age of a professor to sixty-five years. In 1849, though not yet sixty-two years old, Dr. Drake deemed it proper, in view of the adoption of that rule, to resign his chair; notwithstanding the abrogation of the rule by its framers in his favor. He was immediately elected to a chair in the Medical College of Ohio; and as there were no longer any circumstances which would render a connection with that institution unpleasant or embarrassing, he accepted the post, and during the session of 1849–50 lectured there. From his introductory lecture, the following passage is presented; "which," says his biographer, Mr. Mansfield, "as descriptive of personal feeling, I think one of the finest pieces of written eloquence I have ever seen." After alluding to his connection with Cincinnati, and with various medical institutions, he said:

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* Mansfield's Memoir of Dr. Drake.

> "My heart still fondly turned to my first love, your *alma mater*. Her image, glowing in the warm and radiant tints of earlier life, was ever in my view. Transylvania had been reorganized in 1819, and included in its faculty Professor Dudley, whose surgical fame had already spread throughout the West, and that paragon of labor and perseverance, Professor Caldwell, now a veteran octogenarian. In the year after my separation from this school, I was recalled to that; but neither the eloquence of colleagues, nor the greeting of the largest classes which the University ever enjoyed, could drive that beautiful image from my mind. After four sessions I resigned; and was subsequently called to Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia; but the image mingled with my shadow; and when we reached the summit of the mountain, it bade me stop

and gaze upon the silvery cloud which hung over the place where you are now assembled. Afterward, in the Medical Department of Cincinnati College, I lectured with men of power to young men thirsting for knowledge, but the image still hovered round me. I was then invited to Louisville, became a member of one of the ablest faculties ever embodied in the West, and saw the halls of the University rapidly filled. But when I looked on the faces of four hundred students, behold! the image was in the midst of them. While there I prosecuted an extensive course of personal inquiry into the causes and cure of the diseases of the interior of the continent; and in journeyings by day and journeyings by night, on the water and on the land, while struggling through the matted rushes where the Mississippi mingles with the Gulf, or camping with Indians and Canadian boatmen under the pines and birches of Lake Superior, the image was still my faithful companion, and whispered sweet words of encouragement and hope. I bided my time; and after twice doubling the period through which Jacob waited for his Rachel, the united voice of the trustees and professors has recalled me to the chair which I held in the beginning."

The allusions, in this extract, to his journeyings, lead me to present, as an example of the descriptive and poetic character of his mind, the following passage, describing Mackinac, from a pamphlet published by him in 1842, entitled *The Northern Lakes, a summer residence for invalids of the South:*

> "In a recess on the southeastern side of the Island, but a few feet above the surface of the lake, stands the grotesque village of Mackinac; where, side by side, are Canadian cypress-thatched cabins and modern frames erected by our own people. On the cliff which overhangs it sits Fort Mackinac, with its bristling cannon and whitewashed battlements. Half a mile in the rear is the other plateau, seventy-five feet higher, the site of old Fort Holmes, which we have already visited. From this summit, elevated far above all that surrounds it, the panorama is such as would justify the epithet to Mackinac—Queen of the Isles. To the west are the indented shores of the upper peninsula of Michigan; to the south those of the lower, presenting in the interior a distant and smoky line of elevated table land; up the straits green islets may be seen peeping above the waters; directly in front of the harbor Round Island forms a beautiful foreground; while the larger *Bois Blanc*, with its light house, stretches off to the east; to the north are other islands, at varying distances, which complete the archipelago.
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> "When the observer directs his eye upon the waters more than the land, and the day is fair, with moderate wind, he finds the surface as variable in its tints, as if clothed in a robe of changeable silk. Green and blue are the governing hues, but they flow into each other with such facility and frequency, that while still contemplating a particular spot, it seems, as if by magic, transformed into another.

> "But these mid-day beauties vanish before those of the setting sun, when the boundless horizon of lake and land seems girt around with a fiery girdle of clouds, and the brilliant drapery of the skies paints itself upon the face of the waters. Brief as they are beautiful, these evening glories, like spirits of the air, quickly pass away; and the grey mantle of night warns the beholder to depart for the village, while he may yet make his way along a narrow and rocky path, beset with tufts of prickly juniper. Having refreshed himself for an hour, he may stroll out upon the beach, and listen to the serenade of the waters. Wave after wave will break at his feet, over the white pebbles, and return as limpid as it came. Up the straits he will see the evening star dancing on the ruffled surface, and the lagging schooner flapping its loose sails in the fitful land breeze; while the milky way—Death's Path of the Red Man—will dimly appear in the waters before him. Behind, in the street, a lively group of Canadian French, of every shade of color between white and red, will gossip and shrug their shoulders; on one side he will hear the uproar of a lodge of drunken Chippewas, with the screams, of women and children, and the cackling of the frightened hens; on the other he will see the sober and listless Ottawa, sitting in silent vacancy of thought, on the upturned keel of his birch canoe, his wife within the tent spreading cypress bark and flag mats upon the gravel, as lodgings for the night, while half a dozen children loll or play about the door, and as many half-starved dogs curl up among them. Surrounded by such scenes, the traveler begins to realize that he is a stranger; when suddenly a new phenomenon appears and fixes the conviction: every object becomes more visible, and raising his eyes, he beholds the heavens illuminated with an aurora borealis, where he reads in fantastic characters of light, that he is, indeed, a sojourner in a strange land, and has wandered far from his friends and home in the sunny regions of the South."

In 1850 occurred the great literary event of Dr. Drake's life, the publication of his *Treatise on the Principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America.* In connection with this work was exemplified, within my personal knowledge, his indifference to pecuniary profit from any work which he felt a desire to give to the world. Twelve hundred copies of this book were published; and all the pecuniary benefit he was to derive from it was one dollar for each copy sold. No one knew better than he how mere a pittance this was, in return for the money, to say nothing of the time and labor, he had spent upon the preparation of this book. He frequently said that the work, not being an array of recipes, would not be popular with the mass of the medical profession, and that only scientific men of a high order of mind and attainments would ever appreciate it. But still he pressed on in its preparation with as much energy and steadfastness, as if wealth in money and professional popularity awaited the completion of the efforts of thirty years. He was intent on making an original contribution, of high and permanent scientific value, to the literature of his profession; and I think he would probably have carried out his design if he had had to bear the expense of its publication out of his own pocket. Knowing, as I do, all that this work cost him in the years of its preparation, and how deeply he was interested in it, I feel that it were a wrong to his memory if I failed to embody here a suitable notice of it; and yet I am quite aware that I have no qualification for writing it. I therefore transfer here the following somewhat extended remarks in relation to it, found in Mr. Mansfield's Memoir:

> "It was thirty years before the work was published, that Dr. Drake announced his plan of preparing an extensive treatise on the Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America. Twice he issued circulars and commenced his preparations, and at last, it was ten years from the commencement to the completion of the first volume. Thus the period of a generation passed from the time the work was first initiated, before any part of it saw the light, and then much of it remained unpublished for the full time commended by Horace as the patient probation of authorship. When it came before the public, it was elaborated with all the care and pains which minute examination, long observation, scientific acumen, and high intellectual talent could give an original treatise on one of the most important subjects connected with the great continent of America. In its very nature, it was *original*. It could not be got from books. It was dug out, as it were, of the very elements of the continent and society of America. It was as completely *native* to the soil as the gold which came from the mountains of California.
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> "Such a work could have no solid and enduring value and excellence, unless composed of *positive facts*, carefully observed, compared, and noted, by a logical, well-informed, and judicious mind. Such a work Dr. Drake has actually produced, and in producing it has erected an honorable and durable monument to the science and literature of America. That it is really a great work, in value as well as labor, is admitted by the highest medical and scientific authorities of Europe and America. That its reputation will increase with time, is also evident. It takes long for the public mind

fully to acquaint itself with such a performance; but when it has, the measure of justice and praise is liberally meted, if not to the living author, at least to his memory.

"It is always interesting to know *how* such a work has been produced, and in what manner the author has pursued his inquiries. In the present case this is specially so because the nature of the work required a complication of researches. Natural diseases are influenced by, if not wholly derived from, the character of soil, climate, temperature, and food in the regions where they prevail. Most diseases are purely physical in their origin, and hence arise from physical causes. The very first thing to be done, then, is to ascertain the topography and climate of the country whose diseases are treated of. The next is to determine the habits of the people; and the last is to describe the diseases and treatment of them. Then these departments are usually investigated by different classes of men of science. The first belongs to the topographical geographer; the second to the social economist; and the last to the physician. To make such a treatise, however, as he planned, so complete and accurate, it was necessary that Dr. Drake should perform the whole labor himself, and he did. There was no treatise on the physical topography of the Mississippi valley, none on its social economy, and none on its general diseases. He had been himself the only pioneer in this branch of local science, and he was obliged now, not only to build, but to gather the materials of the structure he had designed. One of the first things to be done, the most laborious, and the longest in time, was *personally to observe and note the topographical phenomena of the entire Interior Valley.* This could only be done by summer traveling; for, in winter, he lectured at Louisville. Accordingly, he did travel, observe, inquire, and note, in that vast expanse, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains. In these extensive journeys, he visited most of the eminent physicians, mingled among all classes of people; Indians and negroes, as well as whites. He must have traveled at least thirty thousand miles, and examined thoroughly a zone of country comprising four million square miles, The object of this was to ascertain, personally, the distinctive features of each district of country, and especially of all the principal cities and towns. When this was done, he employed competent topographical engineers and draughtsmen to make plans of the sites and towns, that he might give a precise topographical view of all those localities much noted for specific diseases. The result was, that there is *no other work* which compares with this, in distinct accurate topographical information.

"Having sketched the manner in which this work was executed, I may turn now to its plan and analysis. The origin and objects of the work are thus stated:

"'As announced on the title-page, it is the design of this work to treat of the diseases of the Caucasian, Indian, and African varieties of our population, in contrast and comparison with each other; the first being the standard to which the other two are brought. For this purpose, no other country presents equal advantages; since in no other do we find masses of three varieties of the human race in permanent juxtaposition. There is, moreover, a fourth variety—the Mongolian—represented by the tribes of Esquimaux, whose huts of snow are scattered across the northern extremity of the Valley, who subsist on a simpler diet, and live in a lower temperature than any other known portion of the human race, and therefore present, in their habits and physiology, many points of interest, to which he has given such attention as the books of voyages and travels have enabled him to bestow.

"'The germ of this work was a pamphlet entitled *Notices concerning Cincinnati*, printed for distribution forty years ago. The greater part of the Interior Valley of North America was at that time a primitive wilderness. Ten years afterward, the author formed the design of preparing a more extended work on the diseases of the Ohio valley; but being called to teach, he became interested in medical schools, which, with the ceaseless labors of medical practice for the next twenty years, left no time for personal observation beyond the immediate sphere of his own business. Meanwhile, settlements extended in all directions, with which the area of observation expanded, and the plan of the promised work underwent a corresponding enlargement. He could look upon this long delay without regret, if he were conscious that his work had thereby been rendered proportionally more perfect; but he is obliged to confess that the labors of a pioneer, in many things, have not been auspicious to a high degree of perfection in any, and that a new country, with its diversified scenes and objects, is not favorable to the concentration of attention upon any one.'

"There is no medical man who would not be benefited by a study of this work. There is no scientific man who will not be interested in it. As a pure work of science, I know of none of greater magnitude and accuracy produced in America. It has been pronounced by the highest medical authority a work of superior excellence, and worthy the regard and admiration of the profession. As an American work, it is an honor to the country, and a monument to its science and intelligence."

In 1850 Dr. Drake, finding that his position in the Medical College of Ohio was not free from embarrassments, and being urgently solicited by his late colleagues in the Louisville School to return to it, consented to do so. This renewed connection continued for two sessions, when he yielded to his ardent desire to spend the evening of his life in making the Medical College of Ohio a great institution, and re-entered it after an almost continuous exile of thirty years. He came back to it full of years and professional honors, with, apparently, no untoward circumstances to mar his happiness in returning to his "first love." Though nearing his sixty-eighth year, it was literally true, that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He entered with enthusiasm into every matter connected with the College; and the prospect was that he might yet have continued to teach for years with undiminished power and acceptance; when suddenly the disease—congestion of the brain—which, in 1825, had nearly proved fatal to him, recurred, and after an illness of a few days, death closed his earthly career on the 5th of November, 1852, at the opening of the session of the College, and before he had reappeared in its halls; and the class assembled as his pupils became his mourners.

Dr. Drake's last public appearance was on the 26th of October, 1852, in the meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati, held on the occasion of the death of Daniel Webster. Being called upon, he rose in his place and remarked that, having recently taken a conspicuous part in the funeral ceremonies of another illustrious statesman (Henry Clay), he would not yield to an expression of his emotions on the present occasion. But before he sat down, he would point attention to the manner of this illustrious man's death, and to those utterances which, from the solemnity of the occasion, and because they were the last words of Daniel Webster, would forever stand out among the most prominent, and those most frequently turned to by posterity. "As an humble professor of the Christian religion," continued Dr. Drake, "I call the attention of the young men of this country to Daniel Webster's dying declarations of the inestimable value of the Christian religion—of man's utter dependance on Divine mercy. To the example of the mightiest intellect of the age, let me point those who have thought religion not meet for men of culture and genius. Who shall say that the simple utterance of the departed statesman—'THY ROD, THY ROD—THY STAFF, THY STAFF—THEY COMFORT ME!'—does not constitute the greatest act of that life of great acts?"

This expression of Christian faith calls for a brief reference to Dr. Drake's religious character. Though it was not until he had reached the age of fifty-five that he became connected with any church, he was, during all the previous portion of his life which my memory covers, accustomed to manifest his respect for the Christian religion. In 1840 he united with the Episcopal communion in Louisville, and thereafter not only showed in his life the power of the faith he had professed, but lost no fit opportunity of publicly upholding that religion before the world.

Among all the friends of Dr. Drake, no one perhaps, outside of the family, knew him better than did Professor Samuel D. Gross, who had been on terms of intimacy with him for twenty years, during the most of which period they were colleagues in medical schools. From his Discourse on the life, character, and services of Dr. Drake, I present the following paragraphs, descriptive of his person, manners, habits, and character:

> "In regard to our friend, his personal appearance was striking and commanding. No one could approach him, or be in his presence, without feeling that he was in contact with a man of superior intellect and acquirement. His features, remarkably regular, were indicative of manly beauty, and were lightened up and improved by blue eyes of wonderful power and penetration. When excited by anger, or emotion of any kind, they fairly twinkled in their sockets, and he looked as if he could pierce the very soul of his opponent. His countenance was sometimes staid and solemn, but generally, especially when he was in the presence of his friends, it was radiant and beaming. His forehead, though not expansive, was high, well-fashioned, and eminently denotive of intellect. The mouth was of moderate size, the lips of medium thickness, and the chin rounded off and well-proportioned. The nose was prominent, but not too large. The frosts of sixty-seven winters had slightly silvered his temples, but had made no other inroad upon his hair. He was nearly six feet high, rather slender, and well formed.
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> "His power of endurance, both mental and physical, was extraordinary. He seemed literally incapable of fatigue. His step was rapid and elastic, and he often took long walks sufficient to tire men much younger, and, apparently, much stronger than himself. He was an early riser, and was not unfrequently seen walking before breakfast with his hat under his arm, as if inviting the morning breeze to fan his temple and cool his burning brain.
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> "His manners were simple and dignified; he was easy of access, and eminently

social in his habits and feelings. His dress and style of living were plain and unostentatious. During his residence in Cincinnati, previous to his connection with this University, his house was the abode of a warm but simple hospitality. For many years no citizen of that place entertained so many strangers and persons of distinction.

"But his life was not only eventful, it was also eminently laborious. No medical man ever worked harder, or more diligently and faithfully; his industry was untiring, his perseverance unceasing. It was to this element of his character, blended with the intensity we have described, that he was indebted for the success which so pre-eminently distinguished him from his professional cotemporaries. He had genius, it is true, and genius of a high order, but without industry and perseverance it would have availed him little in the accomplishment of the great aims and objects of his life. He seemed to be early impressed with the truth of the remark of Seneca, '*Non est ad astra mollis a terris via.*' He felt that he did not belong to that fortunate class of beings whose peculiar privilege it is to perform great enterprises without labor, and to achieve great ends without means. His habits of industry, formed in early boyhood, before, perhaps, he ever dreamed of the destiny that was awaiting him, forsook him only with his existence. His life, in this respect, affords an example which addresses itself to the student of every profession and pursuit in life, which the young man should imitate, and the old man not forget.

"Dr. Drake never had a vice. His enemies can not point to a single act of his life in which there was the slightest approximation to any exhibition of the kind. His moral character was cast in the finest and purest mold. He could not have been bad. His conscientiousness and love of approbation were too large to admit of it. The attachment and reverence which he cherished for his parents were opposed to every feeling of licentiousness and immorality. Their early training produced an impression upon his mind which neither time nor circumstances could efface, but which steadily grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. His conduct, in all the periods and phases of his life, was squared by the strictest rules of honesty, and by the nicest regard for the feelings and rights of others. Although he was long poor, he always paid his debts to the uttermost farthing. 'Pay what thou owest,' was with him a golden maxim.

"For public amusements he had not only no love, but they were eminently repulsive to his tastes and feelings. The impression made upon his tender mind at Mayslick, by this species of life on parade and gala days, among his father's neighbors, was indelible. He never played a game of cards in his life: gambling and gamblers he alike detested. His whole career, in fact, from its commencement to its close, was an exhibition of attachment to moral principle. His life was one of constant and untiring industry and exertion, exhausting meditation, and the most resolute self-denial.

"He was the founder of no new sect in medicine. For such an enterprise he had no ambition, even if he had been satisfied, as he never was, of its necessity. He found the profession, when he entered it, at the dawn of the present century, steadily advancing in its lofty and dignified career, refreshed, and, in some degree, renovated, by his immediate predecessors, and his chief desire was to engraft himself upon it as an honest, conscientious, and successful cultivator. How well he performed the part which, in the order of Providence, he was destined to play, in this respect, the medical world is fully apprised. No man was more sensible than he of the imperfections and uncertainties of the healing art, and no one in this country, in the nineteenth century, has labored more ardently and zealously for its improvement. For the systems of the schools, no physician and teacher ever entertained a more thorough and unmitigable contempt. He was an eclectic in the broadest and fullest sense of the term. His genius was of too lofty and pervasive an order to be trammeled by any authority, however great, respectable, or influential. Systems and system-mongers were alike despised by him, as they could not, in his judgment, be otherwise than dangerous in their practical bearings, and subversive of the best interests of science. It was nature and her works that he delighted to study and to contemplate; not that he regarded with indifference whatever was good and valuable in the productions of others, but simply because he preferred to drink at the fountain instead of at the turbid stream. Like Hippocrates and Sydenham he was a true observer of nature, and, we may add, a correct interpreter of her laws and phenomena; his ambition was to be her follower during life, and at his death to leave a record, a true and faithful transcript, of the results of his investigations for the benefit of his brethren.

"In his friendships, usually formed with much caution, he was devoted, firm, and reliable, as many who survive him can testify. His attachments were strong and enduring. Few men, as he himself declared to me only a few months before his death, possessed so many ardent and faithful friends. His social qualities were remarkable. He loved his friends, enjoyed their society, and took great pleasure in joining them at the domestic board; where, forgetting the author and the teacher, he laid aside his 'sterner nature,' and appeared in his true character, plain and simple as a child, cheerful, amiable, and entertaining."

Throughout his professional life Dr. Drake usually occupied an advanced position. As we have seen, he was the first to write extendedly of Cincinnati and the Miami country; he originated and established the Medical College of Ohio; his efforts brought the Commercial Hospital of Cincinnati into existence, and procured for it an endowment; he suggested and urged railroad communication between Cincinnati and South Carolina, while yet railroads in the West were hardly known; he projected, and finally published, the first systematic *Treatise on the Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America*; he took an active part in the establishment of the Western Museum and the Cincinnati College; and in other matters of minor importance, designed for the public good, he was either the originator or among the foremost promoters. In fact, he was by nature a pioneer and projector. In whatever he engaged he was ardent and persistent, with a constitutional impatience of opposition when he believed himself right, which made him often peremptory, sometimes arbitrary, more especially in the earlier portion of his life. It was not strange, therefore, that he encountered opposition, hostility, misrepresentation, and calumny. Of all these he had his full share; but he survived it all, as well as all the resentments it aroused in his breast, and went to his grave at peace with all men, and revered and mourned by the community in which more than a half a century of his life had been spent, and by the whole medical profession of the West, if not of the entire country.

The reader of this imperfect biographical sketch, and of the letters composing this volume, will have received from their perusal distinct impressions of the character of Dr. Drake; and therefore, I need not attempt—what, under any circumstances, I should greatly hesitate to attempt—an extended delineation and critical analysis of it. That it was a character of marked and striking individuality and force, will not be questioned. That it had faults, may not be denied; but they were those of temper and temperament, not of moral structure or sentiment; and they were never of such magnitude or gravity as to forbid our closing our eyes to them in the brighter presence of his undisputed virtues. To sum up his character in a sentence, it appears to me, after as impartial and thoughtful a survey as I am capable of, that it presented a combination of strong, acute, searching, discriminating intellect, sanguine and poetic temperament, keen and candid observation, tireless energy, steady and persevering industry, ardent thirst for knowledge, deep and controlling convictions, indomitable will, high moral courage, honest and steadfast devotion to truth, tender and sympathetic affections, broad philanthropy, and warm love for the good and the beautiful ; each distinctly marked, and all, in his latter years, regulated, chastened, and sanctified by the power of a sincere and humble Christian faith.

Such a man does not live in vain.

Pioneer Life in Kentucky.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Harriet E. Campbell.

Ancestors of Doctor Drake—His Birth—Emigration of the Family from New Jersey to Kentucky—History of the Family during Daniel's first Three Years.

Louisville, December 15, 1847—10 *P. M.*

TWO hours more, my dear Harriet, will complete forty-seven years since I left the log cabin of my father and the arms of my mother, to engage in the study of medicine in the village of Cincinnati, often, at that time, called Fort Washington. Two years ago, on the anniversary of my departure, I took it into my head to give your sister an off-hand sketch of that, to the family and myself, memorable event, and of my journey, and introduction into the family of Dr. Goforth. Such, at least, is my recollection of the scope of my letter, which I suppose you saw, for I intended it, as I do the one which I have now begun, to be a sort of family record.*

I was prompted to write that letter, and am incited to undertake this, by the feeling that if I had (now that my honored parents are gone, as I hope and trust, to the abode of the redeemed) a written record of their early lives, it would be to me a most precious document. I may anticipate, then, that when you and the rest of my dear and devoted children have reached my age, and I have been long gone to join my parents, as I humbly hope to do, you will feel the kind of interest concerning me, in every stage of my life, that I feel in reference to them. You will also feel it in reference to your dear departed mother. Concerning her childhood, which was neither joyous nor auspicious, I can not tell you much, as she never, in regard to it, was very communicative; and whatever I may do hereafter, it is not my design at present to make any further reference to her. Believing, as I said, that sooner or later you and the rest will feel in relation to me as I now feel in relation to my parents, I have determined to do for you what they, from want of learning, could not do for their children—write down some reminiscences. I fear, however, they will, through the period to which this letter relates, be found both meager and imperfect; for which, of course, there is no remedy, for nearly every person who might aid me has been gathered to our fathers.

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* The letter referred to is that of December 20, 1845, and is placed next to the last in this volume.

Before speaking of myself, I must say something of my ancestry. Now, one of Noah Webster's definitions of that word is, honorable descent, or the line of high birth. Were my progenitors, then, persons of fortune, learning, or fame? They were not; so far from it, they were in very moderate circumstances, illiterate, and unknown to fame. Still, I stick to the word, for as far as I have been able to learn, they were industrious, temperate, honest, and pious; and to have sprung from *such* ancestors is *high* descent, in the sight of Heaven, if not in the estimate of men. To sustain such a family character is no easy task. However I may fail, I have a well founded expectation that my children will not, and that the line of honorable descent will be raised by them, if I should permit it to slacken.

My father, Isaac, was the youngest son of Nathaniel Drake and Dorothy Retan. My mother, Elizabeth, always called Betsey, was the daughter of Benjamin and Elizabeth Shotwell. They were born within three or four miles of each other, and both belonged, as the ancestors of the whole had done, to the country, and were laborers on the farm. The mothers of both my parents died, and both my grandfathers were married again before my father and mother married. In reference to the children both marriages were unhappy; and the narratives which, in childhood, I used to hear from father and mother concerning the conduct of their stepmothers, made an indelible impression upon my mind. My father had two brothers, Abraham and Cornelius, both older than himself, who married before him, while their mother was still alive, and received from their father their portion of his estate. My father never received any, which he always ascribed to the influence of his stepmother. My maternal grandfather lost nearly every thing he had by purchasing and supplying the army of the Revolution with cattle, for which he was paid in "Continental money," which depreciated until its value altogether vanished. Both my grandfathers lived in the very midst of the battle scenes of that Revolution, and after a battle fought in the orchard of grandfather Shotwell, during which the family (and himself in bad health) retreated to the cellar, the British entered the house, and destroyed nearly all the furniture. He himself, being of the society of Friends, was, of course, a non-combatant; but grandfather Drake was not; and two of his sons, including my father, if not all three, were frequently engaged in the partisan warfare of that region.

After the marriage of my parents, about the year 1783, they went to housekeeping near my grandfather Drake's, on his land, where the town of Plainfield now is. He owned a small grist mill on a branch of the Raritan river called Bound-brook, and my father's occupation was to "tend" it. The first born of the family was a daughter, who was named Phebe, and died in infancy. The next in order was myself, which in some countries would have made me a miller.

My birthday, as you know, was the 20th of October, 1785. I was named for one of my mother's brothers, and at the place of my birth spent the first two and a half years of my life. Of my character and conduct during that period tradition hath spoken rather sparingly; and whether in conduct and character Jo, Parkie, Charlie, Frank, or Austin, is most closely modeled after me, will probably never be known with much certainty.* But three things have been handed down with undeniable verity. They, however, were so original as to show that, sooner or later, I should be a man of some distinction in the world. You have, no doubt, heard them from me, but I wish to make them a matter of record. 1st. I was precocious, and that, too, in the feet, rather than the head; for when I was in my eighth month I could waddle across the cabin floor, when held up and led on by one hand. 2d. When older and locomotive enough to totter over the door-sill and get out on the grass, as I was sitting there one day, a mad dog came along; and what do you think I did? Strangle him, as Hercules did the two big snakes which crawled so rashly into his cradle? No; more than that! I

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* These names refer to his grandsons, then all children.

looked at the mad animal, and he thought it prudent to pass me by, and attack a small herd of cattle, several of which died from his bite! 3d. As soon as I could run about I made for the mill; but whether from the instinct of the anserine tribe, or a leaning toward the trade of a miller, doth not appear; but whatever impulse prompted my visits, they were not without danger, and gave my mother, who had no servant, a great deal of trouble.

I find it is five minutes after 12 o'clock—so I must bid you adieu.

December 16th—9 o'clock P. M.

I resume my narrative, hoping that a night's sleep has prepared you for a return to it. How precious is sleep under the pressure of a long story, of which the teller is the hero!

My father and his brothers were not contented with their position, and thought of emigrating. At that time *your* native state was the habitation of Indians only, and Kentucky was but nine years older than myself. He had a first cousin, Mrs. Charity Johnson (I knew her well many years afterward, and her truly Christian name as truly expressed her character), whose husband, several years before, had emigrated to the south branch of the Potomac river, in Virginia. To that region the brothers at first thought of moving; but when two of them, including my father, made a visit there, they hesitated. While in this state of mind the Rev. William Wood, who a few years before had emigrated from some part of the Atlantic states to Washington, in Mason county, Kentucky, came back, and paid a visit to the Rev. William Van Horne, pastor of the Baptist church at Scotch Plains, three miles from where my father lived. His father and the neighbors were generally Baptists. Mr. Wood visited among them, and gave such glowing accounts of Kentucky, that old Virginia was soon forgotten. The Rev. Mr. Gano, of New York, another Baptist minister, or some of his sons, had visited Kentucky, and his breath of praise still further fanned the flame; till at length the iron ties of affection for home and friends were melted, and a departure was determined upon. The decision extended to five families: the three brothers, Mr. David Morris, older than either of them, who was married to my mother's cousin, and Mr. John Shotwell, rather younger, who was the brother of Mrs. Morris. Of the whole, my father was the youngest, the poorest, and the most limited in learning. Both he and my mother, however, could read and write, though neither of them knew any thing of grammar, geography, or arithmetic. Their reading could not have been extensive, for when I could first remember, the Bible, Rippon's Collection of Hymns, the Almanac, Dilworth's Spelling-book, and a romance of the ages of chivalry, entitled the "Famous History of Montellion," made their whole library. The last I should greatly like to see again.

The time fixed on for their departure was the latter part of the spring of 1788. Their first point was Red Stone Old Fort, where Brownsville, Pennsylvania, now stands. Their mode of traveling was in two-horse wagons. The family of my father consisted, after himself and my mother, of myself, about two years and seven months old, my sister Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Glenn, then an infant at the breast, and my mother's unmarried sister, Lydia, who chose to accompany her into the wilderness, rather than submit to the caprices of a stepmother for a longer time.

Behold, then, the departure! These five persons, three of whom were adults, with all their earthly goods crowded into one Jersey wagon, to be hauled by two horses over the yet steep and rugged Alleghany mountains, and throughout an overland journey of nearly four hundred miles. Their travel was by Corryell's ferry, on the Delaware, and Harris's ferry, now Harrisburg, which you have visited, on the Susquehanna. There were but few taverns on the way, and if there had been many, we should not have been much the better for them, as father's means were too limited to admit of a participation in their comforts. He could only purchase necessary food, which was cooked when we stopped at night and before we started in the morning. As the weather was mild, our lodgings were often in the wagon. In this important and difficult enterprise I no doubt played, to others, a troublesome part; but I can say nothing from memory; and the only incident to which tradition testifies is, that while on the Alleghanies, when descending the steep and rocky side of a mountain, I clambered over the front-board of the wagon, and hung on the outside by my hands, when I was discovered and taken in, before I had fallen, to be crushed, perhaps, by the wheels. Thus, you see, my disposition to leave a carriage in suspicious-looking places, and take to my heels, was an original instinct, and not, as now, the result of experience. I know not the length of time we were in reaching Red Stone Old Fort, nor how long a preparation for the voyage to "the Point," or "Limestone," now Maysville, detained us; but when I was at Mayslick, nearly three years since, Mr. Jasper Morris told me that his father had kept a diary of the journey, which was in his possession, and which I long very much to see. How many families were crowded into one boat, I do not know. The first and last landing before reaching Limestone was at Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg. The danger of being attacked by the Indians was too great to justify a landing between that point and Limestone. The flotilla, I presume, consisted of several boats, for the Rev. Mr. Gano, with a numerous family, including the present Mrs. Gen. Gano and her brother Dr. William Goforth, afterward my preceptor, belonged to the river community. One of Mr. Gano's boats got stove, but no lives were lost. That which my parents were in met with no accident; and on the 10th of June, 1788, just sixty-four days after the first settlement of Ohio at Marietta, we landed at Limestone, which then consisted of a few cabins only, though Washington, four miles off, was something of a village—of log cabins.

Before landing, father sprained his ankle, and was unable to walk. He had to be carried out of the boat, and then could put but one foot on the land of promise. Who carried him I know not, but he was not very heavy; for he had in his pockets but *one* dollar, and that was asked for a bushel of corn! The gloom of this destitution was not as deep to my vision, I presume, as to that of my parents and aunt; but I have no remembrance of their trials. They did not remain long at the "Point," for there were no accommodations, and the danger of Indians from the opposite side of the river was great. Washington was their first resting place. Old Mr. Gano and most of his family proceeded to Georgetown, but his son John S. and Dr. Goforth, the brother of Mrs. Gano, remained in Washington: the former, till the 16th of November, when he departed for Columbia, five miles above Cincinnati, of which, on the 18th, he was one of the first settlers; the latter, till the year 1799.

The first residence of our family was in a covered pen or shed, built for sheep, adjoining the cabin of its owner. How long we continued in it I am unable to say. While occupying it, my mother one day made a call at a neighboring cabin, where a woman was churning. Tired out with a diet of bread and meat, mother fixed her heart on a drink of buttermilk, but said nothing. When the butter was ladled out and the churn set aside, with the delicious beverage, for which she was too proud to ask (and which the other perhaps did not *think* of giving), she hastily left the house, and took a good crying spell. Thus you see whence came my propensity, and Dove's and Charlie's, for crying. We all, in fact, resemble my mother in temperament, of which this is one of the proofs; while another is our hereditary propensity to go to sleep in church! Your brother Charles and yourself have the temperament of your mother and my father.

As father's ankle got better, he began to think of doing something; for provision had to be made for a whole year, as it was now too late to plant any thing, even had there been cleared land to be planted. At that time there was a great immigration into the interior counties of Kentucky, chiefly from the State of Virginia. Lexington, settled about the year 1776, had in fact become already a considerable town—a kind of mart and emporium for all the infant settlements of the State, except those of the Falls, where I am now writing. Consequently a considerable amount of merchandise had to be hauled to that town from Limestone, the great landing place of the State. This state of things offered employment for father, and he and Richard Ayres, the father of the late Judge Ayres, of Cincinnati, determined to go to Lexington with wagon loads of goods. The enterprise was perilous, for the Indians from the north side of the river were in the habit of attacking travelers and wagoners on that road, especially north of Paris. The first night they lodged on the high hill beyond Johnson's fork of Licking, about fourteen miles from Washington; and soon after dark, were alarmed by the yells of Indians! Unable or unprepared for any effective resistance, they escaped with their blankets into the bushes, and crouched on the ground, leaving their wagons to be pillaged and their horses to be stolen. While lying in this unenviable condition, with no better prospect than the possible preservation of their lives, the yellers came so near as to convince them that the sounds were not human; and although neither had ever seen or heard a wolf, they decided (no doubt correctly) that a pack was near them, and returned to their fire as the safest place. When they reached Bryant's station, five miles from Lexington, they greatly needed bread, as their diet was almost entirely game, eaten sometimes without salt, and they applied to old Mr. Rogers (the father of my *quondam* friend, the doctor, now living within three squares from where I sit), and father purchased a piece of "johnny-cake," as large as his two hands, for which he paid one and sixpence, or twenty-five cents. Delivering their goods and receiving pay, a new era commenced. They had means, and were where they could purchase. And returning they brought back, to the great joy of their families, meal, butter, cheese, tea, sugar, and other articles of sustenance—regarded as luxuries of the most delicate kind. Thus father, who began his career as a farmer, was afterward a miller, and now a wagoner, or common carrier on the highway. It does not appear, however, that he repeated the trip; for as the fall came on, the crops around Washington ripened; and he was called, moreover, to another occupation.

From the day of the landing of the little colony, composed of the three Drakes and Shotwell and Morris, the older and more intelligent men had been casting about for a tract of land, which they might purchase, and divide among themselves. At length they fixed upon a "settlement and pre-emption," eight miles from Washington, on the Lexington road. Hard-by the latter there was a salt spring, and the deer and buffalo were in the habit, as at other salt springs, of "licking" the surrounding earth. This tract of fourteen hundred acres they purchased from a man by the name of May, and decided on calling their new home Mayslick—a decision sufficiently indicative of uncultivated taste. (I must stop and mend my pen, during which you will have time to breathe, or wake up, as when an orator stops.) The purchase being made, the next thing was to divide the tract, and give to each of the five a portion equal to his means of payment. That of my father was thirty-eight acres, which I believe he afterward contrived to augment to fifty. How he paid even for this small participation, I am unable to state; most likely, by selling his wagon and one of his horses. Desiring to live so near each other that no house, in the event of being attacked by the Indians, would be unsupported by some other, they decided that every subdivision should have an angle or corner in the salt lick. A brook crossed the road near to it, running from west to east, and the three brothers built on the north side of the little stream. This building now gave occupation to all who could wield an axe; for the colony was to winter here, and the autumn was upon them. As the distance was too great from Washington to permit their returning there in the evening to lodge, their practice was, after supping, to retire into the woods, and lodge separately among the cane, which flourished in great luxuriance beneath the parti-colored canopy of autumnal leaves. In this way they expected to elude the Indians.

No attack was made upon them either by night or day, and before winter set in their rude cabins, each with its port holes and a strong bar across the door, were completed. The roofs were of clap-boards, and the floors of puncheons, for sawing was out of the question. Another and, to nearly the whole colony, the last removal now took place. Kentucky was no longer a promise, but a possession—not an imagination, but a reality; they had ceased to be Jerseymen, and become

Virginians; for at that time the daughter was still a member of her mother's house.

Now, fancy to yourself a log cabin of the size and form of Dove's dining-room, one story high, without a window, with a door opening to the south, with a half-finished wooden chimney, with a roof on one side only, without any upper or lower floor; and fancy, still further, a man and two women stepping from sleeper to sleeper (poles laid down to support the floor, when he should find time to split the puncheons), with two children—a brother and sister—sitting on the ground between them, as joyous as you ever saw Frank and Nell, or as Dove has ever seen Charlie and Anna, or as Margaret will ever see Austin and Sue, and you will have the picture which constitutes *my first memory.* The mordant which gave permanence to the tints of this domestic scene was a sharp rebuke from my father, for making a sort of whooping, guttural noise (which is still ringing in my ears), for the amusement of my sister Lizzy, then I believe about a year old, while I was a little rising three. Thus, my first memory includes an act of discipline by my father; and well would it have been for many who have grown up unimpelled and uncontrolled by parental admonition, if they had been subjected in due time to a parental sway as firm and gentle as that which presided over my childhood.

My dear Echo, when I began this letter, I supposed that before I reached its fifteenth page I should reach the events of my fifteenth year, when I left the roof of my devoted parents to begin the study of medicine; but, behold, I have only gotten through a fifth part of that period. I have merely finished my *traditional* narrative; have but reached the era of reminiscence—a good evidence, I think, that in mental feelings and tastes I am a little way in the epoch of garrulous old age! At the rate I have advanced, the recollections of the next twelve years would make a little volume; notwithstanding, I am far from having a tenacious historical memory. To write them down would be to me a pleasure *per se;* and the thought that they might afford any gratification to you and James, and Charles and Margaret, and Dove and Aleck, and Belle, and the dear grandchildren, would give to the undertaking much additional interest. At some future time I may, perhaps, address such a narrative to some one of you. At present duty commands me to stop, and turn my thoughts upon topics which, throughout the period to which I refer, were so little anticipated by me, that I did not even know there were such subjects for the human mind to occupy itself upon.

Should I not read and correct my running, rapidly running epistle, you will not, I hope, think it strange. It would be no enviable task, to travel a second time over sixteen dull and inaccurately written pages.

Your loving PA.

LETTER II.

To Charles D. Drake.

History of Family continued, from Daniel's Third Year until his Ninth—Removal from first Cabin, by the Roadside, to another in the Woods.

Louisville, December 17, 1847—3 *P. M.*

My Dear Son:

THERE are events in our lives of such moment, that when the anniversary of their occurrence returns, the memory of them seems to bring with it the memory of many others, no way connected with them but in the continued consciousness of the individual. The same is true of nations, or the national mind. When the anniversary of the battle of Saratoga or Trenton comes round, if we notice it at all, our range of thought on the war of the Revolution is quite limited; but on the 4th of July we are incited to a review of the causes, events, and consequences of that war. The lives of different persons, however, are very unlike each other as to the range of comparative importance in what they do, or what happens to them. Thus, some die, at three score years and ten, on the spots where they were born;

having, throughout the whole period, been subjected to nearly the same influences and engaged in the same pursuits. This is the case with the apprentice who becomes a mechanic, and succeeds his master, conducting the business in the place and mode of his predecessor, till he himself is superseded by a successor; and also with the son of a farmer, who inherits the homestead, and cultivates it as his father before him had done. There are others, however, whose paths of life are eccentric, and they pass out of the orbits of their ancestors, are subjected to new influences, both attractive and repulsive, and finally lose all visible connection with the states of society in which they were respectively born and reared. In the lives of such, there must of necessity be decisions, actions, and events of great relative importance. In my own life, my departure from the house of my father for the study of medicine was the governing event; and when the anniversary of that act comes round, it calls up a multitude of reminiscences, by no means limited to the act itself, but ranging far up and down the chronography of my life. It was the 16th day of December when I started; this day, the 17th, I entered the State of Ohio; to-morrow will be the anniversary of my arrival in Cincinnati; and two days after (the 20th) that on which I began my studies, forty-seven years ago, and also the day of my marriage, seven years afterward. Thus, you see, I am in the midst of my greatest anniversary epoch, and, of course, in the state of thought and feeling into which I find it precipitates me deeper and deeper with each rolling year. Under this influence I was prompted in 1845 or 1846 to give your sister Dove an off-hand sketch of some of the circumstances connected with my departure from home; and when the annual exacerbation returned, two days ago, I was prompted to address to your sister Echo a letter (which you will have seen before you receive this), containing a traditional narrative of the events in father's family through the first three years of my life. At the close of that letter, I declared that I should and would dismiss from my mind the matters, a part of which were embodied in its fifteen pages; but when I ordered them out, they would not go. Even while before my class, engaged in delivering an extemporaneous lecture on pleurisy, they still hovered round; and as soon as I left the university, began to gambol before me as friskily as a troop of fairies in the nectary of a blue violet. I then saw that I had no resource but to drown them in ink, and lay them out on paper to dry, like butterflies in the cabinet of the entomologist. This I have now undertaken to do; but as drowned fairies are not so fair as the living, nor dead butterflies so beautiful as those which are swarming in the beams of the summer sun, so, I am quite sure, you will find my delineations very far inferior to the images which memory has recalled into existence. And still there are relations in life—those of parents and children, of husband and wife, of brother and sister, of friend and friend—which give importance, and even sanctity, to the smallest events and humblest actions; and hence I feel that you, and the others for whom these sheets are intended, may find an interest in them sufficient to justify the expenditure of time which their presentation may require at my hand.

The first event I can remember I have described in my letter to Harriet Echo. It occurred in the autumn or beginning of the winter of 1788, when I had entered on my fourth year. For the next six years my father continued to reside at the same place, in the same original log cabin, which in due course of time acquired a roof, a puncheon floor below and a clap-board roof above, a small square window without glass, and a chimney, carried up with "cats and clay" to the height of the ridge-pole. These "cats and clay" were pieces of small poles, well imbedded in mortar. The rifle, indispensable both for hunting and defense, lay on two pegs driven into one of the logs; the axe and scythe—no Jerseyman emigrated without those implements—were kept at night under the bed as weapons of defense, in case the Indians should make an attack. In the morning the first duty was to ascend, by a ladder which always stood leaning behind the door, to the loft, and look out through the cracks for Indians, lest they might have planted themselves near the door, to rush in when the strong cross-bar should be removed, and the heavy latch raised from its resting place. But no attack was ever made on his or any other of the five cabins which composed the station.

The first and greatest labor after father had thus domiciliated his little family, was to clear sufficient land for a crop the following year, which was, of course, to consist of corn and a few garden vegetables. In this labor I was too young to participate, and he was too poor to hire; consequently his own hands had to perform the whole. At that time, and afterward for more than twenty years, he was dyspeptic, and by no means well fitted for the heavy task which lay before him, and it was two or three years before his fields grew to any great extent. The soil, however, was highly productive, and the autumn of 1789 would have brought forth a sufficient abundance, but that on the night of the last day of August there came so severe a frost as to kill the unripe corn, and almost break the hearts of those who had watched its growth from day to day in joyous anticipation.

From the time of their arrival in Kentucky, fourteen months before, they had suffered from want of bread, and now they found themselves doomed to the same deficiency for another year. There was no fear of famine, but they cloyed on animal food, and sometimes almost loathed it, though of an excellent quality. Deer were numerous, and wild turkeys numberless. The latter were often so fat that in falling from the tree when shot their skins would burst. There was no longing for the "flesh-pots" of native land, but their hearts yearned for its neat and abounding wheat-bread trays. In this craving it seems I played no unimportant part, though I do not remember it, for my parents often told me afterward that I would cry and beg for bread, when we were seated round the table, till they would have to leave it, and cry themselves.

During the first three or four years of our residence at Mayslick, when I was from three to six or seven years of age, a few incidents occurred, the memory of which has not, like most which transpired, vanished from my mind. But I can not arrange them chronologically, nor are they worth relating, except to children.

I well recollect that in the spring of 1790, when I was four and a half years old, mother was sick, and that on a certain day I wandered with my little sister Lizzy, to whom I was always tenderly attached, across the road into the woods, and found a tuft of yellow flowers, which made so strong an impression on me, that nearly thirty years afterward, while studying our native botany, I recognized the same flower, and it brought up a throng of early reminiscences. From this I infer that I had, originally, a taste for that science, the study of which I have been compelled to abandon so entirely that I have nearly forgotten all I ever knew.

About the same period, the Indians one night attacked a body of travelers, encamped a mile from our village on the road to Washington. They were sitting quietly round their camp-fire, when the Indians shot among them and killed a man, whose remains I remember to have seen brought, the next day, into the village on a rude litter. The heroic presence of mind of a woman saved the party. She broke open a chest in one of the wagons with an axe, got at the ammunition, gave it to the men, and called upon them to fight. This, with the extinction of their camp-fires, led the Indians to retreat. That night made an unfading impression on my mind. We went, with uncle Abraham Drake's family, I think, to uncle Cornelius's for concentration and greater safety. Several of the men of the village went to the relief of the travelers, and one of them, a young married man, ran into the village and left his wife behind him! The alarm of my mother and aunts, communicated, of course, to all the children, was deep, and the remembrance of the scene was long kept vividly alive by talking it over and over.*

Up to the victory of Wayne in 1794, the danger from Indians still continued; that is, through a period of six years from the time of our arrival. I well remember that Indian wars, midnight butcheries, captivities, and horse-stealings, were the daily topics of conversation. Volunteering to pursue marauding parties occasionally took place, and sometimes men were drafted.

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* See Appendix A.

This happened once to father. Whether it was for Harmar's campaign in 1790, or St. Clair's in 1791, I can not say; but he hired an unmarried man as a substitute, and did not go. At that time, as at present, there were many young men who delighted in war much more than work, and therefore preferred the tomahawk to the axe. I remember that when the substitute returned he had many wonderful tales to tell, but am unable to rehearse a single one.

Not long after the settlement of Mayslick, a man by the name of Bunnel, having several grown sons, fixed himself about a quarter of a mile out of the village, on the road to Washington. I remember that early one morning, as some men who had been out on a scouting party returned, they fired their guns, and in a few minutes I saw one of the sons coming into the village, his horse under the whip, to ascertain the cause. Soon afterward the old man removed to the neighborhood of Lexington, and did not return till the wars were over.

In or near the year 1791, my aunt Lydia Shotwell was married. A number of father's acquaintances in and around Washington were invited. They came armed, and while assembled in the house, report was brought that the Indians, about five miles up the road towards Lexington, had attacked a wagon. All the armed men mounted their horses, and galloped off in a style so picturesque that I shall never forget it. The alarm proved to be false. At that period, the Shawnees residing on the Scioto, and the Wyandots on the Sandusky, were our great enemies. The children were told at night, "lie still and go to sleep, or the Shawnees will catch you." When I was at the mouth of the Kansas river, in 1844, among the same tribes, removed to that region and considerably civilized, the mothers, I was told, threatened their children at night with the wild Indians who lived beyond them. Through the period of which I have been speaking, and for several years afterward, as I well recollect, nearly all my troubled or vivid dreams included either Indians or snakes—the copper-colored man, and the copper-headed snake, then extremely common. Happily I never suffered from either, except in dread. My escape from the latter I ascribe to cowardice, or to express it more courteously, to a constitutional cautiousness, beyond the existence of which my memory runneth not.

This original principle of my nature, which throughout life has given me some trouble and saved me from some, was, perhaps, augmented by two causes: 1st. For a good while I had no male companions. The sons of my uncles were too old to play with me, and I did not associate much with those near my own age in the families of Morris and Shotwell, as my parents did not wish it, and they lived further off than my uncles. My cousin Osee Drake, uncle Abraham's oldest daughter, afterward Mrs. Robert Taylor, and cousin Polly Drake, uncle Cornelius's daughter, now Mrs. Chinn, both a little older than I, were for four or five years my chief companions. We agreed well, for they were good children; and while they contributed to soften my manners, and quicken my taste for female companionship, they no doubt increased my natural timidity. 2d. My mother was, by nature and religious education, a non-combatant, and throughout the whole period of her tutelage, that is, till I went from home to study medicine, sought to impress on me not to fight. Father had, constitutionally, a great amount of caution, but was personally brave, and, as I can now recollect, did not concur in the counsels of my mother.

At the early period of which I am writing, my health was generally good. The first illness I remember (and the only one in those days), was, indeed, both severe and protracted. It arose from a fall, on the ice I think, and produced an inflammation with fever on the lower part of the spine. It terminated in an abscess, and an ulcer that continued for a long time. I was attended by Dr. Goforth, and distinctly remember how anxious I used to feel for his visits, and, at the same time, how much I dreaded his probe. On the voyage down the river, he and my father had become, as the saying is, sworn friends. Father thought him on many points a very weak man, and knew that he was intemperate, but believed him a great physician. Already, when five years old, I had been promised to him as a student; and among the remembrances of that period is my being called Dr. Drake! No wonder, then, as nearly sixty years have rolled away, that I sometimes have a difficulty in passing myself off for the old and primary Dr. Drake!

Soon after the settlement at Mayslick, all the people being either professors of religion in, or adherents to, the Baptist church, a log meeting-house was built about a quarter of a mile up the road, to the south, and Parson Wood, of Washington, frequently came out to preach. He was often at my father's, and used to take me between his knees, and talk to me on religious subjects. At length he brought with him a catechism, and when I was about six years old, and could read a little, I was put to its study. It opened with the doctrine of the Trinity, which so perplexed me, that I retain a prejudice against all catechisms to this hour. This Parson Wood was the father of Mrs. Dr. Goforth, and I afterward lived four years and a half in her family. She is now alive in Cincinnati. Originally, she must have had many charms, for Dr. G., on the very night of his arrival in Washington, in supping at her father's table, fell in love with her, and was not long in making it known. But I must turn back.

In my letter to Echo I mentioned Mr. Johnson, of Virginia. Soon after father settled in Mayslick, that is, within a couple of years, a son-in-law of his, Mr. Lawson, came to the same place, and settled on the corner of father's *estate!* The terms were (such as then prevailed) to build a cabin and clear as much ground as he pleased, and cultivate it for five years from the time of building, rent free. This Mr. Lawson had a son Tom, about my own age, and we were often together; a companionship which at length involved me in a serious difficulty. I do not recollect my age, but it was six or seven. When his father and mother were from home, he and I went into the "truck-patch," and pulled off all the young cucumbers. The next day Tom's father made complaint to mine of the trespass, and I was brought under "dealings." I remember that father called it stealing—said it was very wicked—and that there was danger of my being taken off to Washington and put into the jail, a strong, dark house, where I would be all alone. The salutary impression was so strong and durable, that I never committed another act of the kind till after I commenced the study of medicine, when (I think it was in the summer of 1801) I was tempted, early one morning (the doctor living where Mrs. Lytle now lives,* and having his stable on the spot now occupied by Mr. Haines), on going there to feed and curry his horse, to clamber over the fence, and get five or six peaches, which grew where Mr. Jacob Strader now resides. How my young friend Tom

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* The locality referred to is the block between Third and Fourth and Lawrence and Lytle streets, on which the old mansion of General William Lytle, renovated and modernized, still stands, occupied by one of his granddaughters.

Lawson fared with his father, I did not hear, or do not recollect.

I remember another calamitous event of those days. When about six years old, I was sent to borrow a little salt of one of the neighbors. Salt at that time was worth about three dollars a bushel, or twelve times as much as at present. It was a small quantity, tied up in paper, and when I had gotten about half way home, the paper tore, and most of the precious grains rolled out on the ground. As I write, the anguish I felt at the sight seems almost to be revived. I had not then learned that the spilling of salt is portentous, but felt that it was a great present affliction, and apprehended that I should be blamed and scolded. Mother had, moreover, taught me to consider the waste of bread, or any thing that was scarce and could be used for food, as sinful. In this instance she thought, I believe, that the paper had not been properly tied. When I recur to this and other incidents, which I can not definitely relate, I discover that it was an original trait of character with me, to aim at a faithful execution of whatever was confided to me, and to feel unhappy if, through neglect or misfortune, I made a failure. To this hour I am more solicitous about that which is intrusted to me, than that which is entirely my own; and hence I have given a great deal of time to public affairs, on a small scale to be sure, but often at the expense of my private interests. "But never mind."

Another affliction becomes a matter of indistinct recollection, but I had no hand in producing it. Near the same period, my father had hired a horse of a man by the name of Haines. The animal died, and his owner sued father, for what sum I can not say, but one sufficient to constitute a serious calamity to the family if it had been recovered. The trial was at the county court in Washington, and gave father a great deal of trouble; mother and myself, meanwhile, at home, speculating on the result and its consequences. Haines employed Tom Marshall, the father of Mrs. Paxton Greene, as his lawyer, and father, if I recollect correctly, employed Frank Taylor, who now lives at Decatur or Ripley. It is quite impossible that I should ever lose the remembrance of the joy in which I participated when father returned victorious, and told mother that the jury did not leave their box (an expression which, of course, I did not understand), and that Marshall said that Haines was the "damnedest rascal" that had ever employed him. In looking back to this incident, which occurred, I think, when I was about six years old, I find that I had a very early sympathy with my parents, and experienced sympathetic joy and grief before I could distinctly comprehend the causes of their emotions; a quality of constitution which has remained with me since I mingled in the world, and sometimes procured for me the credit of being tender-hearted and benevolent from *sentiment* toward others, when I was governed by mere instinct, or "could n't help it."

The first money I ever had, as far as I can recollect, came to me in the following manner. A man, I know not who—some acquaintance of father's—had lodged all night with us, and the next morning lost a silver knee-buckle (at that time an indispensable article) in the snow, near the door of our cabin. I was set to hunt for it, and father at length came to my assistance with a rake. I do not remember which found it, but I got the reward—a piece of cut money, at that time the circulating medium of Virginia and Kentucky. My joy was unbounded; and ever since I have had it reproduced by the receipt of money. Then, it was the mere possession that threw me into rapture: since I grew up, it was the idea of appropriating it to the payment of some debt that gave me pleasure. That happiness I shall, perhaps, not enjoy hereafter as much as I enjoyed it from 1806 to 1843—through more than half my life; but I may probably find a substitute for it in some other mode of appropriation.

My first school-master had the Scotch name of McQuitty, but whether he was from the "land o' cakes," I can not say. He taught in a very small log cabin in sight of father's, up the creek which flows through Mayslick; and a beautiful stream it was when it had any water running in it. My dim recollections suggest that I was about five years old when I was his pupil for a short time. Of my progress I can say nothing. His successor was master Wallace, whose name again suggests a Scottish origin. Under his tuition I presume I made some progress, for in 1792 and 1793 I was a pretty good reader, and maintained my place respectably when we stood up to spell, before school was "let out" in the evening. My teacher then was Hiram Miram Curry, who, I think, had been a Baptist preacher, and made us, I remember, "get by heart" the catechism. He taught at first in the village, south of the brook, and then up the road beyond the meeting-house, where hickory switches were abundant. I think I went to him as late as 1794, and had begun to write before I left him.

Although the country was so newly settled, at the period under review, our locality presented strange people, and novel and curious sights, almost every day. The emigration into Kentucky was at that period immense, and nearly the whole passed through Mayslick. Great quantities of merchandise, moreover, were hauled into the interior. My uncle Abraham, who lived only across the road from father's, kept both a store and a tavern, at which many persons stopped; and I saw aspects of things and people, which I should not have seen had we lived off the road, and the sight of which was no doubt intellectually beneficial. It was during this period that I first tasted wine. Some travelers from Virginia had brought it out, and the taste seems still to dwell upon my tongue. Many of the travelers were wealthy; and as the roads did not well admit of carriages, they journeyed on horseback. Thus I often saw ladies and gentlemen riding side by side, and remember I thought the latter must be the happiest persons on earth; an estimate which nearly sixty years has not entirely overruled. [My candles both burnt out at the same moment; an emblem of the beautiful termination in old age, by death, at the same hour, of husband and wife. I have lit two others; which indicates that I am likely to keep on, though it is not far from midnight.] From the reminiscence which I have just recorded, I find that an admiration for the sex was among the earliest sentiments developed in my moral nature. It has swayed me through life, and will, I suppose, continue to govern me to its close. When that solemn event shall come, I hope to see female faces round my bed,

"And wish a woman's hand to close
My lids in death, and say—*Repose!*"

As years rolled on, father began to conclude, very justly, that he should aim at a larger farm, seeing that the cultivation of the soil was his destiny, and that he had two sons and two daughters. Uncle Abraham Drake, moreover, was anxious to own the little tract on which father resided, as it so immediately adjoined his own. He had purchased two hundred acres of one

Shannon, lying about a mile directly west of Mayslick, and offered to exchange it for the place on which father resided. A bargain was at length concluded, and the deed is now in my possession. It is dated, I think, in the summer of 1794, when I was in my ninth year, and your uncle Benjamin (I believe, though perhaps incorrectly) an infant at the breast. This was a new era in my life. The land acquired was covered with an unbroken forest, which must be cleared away, and a new cabin erected. Father was still too poor to hire a laborer for steady work, and was himself far from being a robust and vigorous man. My health was good and my spirit willing; I might, therefore, render some assistance in his new enterprise; and accordingly master Curry's hickory and myself parted, never to meet again. I was provided with a small axe; father had a larger, and a mattock for grubbing. Thus equipped, with some bread and meat wrapped in a towel, we charged upon the beautiful blue-ash and buckeye grove, in the midst of which he proposed to erect his cabin. Many days, however, did not pass before each received a wound! Of the two, father's was the most honorable. Getting his mattock fast under the roots of a grub, and making an effort to disengage it, in which he stooped too far forward, it suddenly came out, and he brought, by a jerk, the axe extremity of the implement against his forehead, making a gash through to the bone. Mine, which did not happen on the same day, was made by a jack-knife, which passed more rapidly through a crust of bread than I expected, and made a deep wound across the ball of my left hand, the scar from which remained till it was obliterated by my great burn, thirty-four years afterward.* The loss of blood was not sufficient in either case to arrest the march of improvement, and, day by day, we made new conquests over all that stood in our way. Shrubs and bushes were grubbed up; trees, under a foot, were cut down, and those of a larger diameter "girdled," except such as would make good logs for the projected cabin, or could be easily mauled into rails. It was father's business, of course, to do the heavy chopping; mine, to hack down saplings, and cut off the limbs of trees, and pile them into brush heaps. The forest consisted chiefly of blue-ash, tall, straight, soft while green, easily hewed, and easily split into rails and puncheons; of sugar trees—generally preserved; of several kinds of hickory and walnut, and of buckeye. The last was so soft that it soon became my favorite, and to the readiness with which it yielded to my axe I may ascribe the affection which I have ever since cherished for it.† I loved it in proportion to the facility with which I could destroy it. But its obliging temper was not limited to my demands. It had a parasite, which sought the air and light of heaven by clinging to its limbs, and weaving those of many adjoining trees into a broad and tangled canopy. That parasite was the winter grapevine.

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* The "great burn" here spoken of occurred on the 18th of September, 1828, and resulted in the death of Miss Caroline A. Sisson, the youngest sister of the deceased Mrs. Drake. The fire was in the mosquito netting around her bed, after she had retired for the night, in the effort to extinguish which Dr. Drake's hands were severely burned.

† See Appendix B.

The brush was of course burnt up as fast as it was cut, and of all the labor in the forest, I consider that of dragging and burning the limbs of trees the most delightful. To me it made toil a pleasure. The rapid disappearance of what was thrown upon the fire gave the feeling of progress; the flame was cheering; the crackling sound imparted animation; the columns of smoke wound their way upward, in graceful curves, among the tall green trees left standing; and the limbs and twigs of the hickory sent forth a balmy and aromatic odor, which did not smell of the school-house.

In due time a "log-rolling" frolic was gotten up, when the buckeye showed that, if pressed too far, it could resist; for its consumption by fire was effected with more difficulty than that of any other tree. The ground being prepared, and the logs collected and hewed on one side, the new cabin, a considerable improvement on the old, was "raised," and brought to some degree of finish; though glass could not be afforded, and a kitchen could not be put up till a stable had been first built. At length the day for removal arrived, and we left the village and public roadside, with its cavalcade of travelers, for the loneliness of the woods; a solitude which very soon was deeply felt by us all, but most of all, I think, by mother. Thenceforth for six years I passed a happy life of diversified labor; but as it is now after one o'clock A. M., I shall reserve the events of that period for some other time, and perhaps some other correspondent.

Your affectionate FATHER.

LETTER III.

To Alexander H. McGuffey.

Employments of the Early Settlers—Their Modes of Life, and Labors—Cultivation of Indian Corn—Wheat—Flax, etc.—Corn-Huskings—Log-Rollings, etc.—Daniel's Labors as a Farm Boy from Seven to Fifteen Years of Age.

Louisville, December 18, 1847.

My Dear Son:

TWELVE hours ago, I finished a letter of eighteen pages to your brother Charles, which I shall send off to-morrow. It was preceded by one to your sister Echo, of fifteen pages, which must have reached her this morning. At the end of each I determined to write no more this winter on the same subject, but here I am already violating my good resolution. Well, I must confess my weakness, and go ahead. You are yourself in part to blame for having urged me so often to write down some recollections of my early life. While thus engaged, I am, of course, not writing on my book; which I am sure you will regret. But do not fear that the spirits of the shadowy past will frighten off the stern realities of the present, and make my lectures as dreamy as my letters; for, on the contrary, as far and well as I myself can judge, I have never lectured with greater force and fluency than throughout the present week. In fact, an excited state of feeling is a great help to the mind, at least to mine; and although I was wide awake till after two last night, communing with the boys of a buried generation, I found no difficulty this morning in lecturing to the youth of the present living age, on the nature and diagnosis of chronic pleurisy; and although I am now, in continuation of the labors of the past night, commencing a letter to you, I expect at 7 o'clock to lecture with exuberant sound and gesture, before the Physiological Temperance Society, on the diseases produced by habits of daily drinking. Some minds are always equally tense, and vibrate in the same tone, whenever or however struck. Others, like the fiddle-string, must be screwed up and brought into tension, before they will send forth intellectual music. Mine belongs to the latter class, and requires the stimulus of lively emotion to rouse it into activity. My pupils, then, are not likely to suffer by my fit of autobiographical furor, however much I may suffer in the estimation of my children by the garniture of vanity and egotism in which I walk before them. It is related of some great man, that while romping and riding on his cane with his little children, a young friend entered the parlor, to whom he said: "Do n't tell any one what you have seen till you become a father." In like manner I say, do n't tell any one of my displays till you arrive at the age of sixty-two, and begin to connect the past, instead of the future, with the present. [When I finished the preceding word, I laid down my pen, as the sun had gone down, to call at the post-office for the third time to-day; but the mail which should have arrived at ten last night is not yet in. How artistical we have become since my boyhood! At that time a river-flood with a rapid current, would have greatly facilitated the transmission by water of a mail from Cincinnati to Louisville; but now it impedes it. The current was the natural power—steam has supplanted it.] *

The close of my letter to Charles found father's family log-cabin denizens of the wilderness a second time, and myself, the oldest child, nine years of age. To make you acquainted with the character of the influence under which I was now placed, and was to remain for the next six years (when I departed for Cincinnati), it is necessary for me to dwell on the condition of things around us.

When we arrived at Mr. May's deer lick, in the autumn of 1788, there were no inhabitants in that part of the country. But immigration, like that to the Western Reserve when you were an infant, was a constant, not a mere wet-weather stream; and within the

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* At the time he wrote, a great flood in the Ohio river, only six inches below that of February, 1832, was in progress, and about at it greatest height.

six years that elapsed, the number of settlers had increased to such an extent that one could not wander a mile in any direction, without meeting with a clearing of two to ten acres, often enclosed with a brush fence, and designated as a human residence by a one-story unhewed log cabin, with the latch string always out, and the usual number of ragged children around the door, or playing, in warm weather, under the shade of some shell-bark hickory or venerable sugar-tree, which might perchance have escaped the axe of the destroyer. (By the way, it is remarkable that it should have remained for De Tocqueville, at a very late period, to pronounce a eulogy on the power of that noble instrument, without which the forests of the West could never have been subdued and made the abode of civilized man.) An axe weighed from three to four and a half pounds avoirdupois, according to the strength of him who was to wield it. The helve was invariably made of shell-bark hickory, of an ovate shape, and about two feet four inches in length, having always scratched upon it a one or two foot measure, for the purpose of measuring off the "rail cuts," or the cabin logs. Grindstones were scarce, but every house was provided with a whetstone, and when the instrument was newly sharpened, woe be to the boys or the women who might dull it against a stone, or turn its edge by cutting the bone of a gammon of bacon. The lower part of the helve was always made smaller than the upper, so as to give it a slight degree of elasticity; which not only increased the power of the instrument, but saved the hand from a jar in using it. Finally, it was a rule never to be violated, to warm the blade or edge in winter, before proceeding to chop hard wood; otherwise it might break. To this moment it is wonderful to me that so many different things could be done with this simple instrument—that it could be made to perform the functions of so many others—and that a single man in a single day could, by its aid alone, destroy so many trees. [I wonder, also, if it is not time for me to go the meeting of the Society, at the university? Yes! my watch says 25′ past 6 o'clock, so, for the present, you will be let off.]

9 *P. M.*

Well, I have just got back to my chair and writing table, but to get back to the same point in my narrative may not be so easy. When we first went into the woods and I was sent out to hunt up the cow, I used to break the bushes as I strolled along, and if I did not find her, they would guide me back; if I did, I had but to follow in her unerring steps. In my abrupt and rapid sally from the path along which I was leading you, I broke no bushes, and, if following her should not restore me to a point at which I left you, I know not when we shall meet again.

In Cincinnati and Louisville we think of the cow in

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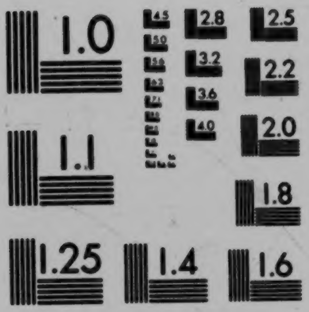

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS-1963-A

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connection with our tea and coffee, our butter, custards, and ice creams; but we never see her, and are like thirsty people drinking from the impure and sluggish stream long after it has left the rocky fountain. In your native Western Reserve the cow is thought of as a source of wealth, and valued as so much trading capital. Far different was her rank and condition in the early times of which I write; for old Brindle was then a veritable member of the family, and took her slop at the cabin door, while the children feasted on her warm milk within. The calf grew up in their companionship, and disputed with them for its portion of the delicious beverage which she distilled from the cane and luxuriant herbage in which she waded through the day. It was my function when our rival was likely to get beyond its share, to take it by the ears, and hold it away till mother should get ahead; and many a tough struggle did I have. I spoke just now of slop, but Brindle had other food at milking time. From October till January the pumpkin was no unimportant part of her diet, and nothing could afford richer or sweeter milk. In the absence of every kind of cultivated fruit for pies, the pumpkin, moreover, was a resort of inestimable value, and hence it was among the staples of every little field of overshadowing corn, acquiring a vast size and delicious flavor in the fresh calcareous soils, and was gathered in when the corn was pulled. Abounding in saccharine matter, its juice, boiled down, made a very tolerable molasses, in the manufacture of which I worked many a day with my mother, for the first few years after we entered on our forest home. It was also "cut and dried" for spring.

To prepare the new field for cultivation required only the axe and mattock, but the cultivation itself called for the plow and hoe; both of which I recollect were abundantly rude and simple in their construction. Deep plowing was not as necessary as in soils long cultivated, and if demanded would have been impracticable, for the ground was full of roots. After a first "breaking up" with the coultered plow, the shovel plow was in general use. In such rooty soils it was often difficult to hold the plow and drive the horse; it was the employment of small boys, therefore, to ride and guide the animal—a function which I performed in plowing time for many years; and it was, I can assure you, no sinecure. To sit bareback on a lean and lazy horse for several successive hours, under a broiling sun, and every now and then, when you were gazing at a pretty bird, or listening to its notes, or watching the frolic of a couple of squirrels on the neighboring trees, to have the plow suddenly brought to a dead halt by running under a root, and the top of the long hames to give you a hard and unlooked-for punch in the pit of the stomach, is no laughing matter, try it who may. One of the severest I ever had, was rendered more calamitous from contrasting my situation with what it was but an hour before, when father, finding it impossible to manage both the horse and the plow, in a piece of ground that had just been cleared, came and took me to the field from a little log school-house, a quarter of a mile off, where I, with other boys, was idling away my time, under the sway of master Beadle; of whom I may possibly say a word hereafter.

For several years our chief article of cultivation was Indian corn, but near the center of the field, in some spot not easily found by transgressors, was a truck-patch; in which water melons and musk melons were planted, while in some corner we had a turnip patch. If the former supplied the place of peaches in the season for that delicious fruit, the latter were a substitute for apples throughout the winter. The virgin soil of Kentucky, produced the best turnips that ever grew; at least, such my recollection would make them, after the lapse of fifty-four or five years. The tubers literally rested on the ground, and only sent their spindle-shaped roots into the loose black mold below. In December, when at night the family were seated (father and mother on split-bottomed turner's chairs, and the children on stools), around a warm fire, made blazing bright with pieces of hickory bark, a substitute for candles, and every member was engaged with a dull case knife in scraping and eating a sweet and juicy turnip, the far-famed pears and apples of their native Jersey were forgotten by the "old people," and the perils and privations which followed on their arrival were remembered only to be rehearsed to their children: who knowing of no higher enjoyment than that in which they then reveled, had nothing to wish for more: yet more was within their reach; and several luxuries from the surrounding woods were, on other evenings, substituted for that which much more deserves the name of *pomme de terre*, than does the potato. These luxuries were walnuts, hickory nuts, and winter grapes, so called because they were too sour to be eaten till they had been sweetened by several severe frosts. To lay in a store of the two former delicacies was my special duty, when the walnut and hickory drop their fruit among the fallen leaves; but the climbing vine often required father's axe to bring its lofty *fulcrum* to the ground. Your Latin lore will enable you to apprehend the meaning of this technical term, which you will please explain to Dove and Echo and Margaret and Belle, adding, in apology for me, that my Botany has been so long neglected, that even it, not less than walnut gathering, has become a reminiscence, and claims its place in the family circle of resuscitated thoughts.

But I must reconduct you to the corn-field, the scene of my earliest labors and most cherished recollections. Nothing is equal to the Indian corn for the settlers of a new and isolated spot. At the present time, when steamboats not only transport the movers to every point, but afterward supply them with flour and every needful article of food, the value of corn to the first settlers of Kentucky can only be estimated by those who witnessed the pressure of the arm of civilization against the resisting forest, and saw that men had to support themselves while they were performing the very labor from which support must come. In the new soil, corn, with moderate cultivation, yielded from sixty to eighty bushels to the acre. Every domestic animal fed and flourished on it—the horse, the cow, the sheep, the hog, and the dog, who, as wheat-bread came into use, would not eat it. The blades of corn up to the ears were "pulled," as the latter began to harden and when partly dry were tied, with blades, into bundles; the tops above the ears were cut off and "shocked." After the corn was pulled, the tops were hauled in, and covered the long fodder house, in which the blades and husks were stowed away, while the corn was measured and thrown into a crib of long round poles. Here, then, were provender and provision for the coming winter. Neither wheat, nor rye, nor barley, nor the far-famed potato, could have been substituted for the admirable maize. Several things in its cultivation can be done by small boys, and from my eighth year I participated in them. When the field was "cross-furrowed," the furrows being about four feet apart, dropping the corn was a simple task, and father, following with the hoe, would cover it. When I was a little older and the furrows ran in one direction only, much greater skill was requisite; for the rows must be kept straight and parallel, that cross-plowing might be practiced. The method then was, as it still is, to cross the furrows at right angles, in lines four feet apart, by the aid of stakes or sharpened poles, generally of hickory or pawpaw, with the bark peeled off, so as to be white and easily seen. To drop by the range of these stakes, had something in it that was intellectual or scientific, though I knew not then that there were such terms; it was, at least, more difficult than the other mode; and I should not at this time feel prouder to describe it graphically, than I then did to perform it with speed and accuracy. [It's after one o'clock: so good night!]

Monday 20th—11 *P. M.*

Although the evening is far spent, I take up my pen to put down a few more cornfield reminiscences. I fear you will get tired of the cornfield, as I sometimes did myself, notwithstanding my relish for its labors compared with some others. As soon as the young corn began to "come up" two most acute and active animals began to pull it up. They were crows and squirrels; in both of which the surrounding woods abounded. The crows would light on any part of the field; the squirrels attacked the outside rows; for the old lady's plan of having no outside rows, which President Polk has borrowed without acknowledgment, in his scheme of having no national frontiers, had not then been invented. It was my special function to repel these aggressors. To this very hour I continue to wonder at the instinct which enabled them to know that grains of corn were attached to the young shoots. My means of defense were very harmless, and may almost be summed up in the word *noise*. Old Lion, however, was a faithful ally, and I made a show of resistance with clubs and stones. The enemy never made battle, but always retreated with notes of bird or beast contempt for my power, and from the top of some neighboring tree looked down in defiance till I passed on, when they would quietly descend and recommence their feast. To the cornfield hallooing of those days I may, perhaps, ascribe the strength of lungs and larynx which, after the lapse of fifty-five years, enables me to lecture longer and louder than any of my colleagues; although, with one exception, they are so much younger. In the progress of time, however, I began to raise a noise of a different kind, which silenced the note of contempt, and now and then secured to me a very different triumph from that of making the enemy fly or run away. When I was about eleven years old, father purchased me a little old shot gun, and I circum-perambulated the little field with the eye of a hunter and the self-importance of a sentinel on the ramparts of a fortress. My trophies for a while were, like those in the practice of medicine eleven years afterward, neither numerous nor brilliant; but the enemy felt my power, and lost much of his audacity. Old Lion comprehended the whole matter, and would look into the tree when I was about to fire. When a squirrel is wounded he often falls to the ground and runs for some other tree. Then was the moment for my faithful ally, and to him in many instances I had, in justice, to ascribe an equal participation in the victory. This same good old Lion (I call him old because it is a familiar epithet, but in fact he was very junior) and myself were boon companions and co-workers. When the hogs got into the cornfield he would labor till the last was lugged out. If mother wanted a chicken he would run it down and hold, without biting it, under his paws. When I went into the woods he would "tree" squirrels for me; and when I was out after dark he kept by my side, and taking one of my wrists in his mouth would run with me till I got out of breath. And this service, still, it would be ungrateful in me to forget. All the neighbors, of course, kept dogs, and being naturally timid, when I was sent on an errand (which in those days meant borrowing or bringing home something you had lent), I was often afraid, when I went alone, to approach the cabin, but when old Lion went with me I was as brave as a lion. It was then that I first learned how rapidly courage rises when we discover that the danger is falling. Expressed mathematically, courage is inversely as the danger. To this very hour I am afraid of many things, and, among the rest, that you are tired of the scenes and scenery of the cornfield; still I must keep you in it a few minutes longer, although it is "past 12 o'clock," as the watchman is now proclaiming with a voice loud enough to drive away a flock of crows.

By the month of August the corn is in silk, and the air becomes redolent with the peculiar odor of the tassels. The young and milky grains then begin to form, and then the crows and squirrels recommence their depredations, and the labor of watching is, or rather was, renewed. Now approached the daily feast of green corn—the era of "roasting ears," which began as soon as the grains were half grown, and continued until no more milk would flow out on piercing the integument with the thumb-nail. Such a field, at that time, was the children's paradise. My first business in the morning was to pull, and husk and silk enough for breakfast; and, eaten with new milk, what breakfast could be more delicions? In the latter part of summer and in early autumn, after the corn was "laid by," various rank weeds, including Spanish needles and wild cucumber-vines, covered with an armature of bristles, would spring up among it, rendering the "pulling" and hauling-in a most uncomfortable work. Once I got a bristle in one of my eyes, and came near losing the sight. We always returned from the field at night black with Spanish needles (*Bidens bipinnata* of the botanist, as I learned ten years afterward). In hauling in the corn one fall, I got hurt a little and began to cry. Two men were assisting father and myself, one of whom was my cousin, Jacob Drake. They laughed at me, which made me cry the harder, whereupon they laughed still louder, and I, bent upon alarming them or awakening their sympathy, bawled at the top of my voice; but producing no effect, had to give up the contest and go to work. I do not recollect that I have ever since that time made any decided effort to excite the sympathy of others, though I have always had a puerile taste and itching for it. At the same time, I must say in justice to myself (for a man must be just to himself not less than to others), that I have a constitutional tendency to sympathize with others (which I do not confound with the sentiment of benevolence), and that from this trait of character, I suppose, I was much taken with Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, when I read that work nearly forty years ago, though I have no doubt that it embraces some fundamental errors. We come now to the "husking;" but as I have grown quite too sentimental for such a scene of rivalry and nocturnal uproar, and, as it is, moreover, 1 o'clock A. M., I will bid you good-night.

Tuesday, 21st—*P. M.*

Although the corn-husking frolic was always at night, it turns out that my description will be written in the day. The fact is, that having lectured and made some business calls, I am seated at my table and must go at something. Dr. Johnson in the *Rambler*, or some other moralist in some other book, has said, that in labors of the intellect, we should always go at the one to which, at the time, we feel the strongest inclination, for we shall not then perform any other as well as that. Speaking of the *Rambler*, which I used to read when a young man, leads me to say that I preferred its style to that of the *Spectator;* yet the literary world has decided differently. This proves that my own taste in style was not good. But, perhaps, the weight and depth of thought in the former, decidedly greater than in the latter, it now seems to me (from recollection, for I no longer find time to read either), gave me a relish for its style. Howbeit, I have, probably, a natural taste for balanced periods, in which the words present antithesis and the ideas antagonism. But I must pass on to the antagonisms of the corn-husking. When the crop was drawn in, the ears were heaped into a long pile or rick, a night fixed on, and the neighbors notified, rather than invited, for it was an affair of mutual assistance. As they assembled at night-fall the green glass quart whisky bottle, stopped with a cob, was handed to every one, man and boy, as they arrived, to take a drink. A sufficient number to constitute a sort of quorum having arrived, two men, or more commonly two boys, constituted themselves, or were by acclamation declared captains. They paced the rick and estimated its contractions and expansions with the eye, till they were able to fix on the spot on which the end of the dividing rail should be. The choice depended on the tossing of a chip, one side of which had been spit upon; the first choice of men was decided in the same manner, and in a few minutes the rick was charged upon by the rival forces. As others arrived, as soon as the owner had given each the bottle, he fell in, according to the end that he belonged to. The captains planted themselves on each side of the rail, sustained by their most active operatives. There at the beginning was the great contest, for it was lawful to cause the rail to slide or fall toward your own end, shortening it and lengthening the other. Before I was twelve years old I had stood many times near the rail, either as captain or private, and although fifty years have rolled away, I have never seen a more anxious rivalry, nor a fiercer struggle. It was there that I first learned that competition is the mother of cheating, falsehood, and broils. Corn might be thrown over unhusked, the rail might be pulled toward you by the hand dexterously applied underneath, your feet might push corn to the other side of the rail, your husked corn might be thrown so short a distance as to bury up the projecting base of the pile on the other side:—if charged with any of these tricks, you of course denied it, and there the matter sometimes rested; at other times the charge was re-affirmed, then rebutted with "you're a liar," and then a fight, at the moment or at the end, settled the question of veracity. The heap cut in two, the parties turned their backs upon each other, and making their hands keep time with a peculiar sort of time, the chorus of voices on a still night might be heard a mile. The oft-replenished whisky bottle meanwhile circulated freely, and at the close the victorious captain, mounted on the shoulders of some of the stoutest men, with the bottle in one hand and his hat in the other, was carried in triumph around the vanquished party amidst shouts of victory which rent the air. Then came the supper, on which the women had been busily employed, and which always included a "pot-pie." Either before or after eating the fighting took place, and by midnight the sober were found assisting the drunken home. Such was one of my autumnal schools, from the age of nine to fifteen years.

And now, I suppose, you hope I am done with Indian corn, but not so; I am only done with the field and frolic. Its preparation for the table must not be overlooked; I mean preparing it for the hands of the cook. A reference to the manufacture of meal excites my imagination as much as the "meal-tub plot" excited that of our English forefathers, though, peradventure, the excitement is of a very different kind. I am struck with the contrast between the simple machinery of those early times, and the present complicated and effective flouring mills of the same region, and over the West generally; many of which are propelled by steam, although when I first participated in the meal manufacture there was not a steam engine in the United States.

Our first and cheapest implement was the tin grater eight or nine inches long. It was used to reduce to a sort of pulp the unripe corn, when it had got too old for roasting ears, and was too soft to pound or grind. The ear was rubbed up and down on this instrument, over which, at the age of seven or eight years, and still later, I often tired my right arm and sometimes lacerated my fingers. When the corn had got ripe and dry, it was sometimes thrown into the hominy block, and sometimes taken to the hand-mill. The concavity or mortar of the block was made by burning; the pestle was an iron wedge (used for splitting rails) let into a wooden handle. Many a long hour did I toil over this mortar, which, for aught I know, was one cause why I was averse to the study of medicine. As this was not the mortar Shakespeare had in his eye, I can not (classically) lay the blame of my cramped genius upon it, and still I must be indulged in the opinion, that its power in developing the mind is not equal to its efficacy in developing the muscles of the arms.

Mary Wolstoncraft remarks of girls that in her day were compelled to sew a great deal as a part of their education, that their ideas at length came to follow their needles. In like manner mine went up and down with the pestle. The needle made progress, but the pestle, like a paper dancer between two electrified plates, still continued to move up and down, forever up and down! Time, however, which cures everything except egotism and garrulity, so applied his skill to my feelings against the hominy block, that forty-five years afterward, when I saw, at Mackinaw, two Chippewa squaws pounding their corn in the same mortar (in the manner of the two Jewish women), I felt no repugnance at the sight. To the wedge and mortar succeeded the hand-mill. A rod with its upper end run through a hole in a board, and its lower resting in a cavity or hollow, pecked out near to the circumference of the upper millstone, was seized with the right hand, while the left threw the corn into the large opening at the center. Here again was motion without progression; but the meal flowed out, and its stream was augmented as the velocity of the stone was increased, giving to effort *immediate* reward, which, down to the present hour, I have observed to be its greatest stimulus. My father never owned a hand-mill, but on those of his neighbors, when ten or twelve years of age, I have ground many a small grist, often taking my sister Elizabeth to lend a hand to the work. We, of course, went on foot, and I "toted" the peck of corn on my back. Water and horse-mills had been built before I was old enough to perform the labors I have just noted; but they were for many years few and feeble. The former, built on the smaller streams, could be run only in wet weather, and even then a part of the water had to be employed in sawing boards, of which none could be received from abroad. The latter required two horses to turn them, and were generally thronged, as were the water-mills. When a bag of corn, always ranging from two to three bushels, was taken, nine times out of ten, it was necessary to leave it, and wait till its turn came. My Uncle Abraham Drake built two mills on Lee's creek, a little north of Mayslick, and when I was nine years old, I was taken to them by father. Having learned the path, which lay through the woods, I was soon intrusted with the whole duty, except that of putting on and taking off the bag, to which, of course, my strength was not adequate. But skill as well as strength was demanded, for if an equal division of the corn was not effected, the lighter end would soon begin to rise and the lower end to sink. I had many anxious trials of that kind. The only resource was to stop by the side of a stump or log, on which I could stand, throw up the heavy end, restore the nominal balance, and remount from the same spot, endeavoring afterward to sit most on the light side. My constitutional caution did me good service on these occasions. Had my bag at any time fallen off, I could have done nothing but cry over it, till some wayfaring man, or stouter mill-boy, might perchance come that way. When I visited Mayslick in 1845, nearly half a century afterward, I found certain spots on the mill-path which bore the aspect of old acquaintances, and certain trees which I greeted as old friends. Among the horse-mills to which I used to go, was one three miles off, built by Mr. Polk, perhaps of the same family as the President. The first time in my life that I undertook to sit up all night was at his mill. I became so sleepy that the very recollection of it makes me think of laying down my pen and "retiring;" but I must not do so till I tell you that we sometimes went ten and even twelve miles to horse and water-mills; the former at Flemingsburg, and the latter on Licking river. These were fine opportunities for seeing the world; and it was on one of these lazy, listless rides, the horse always merely walking, that I first noticed the influence of soils on the character of the forest. We passed suddenly out of the woods of the rich lands on which we lived (the diversified *Arbustum terra fertilis*) into a forest of white oak, supported by an argillaceous soil. Such lessons, I now perceive, are not without their beneficial influence on a young mind. Why may we not as well read them in the book of nature as in Virgil? Is it not as well, or even better, to see a landscape than its picture?

The distant water-mill of which I have spoken, was two miles above the Blue Licks, so noted in latter years as a watering place. It was then famous for its salt. Eight hundred gallons of water had to be boiled down to obtain a bushel! Father's mode of paying for it was by taking corn or hay; for the region round about it produced neither. It was my privilege first to accompany him when I was about eleven years old. By that time he had got a small meadow. He took as much hay as two horses could draw, and after traversing a rugged and hilly road, bartered it for a bushel of salt. The trip was instructive and deeply interesting. I again passed through a zone of oak land, and when three miles from the springs, we came to an open country, the surface of which presented nothing but moss-covered rocks interspersed with red cedars. Not a single house or any work of art broke the solemn grandeur of the scene, and the impression it made was indelible. I here first observed the connection between rocks and evergreens, and have never seen it since without recurring to this first and wildest sight—even now a bright vision of the mind. Thus I had seen three varieties of the earth's surface, and three modifications of its natural productions. I had tasted the salt water, seen the rude evaporating furnaces, and smelt the salt and sulphurous vapor which arose in columns from them. I had learned that immense herds of buffalo had, before the settlement of the country, frequented the spot, destroyed the shrubs and herbage around, trodden up the ground, and prepared it for being washed away by the rain, until the rocks were left bare; finally, I was told that around the licks, sunk in the mud, there had been found the bones of animals much larger than buffalo or any other then known in the country. Thus my knowledge of zoology was extended, and I received a first lesson in geology. I knew more than I had done, and could tell my mother and sisters of strange sights which they had never seen. Those sights, and others which I now and then saw, gave, I believe, a decided impulse to the love of nature implanted in the heart of every child, and to them I ascribe, in part, that taste which, at the age of sixty, rendered my travels for professional inquiry into new regions of the diversified and boundless West, a feast at which I never cloyed. Had I at that time been incarcerated within the walls of an academy conjugating Latin verbs, or learning Greek alpha-betas, I might possibly have become a man of some erudition, but have lost, perhaps, that love of nature, which has been to me throughout life an exhaustless source of enjoyment. This, at least, is a harmless, perhaps even a praiseworthy speculation, for it is certainly commendable to submit gracefully to our deprivations, and sophistry can not be condemned when employed to reconcile us to conditions that are irremediable.

Well, I believe we have at last disposed of the corn. No, we have neglected the shelling. That which is now done by machinery was then done with the hand, and often did it raise blisters on mine over the soft cushion in front of the first phalanx of the right thumb. This shelling was the work of nights or rainy days. In winter a sheet or coverlet was laid on the floor, and all the children old enough to hold an ear were set to work. A part of the cobs kept up the blaze of the fire, while the others were laid up into houses by the children too young to shell; father meanwhile quietly smoking a cob pipe in the corner. As it is now after eleven P. M., I havn't the heart to try your patience further; so good-night.

Thursday Night, Dec. 30th.

[In consequence of Dr. Yandell's sick head, I lectured at his hour this afternoon, having, of course, filled my own at eleven A. M. As I wish to make my letter a new year's messenger (gift I will not venture to call it; and "present" it can not be dubbed, as it relates to the *past*), I must bring it to a close to-night, and mail it in the morning. And now the momentous question comes up, shall I send it off with its present limits, or extend them to what may be called a respectable length, say thirty pages? The decision, I shall, as the judges say, keep in reserve.]

I have dwelt so fondly on the cultivation of corn, that I begin to fear you will think my life and labors as a farmer were restricted to that vegetable (equivalent to regarding me as a boy of one idea). I must, therefore, show you that I "lent a hand" to some other farming work. The new soils of Kentucky were not good for wheat, and the weavil, moreover, in "them days" (to speak in the dialect of the field), "done" great injury to that grain. Father and mother, however, like the other immigrants, longed for wheat bread, and as soon as practicable wheat was sown. The fallow was but little attended to, and the sowing was generally in the cornfield, sometime after the corn had been "laid by." The ground had to be plowed with the shovel-plow, and until I was twelve years old it was my function to ride the horse, and have both legs stuck with Spanish needles up to my knees. Having no shoes and stockings (superfluous things in early autumn), and tow trousers, which would slip half way to the knee, the service was not the most enviable. After about my twelfth year I was able to hold the plow and guide the horse. A narrow wooden harrow or a brushy limb of a tree, and subsequently the hoe, covered up the grain and finished the rude "seeding."

Harvest was a social labor, a frolic, a scene of excitement, and therefore a much more desirable era than that of seeding. My first labor in that field was to carry the sheaves to the places on which they were to be shocked. The next was to bind up the handsful of cut wheat, a more difficult task for a small boy. My ambition was to wield the sickle. The maxim of the harvest field was, that no boy becomes a good reaper till he cuts his left hand. Notwithstanding my characteristic cautiousness, I cut mine several times, and have this moment looked at a long scar on my little finger (more honorable in my own estimation than if made by a Mexican saber), which has stood me as a remembrancer more than half a century; and if I should ever become so rich and vain as to mount a diamond ring, it will remind me of the days when I would have reaped a week to get money enough to buy a "pinchbeck" ring for my good sister Lizzy. When I was thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, I was able to do "half a man's" work with the sickle; and I may add (boastingly) with the scythe also, in our little meadow. As I have already intimated, harvest was a kind of frolic. Several hands were generally collected, and the whisky bottle circulated freely. On such occasions mother always had a "time on't," for there must be many extras on the table. I often had to leave the field and give her some assistance, for Lizzie was her only help. Pigs, calves, and sheep, or some of them were sacrificed to the occasion. One harvest was characterized by an event which exerted on me a permanent influence. Father had a ram that well understood my timid character, and scarcely ever failed to make at me; when, if I had no stick, I took to my heels. One day I was going over the pasture where he was, with a butcher knife in my hand (for what purpose I do not recollect), and coming near him, he, as usual, made at me. Thus armed, I determined to stand my ground. He dodged the knife with his head, as he gave the butt, and it entered the side of his neck, and bled him to death! Having acted in self-defense, my scolding was not a very serious affair; but the next day, when some of the mutton was served up to the harvest hands in a pot-pie, it inspired me with a disgust, from which I have not yet recovered.

In the harvest field my greatest ambition was to sweat so as to wet my shirt. I then first noticed, that, under the same circumstances, men sweat more than boys; but the circumstances were not precisely the same; for the former drank more whisky than the latter, and it contributed to the sudorific effect. I was, however, more sparing than many other boys, for I well recollect that the conduct of men who were "fuddled," as it was jocularly called, was disgusting to me, and while yet a small boy I was a "temperance man," though not always a "total abstinenter." Many of my harvest field contemporaries have long since descended into the drunkard's grave. How thankful I ought to be to Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, that I have been preserved from that inglorious and revolting fate. The harvest home was not a frolic. Father and I generally performed the work ourselves. We had no barn or mow, and both wheat and hay were stacked out. I soon learned the art of building stacks, and was the architect while father did the heavier work of "pitching up." I could now build a very respectable stack of either wheat or hay—I mean one that would turn off the rain, and be so balanced as not to be blown over by the winds.

The interest I took in this engineering is to this moment a pleasant reminiscence, and brings up another, to which you must permit me to make reference. Before I was twelve years old I could do nothing about fencing but haul the rails. This was done by placing the log chain round the ends of six or eight, and then driving the old horse to the place where they were wanted. I was too small to lay them up, and before I got large enough for such lifting I undertook to lay the worm, that is the ground rail. This was done by setting up two rows of stakes parallel to each other and five feet apart, then taking a grubbing hoe and marking the ground, keeping in the range of two stakes. Thus there were parallel rows of checks, and the ends of the "pannels" of fence were brought out to them. As I got older the hoe was dispensed with, and I "sighted" by the stakes, as I laid the ground rails down. It is quite impossible ever to forget the self-importance I felt when I first found myself employed in this practical geometry, and father and a hired man laying up the rails after me. When I was on the old farm in the spring of 1845, I went to the spot of my first achievement. The slope and jutting rocks were there, but no vestige of living nature remained. Even a great honey-locust stump, which had stood in my way, had decayed and disappeared. Thus men, and animals, and trees—all that have life—yield to the destroyer, while the mineral features of the earth remain almost unchanged, The fig trees of Judea are no more; but the natural cavern, from which the Saviour called forth Lazarus, was, it is said, lately visited by Harriet Martineau. The temple of Solomon has crumbled into dust; but Lebanon, which supplied the cedars which adorned it, still rises in unaltered grandeur. With these evidences before us of the certain destruction of everything which has life, how cheering and glorious is the hope that He who said, "Lazarus, come forth" will, in His own time, call on all who trust in him to leave the tomb and be with Him.

I have spoken of mowing, and must return to the meadow, to say that father was in the habit of leaving a corner uncut, that the timothy might go to seed. When I was about twelve years old, a patch was left for my special benefit. When the seed was gathered and winnowed, father and I proceeded with it to the "Lick" (as the village was by abbreviation called), where it was bartered for a sufficient amount of "fustian" to make me a "round-about" and a pair of pantaloons, with something else (I don't recollect, but believe it was cheap Marseilles), for an "under-jacket." This was my first "boughten suit," and I fear that when I made my appearance at the meeting house the first Sabbath that I put it on, my thoughts were not much better than they will be when I visit St. Paul's in the new suit of broadcloth you are to send me down.

The transition from the meadow to the flax patch is easy, for a fence only separated them. The pulling, threshing, spreading out to rot, taking up, and stacking flax, were works which no one need to covet. Many a long day through many a year I had my hands made sore by them. Other manipulations were postponed till winter. It was then dried over a slow fire, sunk below the surface of the ground, and "broke," a very hard work for a boy; but one which I performed through many a tedious day. The swingling was better fitted for boys, and constituted the only thing in the cultivation and preparation of flax in which I took pleasure. It required skill, and although it tired the right arm, it did not demand the strength which the "break" required. It covered one, moreover, with tow and shives (an evidence of effect), and at night the flax could be weighed, which gave interest to the labor. I have often observed, as I walked the streets of Cincinnati, how much the wood sawyers, when working together, talk about their work. I recollect how much my mind then dwelt on the quantity I should "swingle" by night. If I had been wielding the swingling knife to-day, instead of lecturing twice, and to-night writing down the exploits of days in which my hair was as flaxen as the dressed bark of the *Linum usitatissimum* of Egypt, would I not have been as happy? Multiplication of ideas does not necessarily bring increase of happiness.

Among the labors of the latter three years of my country life, was that of mauling rails. This was generally done in winter, and although a most laborious work, I took delight in it, and still recollect it with pleasure. A green blue-ash was my choice, for it was easy to chop and easy to split; but I often had to encounter a dead honey-locust in the field, which was a very different affair. When I was fourteen I could cut and split seventy-five rails a day out of the former, and from forty to fifty out of the latter. Still I was not large for my age, but was inured to labor, and (why I can not explain) was willing to pursue it either alone or with father. When I got a tough log the wedges and "gluts" would fly out on being struck a hard blow. Gentle taps were necessary to get them well entered. I have often observed since, that many failures occur in the enterprises of human life from want of patience in giving the gentle taps which are necessary in beginning them. I have profited by this in my letters. The first, to Dove, was of twelve pages only—this covers thirty-two! and I am almost tempted to enter on another sheet! However, I'll be considerate, and subscribe myself

Your affectionate FATHER.

LETTER IV.

To James P. Campbell.

FARM-BOY LABORS—PARTICULARLY IN THE CARE OF STOCK; SUGAR-MAKING, ETC., ETC.

Louisville, December 31, 1847—9: 30 *P. M.*

MY DEAR SON:

WHEN I look at the date which I have just written down, I think it highly probable that this is the last letter I shall begin before the year 1848, and equally probable that its end will be in that year.

This morning I sent off an epistle covering thirty-five pages to brother Aleck; which I mention that you may not be alarmed; for after such an effort a long letter is not you know very likely to be brought forth, for want of materials and want of strength if they existed. In that letter I detailed the most important of my labors as a farmer's son, from the age of nine to fifteen years. In this I shall resume the wandering narrative, and prosecute it, I expect, in a still more desultory manner. I shall most likely say less of crops and more of stock; which will perhaps suit your taste, as merchants deal more or less in the stocks, have stock in trade, and sometimes trade in stocks until they lose their stock in trade. As the weather is warm, wet, and *thundery*, I hope your stock of hogs is not great at this time; and should it be, I trust you will stand stock-still in your slaughtering operations; for I well recollect that, in former times, cold and dry weather was desired at "killing time."

January 1, 1848.

[I need not tell you that when I wrote the foregoing page last night, I was as stupid as a stock. This morning my third and last lecture on Pulmonary Consumption roused me for a little while: how I now am I can not tell; it remains to be seen.]

From the age of eight to fifteen I had much care of our stock; for boys can do that kind of work. The cows and sheep had to be hunted up in the woods, and driven home at night, one of each dignified with a bell: that of the sheep always on a higher and shriller note, which, with the deeper and graver tones of the cow bell, still lingers in my ears. On hearing a cow bell in the woods, you can tell whether the animal is feeding or walking (toward home, for example). In the former case the sounds have no observance of time, will be suspended for many seconds or almost a minute, and then the clapper will strike once or twice or several times. In the latter case there is a regular rythm, an according with time, for the ringing is produced by the walking. When our sheep laid out in the woods, they were often destroyed by the wolves, which still infested that part of the country when I left it for the study of medicine. Father's cabin stood on a side hill and was not underpinned. The lower end was three feet from the ground, and here was the winter shelter of the sheep, furnishing security from both wolves and weather. Still, although there was protection from rain and snow, the cold wind was not excluded, and it often became necessary for me to bring the young lambs into the cabin above, and let them spend the night near the fire. The exercise of this kind office toward the young and suffering innocents was, perhaps, one cause of my repugnance, for many years afterward, to eating their flesh. Sometimes they would lose their dams, and then it would become necessary to feed them on cows' milk; a labor which generallv fell to me; and I used to hold their mouths in the buckeye bowl till they learned how to drink.

In the latter part of the winter we were often short of fodder for our stock, and had to resort to the woods with both cattle and horses for *browse*. Of the whole forest the red or slippery elm was the best; next to that the white elm, and then the pig-nut or white hickory. It was then that I first observed that the buds of these and other trees grow and swell during the winter, a fact which interested me much: and ten years afterward, when Darwin's *Botanic Garden* fell into my hands, I took the deepest interest in that part of the poem (the

2d) which is entitled "Economy of Vegetation." Two lines which now come up in my recollection, seemed to me the very soul of poetry. They are:

"Where dwell my vegetable realms benumbed,
In buds imprisoned or in bulbs entombed."

The critics have condemned that poem, and neither you nor any for whom this letter is intended have ever read it or ever will; and yet it afforded me great pleasure; and if you should chance to stumble on a copy of it, pray purchase it for me. To my cow-boy labors when twelve or thirteen years old, for hours together in the woods, around our little fields, in the month of February, I ascribe in part my admiration of that poem. It still awakens in me delightful romantic recollections of that distant period. My equipments were a substantial suit of butternut-linsey, a wool hat, a pair of mittens, and a pair of old stocking legs drawn down like gaiters over the tops of my shoes to keep out the snow, which was quite as deep in those days as in later times and a great deal prettier. (Don't smile, if you please, till you hear me out.) I do not mean that the separate flakes were more beautiful than at present; but that *a snow* in the woods of those days was far more picturesque than a snow in or around a town as we see it now. The woods immediately beyond our fields were unmutilated, and not thinned out as you see them at present. They were, in fact, as Nature received them from the hand of her Creator. When a snow had fallen without wind, the upper surface of every bough bent gracefully under its weight, and contrasted beautifully with the dark and rugged bark beneath: the half-decayed logs had their deformities covered up; the ground was overspread with a covering as pure and white as the soul of Nelly or Anna or Mary or Etta* (sweet darlings, how I want to kiss them!): the cane as high as my head and shoulders, with its long green leaves, made the *alto relievo* of the snowy carpet: the winter grapes hung in what then seemed rich clusters, from the limbs of many trees, which were decorated with tufts of green mistletoe, embellished with berries as white as pearls; while the *Celastrus scandens*, a climbing vine, hung out from others its bunches of orange-red berries; and the Indian Arrow wood (*Euonymus Carolinensis*) below, displayed its scarlet seeds suspended by threads of the same color. With axes on our shoulders, father and I (sometimes one only) were often seen driving the cattle and horses before us to the nearest woods, and when the first tree fell, the browsing commenced. As the slippery elm was soft and mucilaginous, twigs of considerable size were eaten, and the bark of larger ones stripped off. Other trees being chopped down, we occupied ourselves, more or less, in cutting wood for fuel or timber for rails. But the time required for browsing was not always devoted to work, for the tracks of "coons" and rabbits had attraction, especially to myself and old Lion, and I often had opportunities for gratifying the instinct of man and dog for hunting.

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* Names of little granddaughters.

In winter rural economy, at nightfall, is, in a new country, before barns and stables and sheds have been built, an interesting period of the day. The stock must be collected, fed, and disposed of in the best manner possible for the night. Did you ever pass an evening under such circumstances? The memory of such evening scenes can never fall out of my mind. The voice of the hungry and impatient calf still rings in my ears. As the evening approached its cry was sent forth, and the tones, slightly tinged with the mournful, when I chance to hear them repeated, awaken to this hour in my heart a kind of romantic melancholy. Father and mother were early risers, and I was drilled into the same habit before I was ten years old. In winter we were generally up before the dawn of day. After making a fire, the first thing was feeding and foddering the horses, hogs, sheep, and cattle. Corn, husks, blades, and tops had to be distributed, and times without number I have done this by the light of the moon reflected on the snow. This done at an earlier hour than common, old Lion and I sometimes took a little hunt in the woods; but were never very successful. I had a taste for hunting, but neither time nor genius for any great achievement in that way. Among the pleasant recollections of those mornings are the red-birds, robins, and snow-birds, which made their appearance to pick up the scattering grains of corn where the cattle had been fed. I well remember my anxiety to get some fresh salt to throw on their tails. I often made conical lattice-work traps, and set them; but not, I believe, with any great tact, for my captures were not numerous.

Our stock required attention in other seasons of the year than the winter. For several years our fences were low and open, and the cornfield was a place of irresistible attractions. The horses and sheep would jump the fence, the cows would throw it down with their horns, and the hogs would creep between the rails; when the cry would be "Run, Dannel, run!" and away went "Dannel" with his fellow laborer, old Lion.

It was a custom with father and some of his neighbors in those days, to take their mares and colts, and the horses which were not yet broke, into what they called the *range*. Within three miles of where we lived, on Johnson's fork of Licking, there were no settlements, and consequently, there was a luxuriant herbage, consisting largely of what was named pea-vine, with a full growth of buffalo grass. The months of May, June, and July were selected for this resort to the untrodden wilderness. Some salt was tied up in a rag (for paper was scarcer than the raw materials), and when we reached a wild and unfrequented spot where there was water, the salt was placed on the ground to be licked up. From this "whetter of the appetite" the animals eagerly fell on the rich herbage, which they devoured with as much avidity as I feasted my eyes on the surrounding scenery; which, from its being oak land, presented many productions and aspects different from the woods with which I was more familiar. When the horses had wandered off a little way, we left them; and it is remarkable that they would remain there, and make the spot where they were salted a kind of rallying point or place of resort.

Another summer and autumnal labor, which may be called a "joint stock" concern, for it included both horses and cattle, was driving them, when kept in the field, to the "pond" for drink. At that time the neighborhood of Mayslick was very deficient (as I believe it still is) in stock-water, through the months of August, September, and October. But just beyond the western boundary of father's little farm, a short mile (if there be such) from where we lived, there was a permanent circular pond of clear cold water, covered with a small green floating plant called *Lemma* by the botanists. To this pond it was my evening duty to drive the cattle and horses; and from it we had sometimes to haul water in a whisky barrel on a log sled. This water was for washing, but mother, from various causes, was not always supplied, and sometimes the washing was done at the pond. On such occasions I was an important personage, as I helped to carry the clothes, kept up the fire, and dipped up the water.

From some distance round the neighbors frequently went there to wash, and thus it happened, now and then, that there was a little party there, and a good deal of social chit-chat. This pond was the only water in those parts deep enough for boys to bathe in, and it was resorted to for that purpose. It might have been taken for one of the sources of the "Styx," from the quantity of sunken brush it contained; and was moreover prolific in water snakes and mud turtles. Nevertheless, with all my characteristic timidity, I was often in it. I recollect (when father was from home) to have left my work on a hot day, and, running the whole distance, plunged in to this cool pool without experiencing any injury.

Our spring, as you will believe from what has been said, was of the wet weather variety. During the long droughts which now and then happened, it either afforded an insufficient supply for cooking and drinking, or, as the saying was, "went dry." During such periods, water for ordinary use had to be brought, not from the pond, which was unfit, but from a permanent spring half a mile distant, where, as a tenant, lived an old Leatherstocking by the name of Rector, of whom more hereafter. Of course I was the chief water carrier, though sister Lizzy sometimes accompanied me. To this hour I could lay down the path, partly through the field and partly through the woods, which I so often traveled for that purpose, more than fifty years ago.

The common method was to tote a small bucketful on my head, at which, if I was not equal to the old negro women of the neighborhood, I became quite a "dabster." By the way, Mrs. Hentz in her late work, *Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag* has drawn a faithful and graphic picture of the wenches in the South, balancing buckets of water on their heads without touching them with their hands. This, I must say in justice to myself, I could do in those days of ample practice.

About two-thirds of the way from father's, there lived in the edge of the woods in a very small log cabin, a widow, Mrs. Day (who had seen better days), with a daughter, Katy, a little older than myself, and a son, Morgan, a little younger, where I sometimes stopped and loitered away my time; for at that early period, my social propensities were as great as at present. I know not where Katy is, but in 1844, when at Lexington, Missouri, I found my old playmate, Morgan, looking older than myself and still bigger. He had for many years been intemperate, but, when I was there, was reformed and sober, and took much interest in promoting the delivery by me of two or three temperance lectures. This was, by water, more than one thousand miles further in the west, than the woods in which his mother's cabin stood. In the country around Lexington I saw much display of the state of society in which we passed our boyhood. The frontier had indeed advanced a thousand miles in about half a century; and we unexpectedly met upon it, when we both had got on the western side of the hill of life. The meeting brought up many reminiscences, from which I derived, as I thought, more pleasure than he experienced; which I ascribed to my having taken more pains to cherish my early recollections.

I must return to the horses. The next year after father moved to the woods, a traveler came along one evening on a mare, with a young and tired colt following him. He wished to get rid of it, and proposed to father to take it. The proposal was agreed to, the traveler kept on to Mayslick, and the colt was declared to be mine. This was my first article of property. My last possession of the same kind was the mare which I gave your wife. I have forgotten her name, but remember that I called my filly "Tib." My devotion to her was of the most laudable kind, but she proved to be a weakly orphan, and never became more than a tolerable pony. Of course she was as gentle and almost as domestic as old Lion; keeping round the door among the children, with whom she maintained a kind of companionship. Her hair became as long and shaggy as that of a buffalo. When she was two years old, she could bear my weight, and one of my amusements was to lock my feet under her body, turn her head toward the spring, and make her trot down the hill. When she was four years old, father's necessities for an abler horse led him one day (when we were at the horse-mill of Alexander Dougherty, the uncle of Mrs. Levin Shreve of this city) to swop her off, and by giving some boot, to get an abler horse. To this hour I feel dissatisfied with myself for having so willingly parted with poor Tib. But it is, perhaps, some excuse to say, that I had got to be something of a horseman, and like other equestrians was ambitious to make more of a figure than when mounted on the back of "the pet," as we often familiarly called her. Thus it is that if we rise faster in the world than our early friends, we are ever disposed to part company with them. Fond of horses, I should perhaps have become an expert, and for one of my cautious temperament, an adventurous horseman, but for an event which came nigh destroying my life. I was about eleven years old when father placed me on a young horse, which was supposed to be tolerably well broken. He and another man were walking near me up the lane, and presently I found them lifting me up from the hard road. I had been thrown by the animal over his head, so suddenly that I was never able to recollect the fact. Being very seriously injured, I was ever afterward "afeard" of wild and wicked horses.

Throughout the period of which I write, father aimed at raising horses for sale; and one of them proved to be very fine. Not satisfied with any price offered for him at home, father resolved to try a foreign market, and it was no other than the adjoining county of Bourbon.

There he sold him to Mr.—afterward Colonel—Garrard, a son of old Governor Garrard. In part pay he took a hundred gallons of whisky. When it arrived we felt quite rich. A barrel was immediately tapped, and the tin quart scoured bright as possible, and put into requisition. Our customers were of course the neighbors, most of whom regarded it a duty to their families and visitors, not less than themselves, to keep the whisky bottle well replenished. For a friend to call and find it empty was a real mortification to one party, and quite a disappointment to the other, who was apt to revenge himself by speaking of the matter to some other neighbor as an instance of meanness, or (more accurately) of stinginess. There were some families in the neighborhood, however, who did not keep nor drink whisky. They were Methodists, and as it was a rule in the Methodist church at that time that its members should not drink ardent spirits, they were, in fact, the first Temperance society after the Rechabites. They were reproached, however, for their total abstinence, and I recollect to have heard father say that he had "no doubt they drank behind the door." Yet he was himself a professor of religion, and should have spoken differently. The sale of the whisky devolved largely on me. I had learned, moreover, to write a little, and mother made a small blank book in which I charged most that I measured out. Thus I was once a sort of barkeeper or, at least, commenced my mercantile career by retailing whisky. At seven this evening, in the midst of this letter in which I am recording this early history, I had to lay down my pen, and deliver in the university before our physiological temperance society a lecture on the diseases produced by habitual excessive drinking; but I took good care not to tell the audience that I was once engaged in selling whisky to a whole neighborhood, and felt very glad when I saw a boy coming with his junk bottle or half gallon jug. The price was eighteen pence—twenty-five cents—a quart. The price of a yard of coarse India muslin in those days was from one and sixpence to two shillings; that of a bushel of corn from ninepence to one and threepence. Pork was from a dollar and a half to two dollars. One other article comes into my mind: I assisted father in pulling a small wagon-load of turnips. We drove nine miles to Washington, and bartered them at ninepence a bushel for "store goods."

I must not forget to tell you that I was once an assistant manufacturer of charcoal, which seemed to me at that time quite a dignified employment. I assisted in chopping and stacking up the wood, and the wonders of the coal-pit made a very strong impression on my imagination, as the peculiar odor of its smoke, escaping through the earth which covered it, did on my senses. I can almost smell it as I sit here, writing about it after the lapse of that everlasting fifty-one or two years.

Speaking of the coal-pit reminds me of the wood-pile. This was composed of green and dry logs, dragged from the woods or fields on a log sled. Father generally did the chopping and I the hauling. To chop it four or five feet long for the fire place, after it was drawn near the door, was commonly my labor; and I took good care to perform it on the spur of the occasion only; that is, never to have any great stock ahead. I often had to cut off a large back-log in a cold winter morning, before a fire could be made; and sometimes to do the same thing when the rain was pouring down. We never seemed to have thought of the great advantage of a shed, to secure at all times a supply of dry wood, or of the equal convenience of a pile of wood ready cut and split.

Now I suppose you are as tired as I often was before I got through a dry honey-locust log, yet (although the watchman has cried "past twelve o'clock!") I can not let you off till you have made an excursion to the sugar-camp. There were but few sugar trees on father's land, and he rented a "camp," as the grove was called, about two miles off. Our tapping was with the axe. The troughs were rudely dug out with the same tool, and generally of buckeye, as being a soft wood, which, moreover, was not apt to crack during the summer. One or two iron kettles, with the old iron pot, were swung over a log fire, before which was a kind of half-faced camp, covered with clapboards, as a shelter from the rain. While father did the wood chopping and kept up the fires, it was my province to drive "old gray" with an open barrel on a sled, turning and winding through the woods, to collect the sugar water. Sometimes we staid all night, but generally got home before morning. In the best sugar weather the water ran only in the day, and when the flow had not been very great, we would bring the sugar with us. When it had, the "graining" had to be postponed till the next day. The work was one of great fatigue and exposure, but I recollect it with unmingled pleasure; for it was something out of the ordinary course of labor—it was sweetened with an abundance of rich sirup. We took milk along, and made spicewood tea with the syrup; the time was that in which many trees and shrubs had begun to unfold their buds; the birds had begun to chirp and carol; the leaves of the cane were green; the wild turkeys occasionally paid us a visit; and, to top out the whole, we were laying in a good supply of sugar for the coming year, and I should add, of molasses, too. After this detail, you will not be surprised that my reminiscences of these scenes and labors are so *sweet;* and that to this hour I prefer maple sugar and maple molasses to any others.

Well, now I'll let you off; and promising not very soon again to compel you to travel through seventeen pages of an old man's boying recollections, subscribe myself, as ever, Your affectionate FATHER.

LETTER V.

To Mrs. Margaret E. Drake.

MATERNAL AND DOMESTIC INFLUENCES — DOMESTIC LABORS (INDOORS) FROM NINTH TO FIFTEENTH YEAR—BROOM MAKING—SOAP MAKING — CHEESE MAKING — CHURNING — HOG KILLING — SAUSAGE MAKING—DYEING—SHEEP WASHING AND SHEARING—WOOL CARDING—SPINNING, ETC.

Louisville, January 7th, 1848—4 *P. M.*

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

AFTER my lecture this morning I was detained an hour in my University room by students who desired medical advice; at the end of which time, it being one o'clock, I started home, and having to pass by the door of our reverend friend, Mr. Wm. L. Breckinridge, I concluded to stop and take a cup of tea. There I met with Dr. Todd of Danville, who spent the winter with me in Philadelphia, forty-two years ago, and in the spring descended the river with Dr. Farrar, Dr. Richardson, and myself.* Many long years have

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*The mention of these names of gentlemen with whom I was well acquainted, impels me to subjoin this note.

Dr. Wm. H. Richardson, of Lexington, Ky., was for many years before his death a firm and devoted friend of Dr. Drake. They were colleagues in the Transylvania Medical School, and the most intimate and cordial relations existed between them. In 1825, Dr. Drake had rolled away since I saw him last, and of course our minds turned instinctively upon "Lang Syne." All this is but an introduction to what I now announce, viz: that to my having this morning lectured on Dyspepsia, you may ascribe my commencing at this time the reminiscential epistle which I am about to write, in continuation of the series in which I find myself (most unpremeditatedly) engaged. Now for the proof. My lecture on Dyspepsia was the moving cause of my having so many dyspeptics and hypochondriacs to visit me; the examination of their cases detained me till near dinner time; that caused me to stop at Mr. B.'s; that brought me into company

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at Cincinnati a severe illness, which came near proving fatal, and he sent to Lexington for Dr. Richardson, who instantly abandoned his own professional engagements, and went on horseback a distance of more than eighty miles to attend him, and remained with him till he was out of danger.

The Dr. Farrar referred to was Dr. Bernard G. Farrar, afterward, and for many years, a practicing physician in St. Louis, where I became acquainted with him in the fall of 1834, soon after I took up my residence there. He was for a time my family physician. He was greatly esteemed for his many estimable qualities, and was highly regarded as a physician. I can not resist the impulse to record here some facts, which retain a lasting hold upon my memory, and are very honorable to Dr. Farrar.

Some two or three months after I went to St. Louis, I was surprised by a visit from an elderly gentleman, whom I did not know, and who announced himself as Dr. Farrar, and invited me to a party at his house with Dr. Todd; that brought up old recollections, and they prompted me to set at this letter without delay. Behold, then, a regular catenation or linking of cause and effect. How strikingly this illustrates those arrangements of Providence which set all our prescience at defiance. But, in further illustration, I find that I am likely to go off on a different path from what I intended, and will, therefore, as I used to do in boyhood, when I had taken the wrong road, cut across the woods to the right. Well, I am now in it and will move forward. But as I travel it, and fancy you by my side (which always delights me), to what objects shall I direct your attention? Indeed, I can not say

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to be given to Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Allen, then recently married. The invitation was much less a surprise than the statement with which it was accompanied. He said that he was glad to meet me, for it would save him a journey to Cincinnati to see my father, to acknowledge an injustice he had done him some fifteen years before, in connection with a controversy then existing between the former and Dr. Coleman Rodgers, who was a near kinsman of Dr. Farrar.

Afterward, in 1836, when Dr. Drake first visited St. Louis, Dr. Farrar sent to him a friend, with a request for an interview, that he might in person make such an acknowledgment. Dr. Drake returned answer, that he would be happy to see Dr. Farrar, but preferred that no reference should be made to the past. The Doctor called, and a very cordial interview took place; and thus was healed an ancient variance between two old classmates, one of whom was too honorable and generous to withhold a voluntary acknowledgment of wrong, the other too magnanimous to cherish resentment for an injury.

myself; but we must start, for nothing can be seen until we do.

In my last two letters to Aleck and James, I gave some account of those outdoor labors, which exerted on my constitution and character effects which, as well as I can judge, have continued to this present time. I might have extended that account much farther without exhausting my stock of recollections, but chose to limit myself to such an amount as would illustrate the influence on my character of rural occupations and events. In close connection with them were numerous domestic labors and incidents, and to them I will devote a few pages, more or less.

Up to the time of my leaving home, at the age of fifteen, my mother never had a "hired girl," except in sickness; and father never purchased a slave, for two substantial reasons: *first*, he had not the means; and, *second*, he was so opposed to slavery that he would not have accepted the best negro in Kentucky as a gift, provided he would have been compelled to keep him as a slave. Now and then he hired one, male or female, by the day, from some neighboring master (white hirelings being scarce), but he or mother never failed to give something to the slave in return for the service. In this destitution of domestic help, and with from three to six children, of which I was the oldest, you will readily perceive that she had urgent need, daily and nightly, of all the assistance I could give her. To this service, I suppose, I was naturally well adapted, for I do not now recollect that it was ever repugnant to my feelings. At all events I acquiesced in it as a matter of duty—a thing of course; for what could she do, how get on, without my aid? I do not think, however, that I reasoned upon it like a moralist, but merely followed the promptings of those filial instincts of obedience, duty, and co-operation, which are among the elements of a system of moral philosophy.

Half past 9, *P. M.*

[When I had written the preceding pages I broke off for supper, and then attended a Friday evening devotional meeting of communicants of our church, from which I have but just returned; for after the exercises were finished I remained half an hour for conversation. By this meeting a new train of thought and feeling has been raised in my mind, and I can scarcely place myself on the spot we occupied when I parted with you.]

The readiness to join my mother in the daily performance of her various and often tiresome duties, of which I was speaking, had in it the less merit, inasmuch as there was little to attract me from them. In and around our cabin, from the door of which we looked into the woods on every side, there could not be much of evil companionship. How often we are virtuous merely because there are no present motives to vice.

Nevertheless, in the main, as I can now recollect, I performed my labors *con amore;* always, however, all things being equal, preferring those of the field with father.

I have already spoken of grating and pounding corn, toting water from a distant spring, holding the calf by the ears at milking time, going to the pond on wash-days, and divers other labors with which mother was intimately connected. But my domestic occupations were far more extensive than these. To chop, split, and bring in wood, keep up the fire, pick up chips in the corn basket for kindlings in the morning, and for light through the long winter evenings when "taller" was too scarce to afford sufficient candles, and "fat" so necessary for cooking, that the boat-lamp, stuck into one of the logs of the cabin over the hearth, could not always be supplied, were regular labors. To bring water from the spring, which was but a short distance from the house, was another. To slop the cows, and, when wild, drive them into a corner of the fence, and stand over them with a stick while mother milked them, was another. Occasionally I assisted her in milking, but sister Lizzy was taught that accomplishment as early as possible, seeing that it was held by the whole neighborhood to be quite too "gaalish" for a boy to milk; and mother, quite as much as myself, would have been mortified, if any neighboring boy or man had caught me at it. In 1842, when I was sailing on the northern lakes in quest of information on the condition, customs, and diseases of the Indians, a gentleman who had been much among them told me, that as he was once traveling a bridle path, he saw, some distance ahead, an Indian family about to meet him. The man had on his shoulders a heavy pack, and his wife was following him. They instantly stepped aside into the woods, and when they resumed the path, the burden was on her shoulders. It is evident that he had some tenderness of heart, and while they were alone he was willing to relieve her, and she willing that he should do it; but neither could consent to his performing so feminine a labor in the sight of others. The rifle was his appropriate burden. Thus it is that from the bark wigwam to the log cabin, and thence to the palace, public opinion displays its fantastic tyrannies. By a strange inconsistency, while it proscribed milking by boys, it permitted churning; and if I had as many dollars as times I have lifted the "dasher," I might give up teaching, and devote the remainder of my days to writing nonsense for the amusement of my grandchildren. If I could have as many rational wishes gratified as I uttered wishes that the butter would come, I should have nothing more to wish for in this life. But, in truth, like pounding corn into meal in a hominy block, it was a hard and monotonous employment, especially in the latter stages of the process, when the butter rises on the dasher.

Friday was mother's wash-day, and then, when the duties of the field were not urgent, I left it for the house. A long trough dug out of the trunk of a tree stood under the back eaves to catch rain-water for washing, and during times of drought, when a shower came up, all the wash-tubs, and buckets of the house were set out. Still it often happened that much had to be brought from the spring and broke with ashes. Mother's rule was to begin early and finish by noon. My additional duties were to keep up the fire, take care of the children, and assist in hanging out the clothes, which, for want of line, was often done on the fences. To bring them in at night, when they were generally frozen in winter, was still more my business. Scrubbing and scouring were generally done on Saturday, and to the former I often lent a helping hand. Till I went to Cincinnati to study medicine, I had never seen a scrubbing brush. We always used a split broom, in the manufacture of which I have worked many a rainy day and winter night. A small hickory sapling was the raw material. The "splits" were stripped up for eight or ten inches with a jack-knife pressed by the right thumb, bent back, and held down with the left hand. When the heart was reached and the wood became too brittle to strip, it was cut or sawed off, and the splits turned forward and tied with a tow string made for the purpose on the spot. It only remained then to reduce the pole above to the size of a handle. A lighter and genteeler work was making "scrubs" for the buckeye bowls and the good old black walnut table (bless it!) with a crack in the middle, from end to end, occasioned by the shrinking of the boards. The "scrub" was a short hand-broom made precisely like the scrubbing broom, but out of a smaller sapling. If I were not afraid you would think me boastful, I would say that when twelve years old I was decidedly dexterous in the manufacture and use of both, though I generally had rather a poor "Barlow" knife—price eighteen pence—with which to execute the former. Peace to thy name, good Mr. Barlow! Thy ingenuity used to excite my wonder. Thou wert present with me in many a useful labor; and while at work in thy shop in London, thou wert my companion in many a romantic ramble through the woods beneath which *Absalom* rolled his spring water over the limestone rocks.*

Our most important manufacture (I mean mother's and mine) was soap-making. Father constructed the

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*In reply to an inquiry from me, Dr. John M. Duke, of Maysville, Ky., says:

"*Absalom* is a small creek, formed of two branches, one of which is about a mile west of Mayslick, the other still farther, uniting some three or four miles southwest of the village, and debouching into Johnston creek, which empties into Licking river. The scenery for the first few miles is soft and undulating, but beautiful, and for four or five miles before entering Johnston, is amid bold and abrupt hills, clothed with verdure to their tops, well calculated to attract the attention of so observant a lover of nature as was your father."

"ash-hopper," which was composed of clapboards, arranged in an inverted pyramid. In the bottom was thrown some husks, or straw, or dry buffalo grass, to act as a strainer. It was filled with ashes, on the broad surface of which the water was, from time to time, poured by the bucketful. A trough beneath received the ley, which, over a fire in the yard, was boiled down till it was strong enough to float an egg. The fat was then added, and the boiling continued till the soap came. By the aid of salt we sometimes made an imperfect hard soap, to be used for special purposes. It was in making soap that I got a scald just above my left knee, the smooth scar from which still remains, and would serve to identify me with "*Dannel Drake*," if it should become necessary.

When speaking of milk and butter I forgot to tell you that I knew the art and mystery of cheese making, often prepared the rennet, and assisted in squeezing out the whey from the curds; and, although father made the press, I was mother's right-hand man in managing the long lever, while she placed the cheese beneath as its fulcrum.

December was our "killing time." I shall not take you to the hog pen, nor the scalding tub, but begin with cutting up the fat, a work to which boys are well adapted. The fat being "tried" out, the next labor was chopping sausage meat, which I began with a hatchet because too small to lift a heavier tool, and continued till I could use the axe with a vigorous arm. The stripping, twisting into links, hanging on poles, and moderate smoke-drying succeeded. Lastly, the frying and the *feast;* for in those days of simple fare, the annual return of the sausage season was hailed by the whole family. To this hour I prefer good, and especially *clean* sausage, to any other meat.

The same season and the same killing were followed by other labors of an interesting kind. A Jersey housekeeper could never neglect or forget the delicious mince pie, in the manufacture of which I have wielded the chopping axe full many a hour. For a long time, however, apples were too "dear" and scarce to justify a large application of them to that object. Our compositions, compared with those of modern times, were abundantly simple, but on that account more salubrious, and as our tastes were formed to no more savory mixture, they were eaten as delicious.

Other dainties still awaited us as the result of killing hogs. They were "dough-nuts" and "wonders," the latter being known to you under the name of crullers. I can find neither word in Webster, and from early association prefer the former. These sweet compounds of flour and milk and spices, boiled in fresh lard till they assume a beautiful fawn color, are still my favorites, and can at any time maintain a rivalship even with sister Belle's soft gingerbread ; on which, however, as it is past 12 o'clock and a starlight morning, I mean presently to make an early breakfast.

January 8th—3 P. M.

This morning we had a second funeral procession from the Hall of our University. If I could record the names of all whom I have known to die, after having entered on the study of medicine, since I began it, what a long and solemn catalogue would testify of God's goodness to me, in the length of happy days with which I have been blessed. I was happy in the days of childhood which I am describing, and have lived long enough to find happiness in recurring to them, as a delightful fountain of enjoyment, which Time, when it mercifully smites the rock, opens to us. In the long period from youth to age, I had my trials and troubles, it is true, but it was in a stage of transition from one state of society to another, from the rural to the civic, from the rude to the refined, from obscurity to notoriety. The *caste* to which I belonged was to be changed; and in the arrangements of Providence, I was made, unconsciously, the instrument by which that change was to be effected The conception of this change was less my own than my father's. He was a gentleman by nature, and a Christian from convictions produced by a simple and unassisted study of the word of God. His poverty he regretted; his ignorance he deplored. His natural instincts were to knowledge, refinement, and honorable influence in the affairs of the world. In consulting the traditions of the family he found no higher condition than his own as their lot in past times; but he had formed a conception of something more elevated, and resolved on its attainment; not for himself and mother, nor for *all* his children—for either would have been impossible—but for some member of the family. He would make a beginning; he would set his face toward the land of promise, although, like Moses, he himself should never enter it. Imperfectly as I have fulfilled the destiny which, under the arrangements of Providence, he assigned to me, I can not doubt that if he and mother should be permitted to look down upon the family group to whom you will read this epistle, they would gratefully exclaim, "The cherished desire of our hearts will at last be gratified!" But I have wandered far from the narrative in which I was engaged, and must return.

When I look back upon the useful arts which mother and I were accustomed to practice, I am almost surprised at their number and variety, and although I did not then regard them as anything but incidents of poverty and ignorance, I now view them as knowledge, as elements of mental growth. Among them was coloring. A standing dye-stuff was the inner bark of the white walnut, from which we obtained that peculiar and permanent shade of dull yellow—the butternut—so common in these days. The hulls of the black walnut gave us a rusty black. Oak bark, with copperas as a mordant (when father had money to purchase it), afforded a better tint of the same kind, and supplied the ink with which I learned to write. Indigo, which cost eighteen pence an ounce, was used for blue; and madder, when we could obtain it at three shillings a pound, brought out a dirty red. In all these processes I was once almost an adept. As cotton was not then in use in this country (or in Europe) and flax can with difficulty be colored, our material was generally wool or linsey woolsey; and this brings me once more to the flock.

It was common, as a preparation for shearing, to drive the sheep to some pond or stream, where there was sufficient water—that which was running answered best—and wash the wool while on their backs. Too weak to hold and wash a sheep, it was my function to assist in driving, and to keep the flock together at the water's edge; no very easy task, from their instinctive aversion to that fluid. Yet such a labor was a frolic, and broke in upon the lonely routine of daily life at home. In the shearing I could do something more, for then the animal is thrown upon the ground and tied. At eleven or twelve I could handle the shears very well, and felt proud of the accomplishment. The shearing and weighing done, then came the very different task of picking. At that time our little fields were badly cultivated, and whether the sheep were kept up or suffered to run at large in the woods, their wool became matted with cockles and other burs, which could only be disentangled with the fingers. In this wearisome labor I have toiled through many a long rainy day, with my sisters and sometimes father and mother around the same fleece. There is no labor of boyhood that I look back upon with less satisfaction than this. To the carding I lent a cheerfuller helping hand, and could roll out as many good rolls in a given time as any "gaal" of the neighborhood. Mother generally did the spinning; but the "double and twisting" was a work in which I took real pleasure. The "buz" of the big wheel, rising (as I walked backwards and turned the rim with increased velocity) from the lowest to the highest note of the octave, still seems like music in my ear. To this process succeeded the reeling into skeins, and afterward the winding of a part of these into balls, for stockings. In the last operation, I got my first lesson of patience under perplexity. When a tangled skein fell into my hands, fretfulness and impatience, its first fruits, were utterly at war with progress. Alas! how long it takes us to become submissive to such simple teachings. In the long and chequered life through which I have passed since those days,how many tangled skeins have fallen into my hands, and how often have I forgotten the patience which my dear mother then inculcated upon me. Human life itself is but one long and large tangled skein, and in untwisting one thread we too often involve some others more fatally. Death, at last, untangles all. To the eye of common observation the spacious firmament appears not less a tangled, than a shining frame, and yet, Newton, *by patience*, as he himself declared, reduced (for the human mind) the whole to order. When your husband was of the same age with myself, when I was taking my practical lessons of self-control and constancy, he wrote to me from a distant school that he had adopted for his motto through life, "Patience and perseverance conquer all difficulties." I can not repeat the foreign language in which he expressed it, but can testify to the presage of the future and the pleasure of the present, which it inspired. It is delightful to see that time and experience have but brightened this golden maxim.

I must pass to a different topic, but one naturally suggested. I have in a former letter spoken of my labors with father in the flax patch, at the break, and the "swingling board." With mother I hatcheled out the tow, and prepared in "knots" the beautiful fibre for the distaff, but never learned to spin on the "little wheel." Returned from the loom, the linen and tow linen was to be whitened, and then my labors recommenced. If the "pulling," "spreading out to rot," and "breaking," were dirty and distasteful drudgeries, the labors of the bleachery were pleasant and picturesque. In the morning unrolling the linen on the green grass, and fastening down the corners with loops and sticks, carrying pure water from the spring, and sprinkling it out with the hand—for we were long without a watering-pot—repeating the operation hour after hour, and carrying in the rolls at night, were labors which kept the hands clean and the heart cheerful. Is it not universally true that clean hands tend to give a cheerful heart? Then there was the high summer sun imprinting its pure light into the fabric, which every evening assumed a whiter and brighter hue. Last, and not least, was the joyous expectation of a couple of new shirts. In many of the labors I have described, and many more with which I can not find it in my heart to trouble you, my sweet and gentle sister Lizzy was my companion and assistant. I never knew a kinder-hearted child, one more ready and bent on dividing every good thing, and as far as I can now judge, I never loved a human being more tenderly. My very first memory was of her, and her death, while my patient, just thirty years afterward, was a sad affliction.

In my haste I said I would trouble you with no more, but am already about to violate my promise. Our ages were too near for me to be her nurse, but my early remembrances disclose to me, that as soon as she was old enough to be amused, I was employed in that duty, and that as she advanced, I took an out-door charge of her. Subsequently we were employed in common, rocking the cradle, carrying about, tending, and taking care of the four younger children, while mother was at work. In this way I became quite a nurse, and to it may ascribe some of my traits of character in after life, which have been sources of both pleasure and profit. I like the society of little children, and their amusements around me excite and interest me, even when I do not *observe* them. I love to hear their voices, their young laughter cheers me, and their crying, if not from a real grief, gives me but little disturbance of thought or feeling. Above all, I am delighted to see them aim at becoming members of an older circle, attentive to what is said, and anxious to ask a question or put in a word. After saying this, you will not be surprised when I tell you that I have read many an hour with your husband and his sisters in my arms, often walking with them, and sometimes singing to keep them quiet, while their mother, in our poverty, like my own, was at work in the kitchen or the chamber, alone, or with some miserable servant, such as Cincinnati had, when the soft fibres of my younger heart were interwoven, not tangled, with those of that lovely and beloved woman, so long my devoted companion in the cares and troubles and enjoyments of life. Had I not in boyhood been employed in the care of children, I should, in all probability, have lost afterward many a day which I was able, as it was, to devote to study.

In a log-cabin, one story high, sixteen by twenty feet and without a partition, the distance from the nursery to the kitchen is not very great; and hence I am brought by a natural transition from nursing to cooking;

Apropos, when dining yesterday with Dr. Todd, as mentioned at the beginning of this long letter, he told Mrs. Breckinridge, that in 1806, when he and Dr. Richardson, Dr. Farrar, and myself descended the Ohio together in a flat-boat from Pittsburg, *I was the cook*—a fact which I had forgotten, but which proves two others:—*first*, that I knew something of the art; and, *second*, that they did not. Neither assertion demands much proof, for my father was poor and theirs were either wealthy or in easy circumstances, and owned slaves. That I was strongly inclined to take the culinary department into my own hands, I can readily believe; for throughout my whole life I have had an inveterate repugnance to a disordered kitchen and dirty cooks. At that time, when I was but twenty years old, I had mingled little with the world, and probably felt proud of my superior culinary accomplishments. It seems most likely that no feeling of an opposite kind existed in my bosom, or I should have remembered it; for I do remember one mortification of that voyage. When we were approaching Maysville, we began to dress up and prepare for landing. Each put on his best clothes, and I recollect that your friend Dr. Farrar especially exerted himself, because, as I suppose, he had relatives in the neighborhood of the town. I also put on my best coat, that is, my coat worn on a horseback journey of eighteen days in the fall, for four months in Philadelphia, and over the mountains to Pittsburg in the spring, to say nothing of cooking in it through a flat-boat voyage of ten days. The contrast it made with theirs gave me a feeling of mortification, which I have occasionally recollected ever since. Could I have looked into the distant future, that feeling would have been annihilated; for I should have discovered that if the morning sun shines more brightly on some, the evening beams of that impartial luminary fall in greater mellowness on others. I should have seen, that forty years afterward, one would be in his grave, after having almost had his heart broken by an only child, to whom he could not even venture to bequeath the remnants of an estate which had been squandered on or by that profligate son. I should have seen another retired from his profession with a shattered constitution, and worse spirits, without habits of intellectual cultivation, deprived of his best and oldest children, and falling out of sympathy with the society around; whence his old friends were dropping away one by one, without being replaced by new ones; as the jewels fall from the crown of a decayed monarch, who is too poor to replace them. I should have seen the third, as I saw him yesterday, with a wrinkled and sallow face, false hair, and green goggly spectacles, unsettled in place and purpose, his sons in Mexico and California, his wife dead, and not a daughter by birth, marriage, or adoption, to care for and caress him. Yet, it is pleasant to add, I should have seen them all either dying or living in the Christian faith. But I must return to the family fireside—the infant school of all civilization.

I know of no scene in civilized life more primitive than such a cabin hearth as that of my mother. In the morning, a buckeye backlog and hickory forestick resting on stone andirons, with a Johnny-cake on a clean ash board, set before it to bake, a frying pan with its long handle resting on a split-bottomed turner's chair, sending out its peculiar music, and the tea kettle swung from a wooden "lug pole;" with myself setting the table, or turning the meat, or watching the Johnny-cake, while she sat nursing the baby in the corner, and telling the little ones to hold still and let their sister Lizzy dress them! Then came blowing the conch-shell for father in the field, the howling of old Lion, and the momentary application of the shell to my ear, to hear the roaring of the sea, which, like all things in that fathomless profound, was a great mystery. Then came the gathering round the table, the blessing, the dull clatter of pewter spoons in pewter basins, the talk about the crops and stock, the inquiry whether "Dannel" could be spared from the house, and the general arrangements for the day. Breakfast over, my function was to provide the "sauce" for dinner; in winter, to open the potato or turnip hole, and wash what I took out; in spring, to go into the fields and collect the greens; in summer and autumn, to explore the "truck-patch," or our little garden; and from among the weeds dig or pull whatever might be in season. If I afterward went to the field, my culinary labors ceased till night. If not, they continued through the day, and consisted of a participation in all that was going on; now tending the child; now hunting eggs to boil; now making up the fire; now sweeping up the hearth, and putting things to rights; now cleaning the old iron candle-stick; now looking at the sill of the front door, to see by the shadow of one of its cheeks whether it was time I should put the potatoes in; now twisting a fork in the meat to know if it were nearly done; and now fetching a pail of fresh water, that father might wash his hands and take a drink. At night, all without being attended to, and the family collected, the iron mush-pot must be swung and supplied with water. Mother, or Lizzy (when old enough), generally stirred in the meal, but "Dannel" often stirred the mush. This was, of course, a standing dish for the younger children, but father and mother drank their bohea tea (and abominable stuff it was; after a while, however, they reached the greater luxury of hyson skin). As often as possible, mother would engage in making pumpkin pies, in which, *con amore*, I generally bore a part; and one of these more commonly graced the supper than the dinner-table. At the proper season, "wonders" made our supper, and although I never made the dough, I was quite *au fait* in lifting them, at the proper time, out of the boiling fat, and equally adroit in managing them at the table.

But my labors as assistant nurse and cook were to have an end, if my narrative of them should not. When I was about twelve years old, sister Lizzy was ten, and father and mother began to find assistance from us at the same time. Still, up to my departure from home to study medicine, my old functions were performed, more or less, on rainy days and Sundays, on wash days, and every night and morning. My pride was in the labors of the field, but taste and duty held me, as occasion required, to the duties of the house. The time has been (perhaps should be still), when I looked back upon the years thus spent, as lost. Lost as it respects my destiny in life; lost as to distinction in my profession; lost as to influence in the generation to which I belong. But might I not have been rocked in the cradle of affluence, been surrounded by servants and tutors, exempt from every kind of labor, and indulged in every lawful gratification, and yet have at last fallen short of the limited and humble respectability which I now enjoy? In the half century which has elapsed since I began to emerge from those duties, I have certainly seen many who, enjoying all that I have named, still came to naught, were blighted, and if they did not fall from the parent bough, could not sustain themselves after the natural separation, but perished when they were expected to rise in strength and beauty. Who can tell that such might not have been my fate? The truth is, that I was the whole time in a school (I will not *any longer* say, of adversity, but) of probation and discipline, and was only deprived of the opportunities afforded by the school of letters. Great and precious as these are to him who is afterward to cultivate literature and science, they are not the whole. They impart a certain kind of knowledge, and strengthen the memory, but they leave many important principles of our nature undeveloped, and therefore can not guarantee future usefulness or fame.

I was preserved from many temptations, and practically taught self-denial, because indulgence beyond certain narrow limits was so much out of the question as not to be thought of. I was taught to practice economy, and to think of money as a thing not to be expended on luxuries, but to be used for useful ends. I was taught the value of learning, by being denied the opportunities for acquiring more than a pittance. I was taught the value of time, by having more to do day after day than could be well accomplished. I was molded to do many things, if not absolutely at the same time, in such quick succession as almost to render them identical; a habit which I have found of great advantage to me through life. But better than all these, I grew up with love and obedience to my mother, and received from her an early moral training, to which, in conjunction with that of my father, I owe, perhaps, more of my humble success in life, and of my humble preparation for the life to come, than to any other influence. She was still more illiterate than my father, but was pious, and could read the Bible, Rippon's hymns, and Pilgrim's Progress. Her natural understanding was tolerable only, but she comprehended the principles of domestic and Christian duty, and sought to inculcate them. This she never did by protracted lectures, but mixed them up with all our daily labors. Thus my monitor was always by my side, and ready with her reproof, or admonition, or rewarding smile, as occasion required or opportunity arose. Unlike many (so called wiser) teachers, she instructed me as to what was *sin.* Her theory of morals was abundantly simple—*God has said it!* The Bible forbids this, and commands that, and God will punish you if you act contrary to his word! What philosopher could have risen so high? How simple and yet how sublime! How often did I and my sisters and brothers hear that impressive word "*wicked*" fall from her lips in the midst of her toilsome and never ceasing household duties! How seldom does it fall on the ears of many children, born under what are called happier auspices! It was wicked to treat anything which had life with cruelty; it was wicked to neglect the cattle or forget the little lambs in winter; it was wicked to waste or throw away bread or meat; it was wicked to strike or quarrel with each other (and this reminds me that Dr. Watts' hymns for children was one of her small shelf of books, and that she had taught me to commit them to memory while yet a small boy);

it was wicked to be lazy, to be disobedient, to work on the Sabbath, to tell a falsehood, to curse and swear, to get drunk, or to fight. To this last she had a constitutional as well as a moral repugnance, and to my participation in her temperament, not less than to her precepts, I may ascribe that peaceful timidity of character, which often painfully embarrassed me in boyhood, but at the same time preserved me from many scenes of violence and profanity. As I got older my temperament began to change toward that of my father, and continues to advance in that direction ; just as happens with your husband.

As you never saw my mother, even in her advanced age, permit me to add something to what you will collect of her person and character from what I have said. The crayon profile which hangs in Dove's dining-room, taken when she was sixty years old, is correct in its anatomy, but the expression of her countenance is too sad. In youth she must have been pretty if not beautiful. Her complexion, until she was forty years of age, was the most delicate I ever saw. Till then, her health was, in general, good, and her industry and endurance very great. In the last, I claim some participation. Her temper was equable, her courage small, but her fortitude great. Her spirits were less liable to depression than those of father; for if he lost a horse, he would, perhaps, take to his bed for a day. His health, however, was generally feeble, and his feelings most acute; so that he rose to higher gaiety and sunk to a lower gloom, than mother. She relied much on what she supposed his greater knowledge and sounder judgment, and yet, although both were perhaps realities, his natural talents were not great, his acquirements were moderate, and his business enterprise small. His personal courage and his spirit were of a decided character when he was aroused; but he lacked moral courage, and was not only prone to hypochondraism, but afraid to engage in undertakings which were practicable. Above all, he was laudably afraid of going into debt, and gave me many admonitions, which I too little remembered in my after life. In all the counselings of mother which I have enumerated, except what relates to fighting, he concurred, and exhorted and instructed me in every moral duty when we were in the field, as she was wont to do when I was with her in the house. They loved each other tenderly, lived in the greatest harmony, and, in reference to the government of the family made it an inviolable rule never to appear to differ. Notwithstanding all this, there were three things in which I think father erred: *First*, he used to recount for our amusement his capers, frolics, and tricks when he was a young man, and, as it seems, rather wild. *Second*, he had a good-natured way of playing off jokes and jeers on mother, when she on any occasion displayed ignorance or fear; which, it seems to me, might have had the effect of diminishing our respect for her character.

Third, although continuing a pious man till death, and yielding up his spirit in peace and hope, he gradually discontinued family worship, after practicing it for many years. This took place after I left home; at what time I do not know, nor did I ever learn the reason. My conjecture, however, is, that being illiterate and incapable of expressing himself in a satisfactory manner, as his children got older, he was embarrassed, as many fathers are who never use a form of prayer. In 1828, when I was ill and greatly depressed, I asked him (while we were alone) to pray with and for me, which, with evident emotion, he declined, saying that a form of words was nothing. It was this, in part, which suggested the conclusion which I have expressed. If that conclusion be correct, I would say that written forms of family prayer ought to be kept and occasionally used in every family. The father might often be in a frame of mind to render them acceptable, and in his absence or sickness, or after his death, the mother might keep up family worship, which is generally then suspended, though more than ever required. And now, my dear daughter, it is one o'clock, A. M., and I have written to you through ten successive hours. But if you will fancy to yourself your dear little Austin, in sixty years from this, engaged in giving to his children and grandchildren some account of you and his father, and of your influences in the formation of his character, you will at once excuse me for all that I have done.

That heaven will bless and prosper you, and those of your house, and all the dear brothers and sisters (including the adopted) to whom you will read this wayward and wandering epistle, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate

FATHER.

LETTER VI.

To Miss Belle Graham.

FOREST INFLUENCES.

Boy Delight in the Aspects of Nature—A Thunder-Storm—Squirrel Hunting—Bee Hunting—Nut Gathering—Beneficial Influences of Country Life and Familiarity with Nature upon the Young.

Louisville, Jan. 10, 1848.

My Adopted Daughter:

ACCORDING to the New Testament this life is a state of probation—a view which lies at the bottom of Bishop Butler's Analogy. It is not, however, one long monotonous trial, but a complex succession of cases, varying exceedingly in kind and degree. When a man is, by a casualty, thrown upon his back for two or three years, and compelled to earn his daily bread with his brow turned toward the heavens instead of the earth, the natural posture, and has to hold up his hands till they tire like those of the Jewish lawgiver, without, perhaps, having, like that great commander, assistants to support them; he is in probation—

his courage, resignation, fertility of resource, and equanimity are on trial. The probation at the same time extends to his wife, whose love, patience, consideration, activity, temper, and ready sympathy are tested. When a professional man removes to a new position, and is thereby thrown out of business for a while, his fortitude, address, amenity, good nature, ingenuity, and hope are subjected to trial; and, again, the wife has various traits of her character brought to the test. When a woman, in the necessary absence of her husband, has the care and government of the household devolved upon her in the depth of a bleak and stormy winter, her skill in domestic economy and the discipline of children and servants, her decision, bravery, discretion, and fidelity are on trial. When her husband, during his absence, is surrounded by the scenes and schemes of trade and speculation, and kept in suspense, and from home much longer than he desires, his sagacity, self-control, integrity, prudence, and faithfulness are tried. When a young lady is adopted into a family, her tastes, accommodativeness, propriety of deportment, purity, active sympathy, and good sense are the subjects of her probation; and according to the result the adoption dies out, or at some future time is declared permanent.*

I have written six gossiping narrative epistles on early times in my own life; to the reading of which (as if you were the lost one, whose place you were to fill in the family circle) you have been a party; and in addressing the seventh, as I now do, to you, I shall, without an effort, fancy that *she* still lives on and will herself receive and read it. Not doubting your readiness to submit to this imaginary impersonation, I shall go forward, as if all were real. My letter to Margaret, sent off this morning, gave what I fear you will all find rather a copious and tiresome narrative of the domestic employments and influences to which I was subjected from my ninth up to my sixteenth year. That I might keep them sacred to my heart, and transmit them unadulterated to my own children, I avoided all reference to our visitors and the society around us. Of them I now propose to say something.

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*The cases referred to in this opening paragraph were not suppositious, but existed in the family circle he was addressing.

While we resided in Mayslick, up to my ninth year, I saw, as I have said to Harriet, a great many people and a great many things and events; for our cabin was in the center of the station and by the side of the great road. To the village scenes I shall recur before I close my letter. At present you must regard us as in the depths of the woods, though only a mile from our late residence. When we first went thither, there was but a single family within a mile of the spot, though at that distance there were new settlers on every side. To the south, imperfectly in sight of our new home, there was a narrow and winding road, along which the neighbors from the west traveled to the village; and father opened another to the pond a mile west of us, near which there were settlers, and thus brought a feeble current of folk through our own lane near to our house. Now, among my liveliest recollections was the pleasure which mother and the children enjoyed when any one came in sight. For the first years she felt, more severely than any other member of the family, the solitude in which we were entombed; for she could not go much from home, like father whom business would frequently call away, nor like myself, who was the errand boy, and therefore sent frequently into the Lick and to our neighbors, from the first day of our removal. The children, moreover, had their plays and rambles in the little fields and adjoining woods, which were close at hand; and children are not less amused than benefited by straying among natural objects. To revel in them is one of their instincts. If I were to write a recipe for making great and good men and women, I would direct the family to be placed in the woods, reared on simple food, dressed in plain clothes, made to participate in rural and domestic employments, allowed to range through the groves and thickets, but required, a part of every day, to give themselves up to the instructions of competent and accomplished teachers, till they were fourteen to sixteen years of age. In my case the last element was wanting; and, therefore, you must not judge of my system by myself. Had that desideratum been supplied, there is no knowing but I might, ere this, have edited an edition of the Iliad with notes, or written commentaries on Aristotle. Perhaps I might even at this moment have been at Washington, intriguing for the Presidency, instead of lecturing, as I did to-day, on Dyspepsia, and writing about bird's nests, pawpaws, and old ladies riding along "bridle paths" on men's saddles, as I am doing to-night.

The very loneliness of our situation led me to seek for new society and amusement in the woods, as often as opportunity offered. But they were in themselves attractive. To my young mind there was in them a kind of mystery. They excited my imagination; they awakened curiosity; they were exhaustless in variety; there was always something ahead. Some new or queer object might be expected, and thus anticipation was sustained. To go from the family fireside, from the midst of large and little babies, and cats and kittens into the woods for society, may seem to you rather paradoxical, but it was not so in fact. Familiar objects lose their wonted effect, and we may become solitary in the midst of them. But to find men in trees, and women in bushes, and children in the flowers, and to be refreshed by them, one must be a little imaginative; and so I was, as I now know, though I did not know it then. To frequent the woods from motives of mere utility is mere occupation, and all the feeling raised by it is that which is connected with business. With this also I was well acquainted, for I was often sent to search out a tree or sapling for some special purpose, as, to make a helve or a basket (of which I have plaited many, and could now earn my living by it), or bottom a chair (which I have often done), or to make a broom (of which I have already bragged). But an excursion in spring to gather flowers was a very different affair. I am unable to analyse the emotions which these excursions raised in me; but the pleasure on finding a new flower was most decided, and hence, a strange and retired locality was a spot of the deepest interest. On approaching it my imagination became excited, and filled it with all possible novelties. Ten years afterward, when I got a book or two on botany and took them into the woods of Mount Adams* (a name, by the way, which I proposed for the hill on which the Observatory stands), these same early friends came before me in a new aspect, and sweetened even the perplexities which attended their scientific examination with the incompetent works by which I attempted it. Still the Claytonias, Pulmonaries, Phloxes, Williams, and Fringillarias, whose annual reappearance I had greeted in each succeeding spring of my boyhood, were my favorite subjects of botanical investigation; and twenty years after I had held this second communion with them, when I unexpectedly came upon some of them in the botanical garden attached to Harvard University, they seemed like old and early friends in a strange land.

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*This name was suggested for the hill overlooking Cincinnati, on which the Astronomical Observatory stands, because ex-President John Quincy Adams delivered the oration on the occasion of the inauguration of the Observatory.

Summer had its charms not less than spring: its flowers, its luxuriant herbage, its blackberries and wild cherries, its endless variety of green leaves, its deep and cool shade, with bright gleams of sunshine, its sluggish and half dried up brooks, of which, like other boys, I would lie down and drink (first looking out for snakes), and then turn over the flat stones, to see if there were any crawfish beneath. Both seasons had their squirrels and ground-squirrels; the former skipping from tree to tree in chase of each other, or seated basking with their tails turned over their backs; the latter dodging over the trunk of some fallen tree, and at length hiding beneath. The same seasons had their birds, whose notes made a symphony with the winds, while they played upon the green leaves, and awakened melody, as when the rays of the sun fell upon the harp of Memnon, but more real, and better for the young heart. Then there were nests with speckled eggs, suspended from the limbs of trees, or formed, as those of the woodpecker, in a decayed trunk, or fixed in the depths of some almost inaccessible briery. To take home the eggs, blow them out, and string them into beads for Lizzy, was a supplementary work. My summer rambles presented still other objects, well fitted to raise emotion and impart knowledge. A fallen tree, nearly decayed, with flowers smiling out of its ruins ; another, less decomposed, with beautiful boles, lichens, and other imperfect parasitic plants adhering to it, while the wood within was the food of grubs and worms; another still, dissolved into mold, and covered with rank weeds and grass. What beautiful lessons on the course and economy of nature! And yet how seldom studied by the children of our cities! Another tree, stricken by the lightning, its bark peeled off and scattered around, or its trunk split from top to bottom, and its leaves wilted or quite withered, and rustling in the breeze, for when thus destroyed, the leaves do not fall off. Many trees prostrated, blown up by the roots, or broken off at various hights, lying twisted and tangled on the ground, the victims of a tornado which had swept through the forest, like an epidemic through society. What an appeal to the emotions of sublimity and terror in the young mind! Well do I remember the tempest by which this desolation was effected. Often have I run from the woods to escape the danger. Still oftener have I witnessed from our log cabin the thunder storms of July and August. They who have only heard and seen them in the midst of a dense city population, while sitting in houses protected by lightning rods, know nothing of the emotions they raised while sweeping over a solitary cabin, with a corn-field on one side and a wilderness on the other. A storm of this kind fell upon us oftener in August than any other month. After a breathless and sultry noon, piles of white and black clouds would appear overhead, as if let down from the heavens. It puzzled me to tell where they came from. In the west, from the zenith to the horizon, they became heavier and blacker, furnishing a dark back-ground to the landscape of green trees, which stood quiet and unconscious, or, in a momentary breeze, shuddered in every leaf, as if awake to the impending danger. A few rolls of distant thunder, or a dim streak of lightning (a signal-fire of the sky), hurried us from the field. The cattle and horses, as if conscious of the danger which awaited their remaining among the dead trees left in our inclosure, would slowly collect on the spot where they were fed at night. On reaching the house, mother and the children would be occupied in setting out every vessel that could be spared, "to catch rain-water," and in carrying in the clothes or whatever else would be injured by the rain. All things were now arranged, and the tempest with its louder artillery and more vivid flashes was at hand. God was present in the storm. Both father and mother became solemn, and the Bible was sometimes laid open and read. The children were admonished and instructed. We might be destroyed; but another and purer emotion blended with our fears—a feeling of reverence converting terror into awe. We were in the midst of a great and sudden visitation of Divine power. We heard a voice, as it were, from heaven. Down even to this distant and waning time of life a thunder-storm brings back the solemn thoughts and emotions of those hours of elemental sublimity without and moral sublimity within the lone and humble family dwelling. The world (if that great personage knew what I am writing) might call this superstition. I shall never debate the matter with him, but cleave to the feeling, and give thanks that it was so implanted in my heart by pious parents, that his pestiferous breathings can never blight it. But the tempest was over and all around us. The dry and low cabin roof was the sounding-board of the big drops, often intermingled with hailstones, and to this moment the music of the shower exerts on me a more delightful influence than any other. Lightnings, which seemed like those of Sinai, burst from the black clouds, and the angel of the storm sounded his trumpet in explosions so loud and sudden as to raise vibrations in every log of the cabin and tremors in every heart within. The corn, with its half-grown ears, bent to the earth before the wind, much of it unable to rise again, and much of it destroyed by the fall of dead trees left in the field. A few solitary green trees left near the spring would bow and wave gracefully in the wind, and perhaps lose a limb, under the shade of which the children had been playing but an hour before. If the movements of a solitary tree in the midst of the tempest are beautiful, the struggles of the forest are sublime. Encumbered with a mighty weight of leaves, it groaned and struggled under the whirlwind, like a mother who seeks to sustain herself and little one against the storms of adversity. The young trees would bend low, but rise with the flexibility of youth; older ones were driven against each other with a terrible crash, and would have their branches interlocked or torn off. The aged and unbending were broken and fell, carrying with them to the earth and burying up their younger companions and their own offspring. The dark cloud at length passed on to the east and was illuminated with broad flashes of lightning; the thunder rumbled in the distant horizon; the declining sun began to beam in the west; and the rainbow diadem of the viewless messenger of mercy and repose would rest its extremities on the still quivering woods; while the smiling freshness of the green leaves seemed to declare their sympathy with the safe and joyous inmates of the cabin. Now was the time to leave it for the fields, to see what injury had been done, and what must be at once repaired to preserve the crops from the depredations of the stock. I well recollect how wonder and curiosity now took the place of terror. Everything wore a new aspect, and told of the hurricane. The corn was often so far inclined to the earth that on the following day it must be righted up with the hoe; dry trees were blown up by the roots, destroying much on which we had toiled. In one instance a magnificent white oak, which had been left ungirdled, and in the shade of which I had often sat down to rest, or leaned on the handle of my hoe, was stricken by the lightning, and its limbs and splinters lay scattered around. Partition fences were occasionally blown down, and the outside fences crushed by the fall of great trees from the adjoining woods. Here were new and added labors; but the feelings connected with them were tinctured with those which the storm had inspired, and gave to the work, as I well remember, a kind of romantic interest.

The "fall," as we always called it, not less than spring and summer, brought its sylvan scenes and pleasures; but do not for a moment suppose that the foreign adjective (sylvan) I have just employed was a word of those days, or that "autumn" and "forest" made a part of our vocabulary. All was rudely vernacular, and I knew not then the meaning of that word. We spoke a dialect of old English, in queer pronunciation and abominable grammar. After I left home and began the study of medicine, and to read books, abounding as those of my profession did, in that day more than the present, in long and lumbering words derived from Greek and Latin roots, it was not unnatural, I think, that I should become enamored of them, and seek to escape upon them from the vulgarisms of my mother-tongue. In the progress of time better views came into my mind, and a reaction took place; but it was too late, and up to this very epistle (the word should have been *letter*) I find them intrusively precluding more appropriate Anglo-Saxon synonyms.

The autumn, as I was about to say, often called me to the woods, and united the useful with the romantic. It was not to cut broomsticks, or select a tree for rails or clap-boards, but to gather those wild fruits which were so precious to us in the absence of the cultivated. Some of them were for immediate use, or little thought of, except by the children; others had a more permanent value, and were stored up for the winter. Among the former I may mention hackberries, pawpaws, plums, haws, and honey-locust pods. Among the latter, grapes, nuts, crab-apples, and occasionally the hard seeds of the coffee-bean tree (*Gymnocladus Canadensis*), of which, by way of change from bohea tea, we made a substitute for coffee. Hackberries and locust-pods, or rather the deposit of sweet pulp which the latter contain, were chiefly eaten by the children, who relished them as delicious. The plums were commonly sour, but not so acerb as to kill all the worms. The pawpaw was a general favorite, though mother never ate it; and many persons, then and since, I have observed, have the same infirmity of taste. To me they were always luscious; and to go into the woods after the first frost, with a basket on my arm and old Lion trotting before me, was, beyond all dispute, a trip of pleasure. In this fruit I became, and remain, a greater connoisseur (oh! these vile foreign words) than in any other. I can tell their characters by their outside, much better than that of men and women. There are two varieties, the pale yellow and the white. The latter are intolerable to all tastes, until they have been frost-bitten half a dozen times. I observed that but two animals ate the pawpaw—ants and opossums. All attempts to use them in cookery were unavailing. To gather haws was another attractive labor. There were several varieties. A haw tree, always small, when its bright red fruit was fully ripe, made quite a show, and the haw gave us a very tolerable substitute for the apple, to which it has a close botanical affinity. But the greatest charm of haw hunting was found in the favorite locality of that tree, always on the margin of some rocky brook, along which it was delightful to saunter, and see the minnows frisk about in its pools, or a harmless water-snake hide under the edge of some projecting stone. Grapes for present eating were obtained by climbing small trees, an art in which I acquired considerable skill; and in the practice of which I tore the knees of many a pair of pantaloons, when they were not made of buckskin. At a later period of autumn came the greater vintage, when they were obtained for tarts and preserves by chopping down the trees, in the fall of which, if they are over-ripe, they would be shaken off the stems by the jar. I was often subjected to this disappointment. Crab-apples were gathered after they had been exposed to the mellowing influence of a few white frosts. This tree, the color, form, and odor of whose flowers are equally beautiful and delicious, was always found solitary, while the pawpaws formed groves or patches. It was our great resource for preserves throughout the year, and certainly no cultivated fruit is better. In clearing land, this lady-like tree was always spared. In giving it this dignified and endearing application, I refer, of course, to its moderate size and graceful form, to the beautiful tints and sweet aroma of its flowers, and not to the acidity of its fruit. But my great forest labor in autumn was nut gathering. *Hic labor, hoc opus est*—which, liberally translated, signifies that I had to take old Bob and a bag, or, harnessing him with a straw collar and rope traces, or tugs of raw-hide, hitch him to a log sled, with a washing tub tied upon it. Black walnuts were most abundant, and they made our staple; next came hickory nuts, and lastly, butternuts. These were stored up for the long and lonely winter nights, and it was generally my province after supper, with the axe or a flat-iron or stone to crack them for the whole family; and, of course, I became skillful in what is rather a difficult art. Behold, then, the whole family arranged on chairs and stools around the great undressed hearthstone, each with a pewter plate in their lap and an iron fork, a "Barlow" knife or the sharp blade of an old pair of scissors in the right hand; while long strips of hickory bark crackling on the fire kept up a light which illumined the happy faces of the family group.

The "fall" was a hunting season; but before I was old and large enough to traverse the woods with the instrument of death, deer and turkeys had became scarce. Sometimes, however, I accompanied father on such excursions. My own performances were chiefly in squirrel hunting, and my first essays, as I have already said, were in and about the corn-field. I began with the shot-gun, but advanced to the rifle, in the use of which I became so good a marksman, as to be no contemptible match for some older than myself in shooting at a mark—one of the most fascinating sports of those days of physical pastime. I have often hunted squirrels for profit. It diminished their numbers and preserved our corn, on which they were disposed to prey in autumn; their flesh supplied us with food; and I could sometimes barter their dried skins at Uncle Abraham Drake's store for goods. But squirrel hunting, every now and then, took on the character of an organized and highly exciting frolic. The object of the old and sober-minded men was the extirpation of that mischievous little animal; that of the younger, with boys and urchins, was sport and the excitement of competition. Many days were allowed for preparation, that all who chose to enter the lists might be adequately equipped. By common consent the gathering was made at some central house of the neighborhood, and I recollect that it was once at father's. The commencement was in the morning, and the coming in from the woods was at an appointed time in the evening. The first step in the campaign was to divide the forces under two able leaders; between whom, of course, there arose an instant rivalry as to the number of scalps they might bring in; but the relative general aggregate was to decide who had the victory. The light troops were the boys and dogs, who attached themselves to the different hunters, according to consanguinity, affection, or confidence; and I observed at that early period (what I believe is, in modification, true of human nature generally), that the boys were most desirous of serving the best hunters. The dogs seemed to have some portion of the same instinct. It was the office of both to go through the woods and hunt up the game, keeping the cunning little animal in the eye, so as to be able to point him out to the hunter when he reached the spot. If the animal fell wounded, the dogs would catch and kill him; when one of the boys would scalp him, and string the scalp on a thread. Meantime, others had started forward, and as soon as the hunter had wiped and loaded his rifle, he followed on. The scene throughout was one of absorbing interest, and the excitement continued to the very close; for, on the return of the various parties, the comparison of the trophies of rival hunters by the two commanders, the final summing up, and the proclamation of the victory raised an excitement which made the hearts of even the old men palpitate with greater force.

I come to a very different kind of hunting—solitary, sauntering, silent, and bloodless, yet demanding perseverance, observation, and an accurate eye. I refer to bee hunting, to which my taste and temperament gave me a stronger inclination than to the murderous rifle. In hunting bees we went among the flowers, where they fill themselves with honey, or load their bristly thighs with pollen to form their cells. We often had a patch of buckwheat, the flowers of which are highly attractive to them. At other times father and I went into the woods, and sought them among their autumnal blossoms; but a more efficient mode than either, was to seek some open spot in the forest, and, striking a fire with "flint and steel" (for lucifer matches were then unknown), heat a small flat stone, and throw on it some honey-comb. The treacherous incense rising among the trees, was to attract to the spot the unsuspecting little insect, if any should be near. Meanwhile we took our seats among the grass and flowers to muse or talk, while we kept a vigilant lookout for arrivals. (At a later period in life than that of which I am writing, in 1806, I remember to have taken with me on such an occasion a book to read—Jackson *On the Fevers of the West Indies*—a small volume which is still in my library.) When the bee has sucked its fill, it rises, makes two or three circuits, and then moves off in a straight, a "bee-line," to the swarm of which it is a member. When we saw several pursue the same course we took it ourselves, and the hunting in the second stage was then begun.

The small and sound trees might be passed without inspection. The larger and older, hollow at the heart, would alone be likely to afford a hive for the swarm. Around the opening into this the bees would be seen diligently flying in and out. Sometimes the tree could not be found, and then the rule was to send up new odor of the honey-comb, from a spot to the right or left of the line we had been exploring, and observe the course the insects took from it. Where the two lines would intersect, his habitation might be found. The pleasure of the discovery was very great, and the initials of the finder were inscribed on the bark of the tree. To get the honey was often a kind of frolic, made up of a few friends or neighbors. When, as sometimes happened, the swarm was in the limb of a large tree, and it projected so horizontally as to permit a man to stand upon it, I have seen him ascend to a great hight and chop or saw it off. More commonly the tree was felled, and I have known large and noble oaks, not needed for timber, cut down for this purpose. The hollow part would be shivered into fragments by the fall, the honey-comb mashed and scattered on the ground, and while a quart or two was hastily gathered up, its enraged and courageous little owners would be as busily occupied in punishing the plunderers. Thus would terminate the bee hunt; of which the pleasure is in the finding, and not the taking—in the anticipation, much more than the possession.

January 12, *P. M.*

Of winter scenes in the woods, I have spoken in some preceding letter, and will not chill you with any more; but as it is still autumn, you must gaze for a moment at the hues in which the woods are so gloriously attired. This, it is true, you have often done, but not with that magical kaleidoscope, the mind's eye, through which I desire you now to inspect them. And yet I shall not attempt to paint them, but merely place before you some suggestive hints on their peculiarities and influences.

While yet unmutilated by the rude and powerful arm of the pioneer, the woods are a great school of beauty. There is a stern beauty in leafless winter, when, after a cold rain, the limbs and twigs are transformed into inverted icicles, on which the light of the cold bright sun plays in dazzling splendor. There is a soft and smiling beauty in spring, when the tender leaves of every tree, and the rival blossoms of the buckeye, dogwood, redbud, crab-apple, and locust, unite in speaking to our hearts that the dominion of winter is at an end. There is a ripe, aromatic, and welcome beauty in summer, when the sun, once more a fountain of heat as well as light, has given breadth of form and depth of green to the leaves, and erected the woods into one vast temple, whose columns are the trees, whose covering is a leafy firmament. In autumn there is a solemn and meditative beauty, when the canopy of foliage (like that tenant of the deep which, laid upon the sands of the shore, radiates all the colors of the rainbow and then expires), puts on every hue and begins to fall. In this affecting display of mingled tints (which has no equal in nature, save that sometimes made in the clouds for a moment by the setting sun), a living green, here and there, still smiles upon us; but the brown and withered leaves, which are already strewn around us, tell too plainly the end to which all are hastening. They have but gone before the rest, and the hand of the same destiny is suspended over all. Their course is run, their work is done, and they are preparing to die. They no longer play together in the breeze, nor strive with each other for the sun. The fruit and seed which they had protected from rays and helped to nourish, are now ripe, and must soon follow them to the parent earth, there to be defended by them from the frosts of winter, and at some future time become their food, be converted into wood and fruit, experience a resurrection, and take a new body. But without dwelling on this symbol of our own transition to a spiritual life, we may see in the series of autumnal events the care with which God has provided for the preservation and perpetuation of the forest races, by an endless multiplication of germs, and their dependence on the parent tree for life, on its leaves for protection, and on the influence of air, to them the breath of life; thus illustrating, in the midst of surpassing beauty and solemn grandeur, the relations of child and parent, and showing all to be the workmanship of one wise and almighty hand. Such are some of the autumnal lessons taught in the great school-house of the woods. For that school-house I had a passion which in boyhood was never cloyed, and in age is not extinct. The scenes of those blessed days of autumn, not only rise fresh and living in my memory, but to this hour a solitary ramble in a retired and quiet wood, when the brown and yellow leaves are falling one by one around me, as the passing breeze breaks the last thread of their existence, is a cherished indulgence, a grave yet refreshing feast of the soul.

But, my dear child, do not for one moment suppose that I then had, or now pretend to have had, the thoughts and emotions which I am here expressing; for I know they were not present with me. What I contend for is, that to be in the midst of such scenes in childhood and youth is beneficial. I insist that autumn has its lessons for the mind, its influences on the young heart, and that to many they are most precious. Children are seldom conscious of many of the effects which external circumstances produce upon them. They know when they are pleased and when displeased, but give no heed to the germs of thought, emotion, and taste, which the scenes and objects around them may be quickening into life. They are unaware of the tendency which this influence is giving them to good or to evil, and yet both may be a reality, a permanent bias. They are molded, and may feel the hand, but know nothing of the model, which is in the mind of the artist. They assume a specific form, but are not then, perhaps never, able to refer it to the impressing forces; and still, but for them, it would not have come into existence. That the autumnal influences of which I have spoken, were molding forces of my own character, and that many of its better traits were thus called into activity, I can not doubt; and having thus developed to you another agency which acted on me in boyhood (the proper object of my letter), I request you to generalize and extend what is true of one to the character of many.

But you will perhaps ask, are there not multitudes who spend their whole lives in new countries, and yet die uninstructed in mind, unelevated in feeling, by the scenery around them? The answer is, that this seems to be the case; but we know not, in their destitution of so many palpable sources of knowledge and refinement, how much that is good in their character would have been absent if this also had been wanting. Because they do not *speak* of the beauties, solemnities, and sublimities of nature, we are not to conclude that those attributes have exerted no effect upon them. They are grown-up children. They do not analyse their own character, nor that of the influences which surround them, and to which, indeed, they give little of conscious attention; but God provides that his works shall affect us even while we neglect to examine and admire them.

But where am I? Whither have I wandered? Did I not announce at the beginning of my letter a different train of narrative from that on which I have dwelt through so many pages? Yes. I started with the design of revealing to you the social influences beyond the family circle which surrounded me in boyhood. I even began to speak of my longings after them; and then plunged into the deeper solitudes of the wilderness. What a strange vagary! I meant to introduce to you my comrades of the neighboring log-cabins, but presented in their stead my silent companions of the intervening woods. For people I gave you trees. For dirty hearths and ragged boys, trollopy girls and crying babies, I gave you green bowers and chirping birds. Well, be it so. On some less or more fortunate member of the family group, the whole may sometime fall.

Till when, as ever after, I remain

Your faithful and affectionate

FOSTER-FATHER.

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. Elizabeth M. McGuffey.

SCHOOL INFLUENCES—LOG-CABIN SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL-MASTERS—METHODS OF TEACHING—SCHOOL AMUSEMENTS, ETC.

Louisville, January 13th, 1848.

MY DEAR DOVE:

WHEN, two years ago, on the forty-fifth anniversary of my departure from home to study medicine, I yielded to the old man's instinct to the past, and gave you, in twelve or fourteen pages, some account of that departure, the transition to a new kind of life, the beginning of a different career, I did not intend (for I did not even debate the matter with myself) to follow that letter up with any more of the same sort. Nevertheless, I have done it this winter, till passing round the family circle I have come to you, with whom I started, and now propose to write you a second time. In my former letter I told you that I was put to the study of medicine without the acquirements which are now made by the scholars of our most ordinary public schools. Of the opportunities under which I picked up what I knew, and of the want of opportunities for acquiring more, I propose, in the first part of this letter, to say something; allowing myself the privilege of digression and retrogression, not less than of progression.

In the fall of 1817, when, at the age of five months, you were taken in your dear mother's arms and mine to Lexington, I going thither as professor of Materia Medica in Transylvania University, the academical department was not, like the medical, in a forming state; for, although low in condition and character, it had existed, I believe, for at least twenty-five years, that is, from the time when I was a little boy. There were, moreover, classical and mathematical teachers scattered over the interior of that State, ot whom I recollect the names of Filson, one of the proprietors of Cincinnati, Sharp, Clark, and Stubbs; but never knew any except the last. In that part of Kentucky, however, which lies north of Licking river—the counties of Mason, Fleming, and Bracken—there was not, as far as I can recollect, a single teacher of that kind. Most certainly there was none about Mayslick, and till after I commenced the study of medicine I never saw one of those distinguished personages. But had they been as numerous and cunning as the foxes which ate up our chickens, it would not have done me any great good, seeing that father had such urgent need of my assistance on the farm, that I could only have gone to school now and then; and seeing still further that he felt, and indeed was, too poor to pay more than fifteen shillings a quarter; a compensation for which a man of education would not have given his services. The general rule as to my going to school was, to attend in winter, and stay at home for work the other parts of the year; but this was not rigidly observed. In my letter to sister Echo, I have mentioned the names of McQuitty, Wallace, and Curry, as my teachers till I was nine years old. Father then removed from the village, and my schooling was suspended. At the time it was broken off, I had luckily learned to read, and had begun to write large "joining hand," and make capitals. Thus I was able to make some progress at home; and about half a mile from us there was a youth of sixteen or eighteen, who was a pretty good penman, and when he visited us, used to set me copies and mend my pen. I regret that my memory has allowed his name to pass away. Our teachers should never be forgotten, and, above all, those who gratuitously come forward in our destitution.

Father and his neighbors were not indifferent to the education of their children; but they were all new settlers, all poor, and all illiterate, and hence had not the means or conception necessary to the establishment of a good school, even had it been possible to procure a competent teacher. In a year or two after our removal a small log school-house was erected by the joint labor of several neighbors, about half a mile north from his house, and just beyond the "line" of his "place." It was entirely in the woods, but one of the wagon roads leading into the Lick passed by its very door. In the winter, light was admitted through oiled paper by long openings between the logs; for at that time glass was not thought of. It was one story high, without any upper floor, and about sixteen by twenty feet in dimensions, with a great wooden chimney, a broad puncheon floor, and a door of the same material, with its latch and string. I give you these details, because they are equally descriptive of the common run of school-houses at that time. I never heard a reason assigned for placing them generally by the road side; but the travel was not great, and such was the insulation of families, that I fancy the children were, by common consent and mere social instinct, placed under circumstances to see all that could be seen; and, perhaps, as they occasionally saw new aspects of things and persons, it was the best plan. In the year 1836, a little more than forty years after this school-house was built, I took you and your sister to the spot. We found a plowed field and no fragment of my first sylvan academy.

The first teacher who wielded the hickory mace in this academy was Jacob Beaden. You will think his name in true harmony with the house. He was a recent immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, and an ample exponent of the state of society in that benighted region. His function was to teach spelling reading, writing, and cyphering as far as the rule of three; beyond which he could not go; and his attainments in that branch harmonized, as to quality and compass, with his erudition in the others. The fashion was for the whole school to learn and say their lessons aloud, and a noisier display of emulation has perhaps never since been made. This fashion was in those days common to all our schools, and although, at first view, it may seem absurd and at variance with all improvement, something may be said on the other side.

1st. Children are naturally prone to speak or utter audibly when they are learning. I think it an instinct of their minds, and if so, it is not absurd. The final cause or end, if it be instinctive, may be to improve their speech, and to impress the matter upon them through the medium of a second sense—their own hearing.

2d. In silent study an active and diligent child does not stimulate the more listless; but in audible study it does. When a boy would raise his voice and become more intense and rapid, others would do the same, and they would extend the impulse further, until the high excitement would be spread throughout the whole school; Master Beaden, the while, looking on with the satisfaction of one who sees his work going on with becoming energy.

3d. The scholars, when accustomed to this mode of study, do not interrupt each other. They merely hear a noise, as Charlie hears the noises in the street, in front of Miss Bennet's school-room. They do not apprehend what is said by those around them. Now, there is an advantage of a permanent kind in becoming accustomed in early life to do "headwork" in the midst of noise; and in reference to myself, it was perhaps the greatest which Master Beaden conferred upon me. It enabled me afterward to prosecute my studies when you and Echo were talking, laughing, screaming, and crying 'round my table; it enables me to sit down and write or read in the midst of a steamboat hurleyburley. When I lodged in the University, there was at night a profound silence; where I now sit, only eight feet from a public street, and quite on its level, I hear the voices and footsteps of all the passers by, the play and shouts of boys, the loud and hearty laughter of negroes, and the rattle of drays and hacks, throughout the day and till twelve at night, and yet as far as I can judge, my mind is more active here than within those silent classic walls.

4th. Children, like adults, when they sit still, breathe slowly, and their blood is not adequately purified by the atmosphere; which makes them nervous and fidgety. But this is obviated by their studying aloud, when they must of necessity breathe a great deal.

5th. By this exercise the vocal organs are strengthened; and in my own case, I may perhaps, trace up my capacity for long, loud, and rapid utterance (a good substitute in most cases for sound knowledge and accurate thinking) to my ample practice in the log school-house.

So, you see, I can raise a snug little argument in favor of one of the customs of my boyhood, still prevalent in the new settlements, but proscribed, I believe, in the older. Silent study is solitary, but audible may be made social. This was much the case in Master Beaden's school. Two or more boys would get and say their spelling lessons together, and so of their reading lessons. The spelling book was Dilworth's, an old English production, which I would like to get hold of once more. The reading book was the New Testament, in which we read verse about. When the time for "letting out" was at hand, the whole school were called up to spell, and then came the strife of glory—the turning down and going up head. When the dismissal was pronounced came the scramble for wool hats of all ages, sun bonnets, without pasteboard, of all materials, and dinner baskets of home manufacture; and as the rush through the door was effected, the dispersion was invariably in a run with hopping, jumping, and hallooing. I have never read one of the Waverley Novels, but remember once to have looked into *Old Mortality*, I think it was, at the house of a patient, and read in the opening of a chapter a description of the letting out of a country school in Scotland, which might have been drawn from that of Master Beaden's; so much are children alike in all countries. Our school-house was about three hundred yards from the spring which supplied us with water, which was brought in a bucket by two boys; and the candidates for this duty were as numerous and vigilant as the candidates for professorships in our medical schools. The path lay through the woods, and the trip was one of talk, stopping to rest, and looking hither and thither.

All the scholars brought their dinner, and it was generally a social meal, with cronies and squads on the benches in winter—on old logs in the adjoining woods, at other seasons. The meal over, then came the play and romps, in many of which the boys and girls mingled together; but sometimes the rudeness of the former drove the latter for one "dinner spell" by themselves. Swinging by grape-vines was, in general, a joint amusement, as was hunting nuts, haws, pawpaws, and other fruits, when in season. The boys climbed trees after bird's nests and grapes, and for the enterprise. It was sometimes a matter of ambition to see who could climb the highest. Now and then several would ascend the same tree, and be clinging to its trunk at the same time; or two would start on the opposite sides of one tree and strive for the greater elevation. Occasionally a luckless squirrel would be driven up a detached tree when, if it were not too lofty, he was assailed with clubs and stones, by which (rarely) he would be killed; but more commonly led to jump from its top, when not very high, and run for a taller tree. Such is the sagacity of self-preservation—such the knowledge of nature which may be acquired by direct intercourse with her. Throwing at a squirrel or a bird's nest, or to knock down grapes or walnuts, was an admirable exercise for the arm; indeed, for the whole body, and a fine discipline for the eye. Sometimes the boys brought bows and arrows, and competed for superiority in shooting at a mark. Pitching quoits was a substitute for marble playing. Making whistles in spring out of pawpaw or hickory bark, and blowing on them, was the practice of the fine arts in the midst of our athletic sports. Many of them, like some of which have been named, required equal effort and activity. This was the case with that admirable game, a favorite at all country schools, corner ball. Running races was another; hop, skip and jump another; and prison base, as Webster calls it, known by us, however, as prisoner's base, was racing in high and complex perfection. Now, if you contemplate these exercises as performed in an open and pure air, under embowering trees, festooned with grape-vines and choral with little birds, and compare them with the marble playing of city boys on a brick pavement, or the feats of a gymnasium with glass windows, hemmed in by high houses, you will admit, I think, that the rural influences are far more propitious to the firm growth of both body and mind, than the civic. It is true that the union of boys and girls within and without a country school-house is not free from objections, but it is natural; and if the latter hear some things which they should not, and form some habits not befitting their sex, they become better prepared for the rough and tumble of life, in which the most favored may be involved; their constitutions are hardened; and their knowledge of the character of the other sex increased; while the feelings and manners of the boys are to some extent refined by the association.

In all the schools of the period now under review, there was a custom never seen in cities, but still prevalent in remote places, which I highly approve. When the scholars arrived, after the master had taken his seat, the boys were required, on entering the door, to take off their hats and make a bow, the girls to curtsy. In some schools the same was commanded on leaving the house in the evening. But this is not what I just referred to, and to which I now come. It was further inculcated on them to take off their hats and bow and curtsy to all whom they met, either coming or going. Even during play hours, if a man or woman rode near the groups, it was regarded as a duty to give the salutation. Thus I have often run to the roadside with other boys to make my bow; and when a dozen of us, or more, might be returning together, if a man overtook or met us, we all stepped aside, stopped in a row, took off our hats, and made our bows, as near as possible at the same time. This was that cultivation of reverence and good manners, which, fifty years afterward, I find so ominously neglected.

Of my progress at this school of voice, manners, and rural sports I can say but little, for after the lapse of fifty-one or two years, I recollect but little. My impression is, that in the matter of order I was not a great offender; and I certainly never loitered or played truant. Indeed, I do not remember that I ever perpetrated the latter offense while attending any school. I recollect, however, that I was sometimes flogged or feruled, the summary punishment of those days, and, of course, had violated some law. Concerning studies, I took a great deal of pleasure in spelling, and was ranked among the better class of urchins in that acquirement. My first studies in cyphering were here, and my voice and fluency enabled me to say the multiplication table in the style of a real declaimer. Of the extent of my penetration into the domain of numbers, I can not speak positively; but think my conquests were limited to addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division, with a few hacks at reduction, all in round numbers. Of my progress in writing I remember nothing; but of reading I can speak more positively. Loudness and fluency were my characteristics. Of pronunciation, emphasis, and cadence, or a correct understanding of the subject, I can not boast with the same good conscience. I was fond of getting outside of the house with some other boy, and reading verse about with him in the New Testament, and have at this moment a lively recollection of being thus seated in the afternoon of a bright and pleasant summer day, with the green woods just before us, while we read, with voices which echoed among the leaves, the fifth chapter of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, remarkable as you are aware for the number of its short verses; the reason, I presume, of my remembering the incident.

I can not tell you how long, by interrupted continuity, *vulgo*, fits and starts, or, in the commoner dialect of the day, "by spells," I was the pupil of Master Beaden; but think it was through a part of my tenth and perhaps the whole of my eleventh year.

My next school-master was Kenyon, a Yankee! at that time a *rara avis* in Kentucky. He was a man of some personal appearance, and, in point of manners, not less than attainments, much superior to Beaden. He taught at the Lick in Uncle Cornelius Drake's still-house. Under him I made some progress. He taught me the rule of three, and I remember to have been puzzled for a day, with the following poetically expressed sum:

"If from a measure three feet high,
The shadow five is made,
What is the steeple's hight in yards
That's ninety feet in shade."

You'll observe the catch in this. If the hight of the steeple had been given to find the length of shade, the statement of the case would have been easy. In my perplexity he declined assisting, and I even doubted whether he could; such was the obscurity with which my obtuseness had invested it, although I was twelve years old. I didn't, however, give it up, and when I was in the woods on my way home in the evening, the truth suddenly flashed upon me. In my joy (as great as that of Archimedes when he discovered a method of detecting the alloy in the crown of the Sicilian monarch) I lost all shame for my dullness, and hastening home, boasted to my father and mother of the achievement, which, in their profound ignorance of the subject, they seemed to regard as highly auspicious. Sometime afterward, I was confirmed in my suspicion of Kenyon's ignorance; for, continuing to cypher, I reached the double rule of three, and came at length to a sum which neither of us could work out. My studies with him were the same in kind as they had been before, but extended in degree. Of grammar, geography, and definitions, I presume he knew nothing; still he was of superior scholarship to Beaden, and might have done me considerable good; but in the midst of business he perpetrated a crime and ran away. Here was interruption; but constancy of attendance on school was not my destiny; and therefore but little was thought of it.

Sometime afterward I returned, for a while, to the old sylvan academy, which now had a new dominie—Master Smith. I have forgotten his country, but think it was Virginia. He had a son, Charles (with club foot, who is, or was not long since alive in the same county), with whom I contracted a boy's friendship, and from whom, some years since, I received a letter. Many other companionships also sprung up here. The mother of Dr. Threlkeld, and her brothers, Neil and Jack Waller, the Bassetts, and the Glovers (one of whom, then a small boy, but now an iron founder in this place and a trustee of our University), were of the number. All were the children of poor people, or persons in very moderate circumstances; but these details will not interest you, and I'll stop them.

With Master Smith I began my classical studies. True, he knew nothing of grammar, etymology, geography, or mathematics; but he had picked up a dozen lines of Latin poetry, which I had an ambition (carried out) to commit to memory. I was much taken with the sounds of the words—the first I had ever heard beyond my mother tongue. From the few I now recollect, I presume the quotation was from the eclogues of Virgil. Master Smith changed his locality, and another long vacation ensued.

My next school-house was east of Mayslick, but in the edge of the village, about a mile and a quarter from father's. It was kept in a cabin built by Lawson, a tenant of his while living in the Lick, and my playground now was, in part, the cucumber patch in which Tom and I stole the cucumbers. I went to this school in winter, and had many a cold tramp through deep snows, which filled my shoes in spite of old stocking legs drawn over them. Of my progress here I can not recollect anything. I only know that I did not enter on any new study, and that I extended the old a little. Two incidents, however, remain in my memory, and I will mention them as illustrating my character at that time. A boy by the name of Walter, from mere mischief (for we had a quarrel), struck me a hard blow and cut one of my lips, which I did not resent, as most boys would have done; but quietly put up with it. When I went home at night, and was asked the cause of the assault, father blamed and shamed me for my cowardice. I felt mortified, but was not aroused to any kind or degree of revenge. The other incident was this. In the open field in which the school-house stood, the boys were accustomed to roll great balls of snow, and then dividing themselves into two parties, one was to have possession of the mass, and the other try to take it from them. On one of these occasions, when I belonged to the former battalion, the battle waxed hot enough to melt all the snow in the field. But it was, in fact, a little softened already, and hence our balls were hard and heavy. With these missiles we came to very close quarters, and the small boys, like myself, were sorely pelted on head and face by the larger. However, I never thought of flinching, and if it had come to fists, feet, and teeth, I am quite certain I should have fought until placed *hors de combat* by some overpowering contusion; yet I am equally certain that the admonition of father did not prompt me on this occasion, in which I was hurt much worse than I should have been in half a dozen ordinary school-boy fights.

Now, how are these two displays of character to be reconciled? They appear to stand in direct opposition. As they involve principles which have run through my whole life, I will offer you my speculations concerning them. Naturally, I took no pleasure in witnessing a combat of any kind, not even that of dogs or game cocks, the fights of which were in those days common amusements. The fights of men, which I often saw, also affected me unpleasantly. Thus, I had not a pugnacious temper. Again, I was rather slow to anger, that is, to the point of resentment. Again, mother had taught me to regard fighting as wicked, and had not established in my mind any distinction between fighting in aggression and fighting in defense. She was, *in extenso*, a non-combatant. Finally, when not adequately aroused, I was timid, and the aggressions which are so often productive of fights among boys did not arouse me. The opposite emotion counteracted my anger. In the snowballing my ambition, not my anger, was up. I was under an adequate motive, one which excited me, and no fear or thought of personal danger came into my mind. I will illustrate this subject by an incident which occurred about four years afterward, in the early period of my studies with Dr. Goforth. I had a fellow-student, and two boys from a neighboring town were boarding and lodging at the Doctor's, to go to school. The older and largest, corresponding to me in age and size, offered me various insults, and spoke against me behind my back, but at the time of giving the insults I did not resent them. At length, one morning, when the other two had gone down stairs, and we were partly dressed (for we all lodged in the same room), it came into my mind and heart to whip him, although he had not then said a word to me. So at it we went, and in half a minute he cried out enough! a cry which I should not have uttered by the next morning: and still he would have fought at any time under a provocation which would not have moved me to retaliation, but perhaps made me afraid.

But I must return to the school-house, where I shall not detain you long. The next teacher's name was Kneeland, and he also, was a Yankee, and soon afterward "put off," but under what opprobrium I do not now remember. My last tutor before commencing the study of medicine, was my old Master Smith, who now ruled the boys and girls in another log school-house, under a great shell-bark hickory among the haw trees, on the banks of the Shannon, about two miles west of father's. To him I was sent, more or less, through the spring, summer, and early autumn of the year 1800, when I was in my fifteenth year. As my destiny to the profession of medicine was now a fixed fact, I was taking the finishing touches; and yet spelling, reading, writing, and cyphering constituted the *curriculum* of Master Smith's college. Among my schoolmates were many of my old companions, and many new ones, including the family of Gen. Desha, afterward governor of Kentucky. His son, who murdered Baker, in 1823, between the Blue Licks and Mayslick, that he might get his horse and saddle, was one of them. His brother, now Gen. Robert Desha of Mobile, a former brother-in-law of Dr. Fearn, and a gentleman whom you saw at Nashville, and afterward in Gallatin, Tenn., was another. He, as far as I know, of all my school-fellows, then or before, is the only one who has attained to any distinction in society. Judge McLean's father, however, once resided at Mayslick a little while, when I was about seven or eight years old, and the Judge and I might then have gone to the same school. I have never thought to ask him. When I went to Master Smith the second time, I felt more than I had ever done before, the necessity of application. I felt anxious concerning the future, knew that my deficiencies were great, and really sought to make the most of my time.

Half-past 12, *A. M.*

[From 2 P. M. till 10, I wrote the preceding twenty pages. I had then to prepare for Mrs. Prof. Caldwell's drawing room, which I reached a quarter before eleven, and left a quarter after twelve, meeting a gentleman and lady going in as I came out. It was a sore affliction for me to feel obliged to stop, however much you may be relieved by it.]

You might ask, how I could know of deficiencies in my preparation for the study of medicine, a science of which I was so ignorant? My answer is at hand, and will involve a notice of my cousin Dr. John Drake.

He was the younger son of Uncle Abraham Drake, the tavern-keeper, merchant, and rich man of the family. John was five, six, or seven years older than myself. When I was four or five, he used to excite my wonder and that of the other children, with stories of *Jack the Giant-Killer*, *Bluebeard*, and other great men, for which he had a remarkable talent. From the number of his classical books, now in my possession, I infer that he had been sent to school in Washington to some good scholar who might have been there. He went to the study of medicine in that town with Dr. Goforth, about the year 1795 or '6. His progress as a medical student was rapid. His talents were various. In the Thespian corps he maintained a high rank, and in the debating society his eloquence was enviable. In manners he attained to ease and grace. His person was rather small and delicate, but his presence, I well recollect, was highly prepossessing. In the autumn of

1798 or '9 he went to Philadelphia to attend lectures, and when I did the same thing in the fall of 1805, and wrote my name on Prof. Barton's register, he immediately inquired after my namesake, and spoke of him in high terms. That the Professor should have remembered him so long depressed my spirits, for I felt how greatly behind him I must be; seeing that the idea of being thus remembered could not be entertained by me for a moment. John spent the spring and summer at home in Mayslick with his father, diligently pursuing his studies, and, I believe, adding the Latin language to the medical sciences. He was to attend lectures the following winter, and then establish himself in Mayslick, when I was to become his pupil. Now it was from him, in various conversations, and from looking into his classical and medical books, that I came to an apprehension of my inadequate preparation for the enterprise on which I was about to enter. His constitution was frail, and in the month of July he was seized with a slow fever of the typhus kind. The physicians of Washington, Drs. Johnson and Duke, attended him; but he gradually got worse. At length his father, who doted on him, despatched our cousin Jacob Drake to Cincinnati for Dr. Goforth; but the doctor could not come; and about the time Jacob got back, riding all night, through a tremendous and awful thunderstorm, with some advice in his pocket, John expired; and his remains now repose in the old village church-yard. A young man of the brightest genius and the noblest qualities of heart, he would have conferred distinction on our name; and his memory should be transmitted in the family. All his books and manuscript notes came into and remain in my possession.

Had he lived, I should not have gone to Cincinnati to study medicine, and of a consequence never resided there. In fact, humanly speaking, my whole course of life might have been entirely different from what it has been. I should probably have become a country doctor and a member of the General Assembly! His death did not turn father aside from the determination that I should study physic, and I still continued to make my way daily through two miles of woods to the log school-house on the banks of the Shannon. We had, however, a great deal of work to do on the farm, and I felt that as I was not only soon to leave father, but become an expense to him, I ought to tax myself to the utmost. Thus I rose early and worked in the field till breakfast-time, and after that very commonly *ran* the two miles, to be in time. But my health was good, my endurance great, and we always retired early at night.

In the midst of this last effort, however, a family affliction arose, which greatly interrupted my studies. Father got a severe injury on his foot, which partially mortified, and three or four of the children were taken down with the ague and fever—the first time that that disease had ever invaded us. In my letter two years ago, I must have mentioned these facts, but probably did not tell you (boastingly) that when the care of every thing turned on mother and myself, my heart grew big with the emotions which such calamities naturally inspire, and with the feeling of responsibility that was quite as natural, producing in my actions their proper fruits; and that father and mother commended me for my labors, both indoors and out. To speak of the whole matter frankly, I look back, even from this distant point of time, forty-seven years, to my conduct with approbation and pleasure. What a precious reward (referring to this life only) there is in striving to do what trying occasions require of us! As old age is ruminant, youth ought to prepare for it as many savory cuds as possible.

Well! I have given you an unpremeditated and unbroken, though very imperfect, narrative of my opportunities for scholastic learning before I commenced the study of medicine; but I had some of a collateral and incidental kind, to which I must refer. It is however nearly 2 o'clock A. M. and therefore I'll say—*good-night.*

January 14, *P. M.*

During my boyhood there was in the country, except among wealthy emigrants from Old Virginia (of whom, however, there were none about Mayslick), a great deficiency of books. There was not a single book-store north of Licking river, and, perhaps, none in the State. All the books imported were kept in what were called the stores, which were magazines of the most primitive character, variety shops, if not curiosity shops—comprehending dry-goods, hardware, glass and earthenware, groceries, dyestuffs, and drugs, ammunition, hats, manufactures of leather, books, and stationery; the last consisting generally of coarse foolscap, wafers, slates, and pencils. The era of division of labor and distribution of commodities on sale, had not yet arrived; and, of course, no particular branch was pushed very far; and least of all, that which ministered to intellectual improvement, for its articles were least in demand. Bibles, hymn-books, primers, spelling-books, arithmetics, and almanacs, in fact, composed, in most instances, the importation, which was always from Philadelphia, the only city of the seaboard which maintained any commercial intercourse with the infant settlements of the interior. Our preachers and teachers were, in general, almost as destitute as the people at large, many of whom could neither read or write, did not send their children to school, and, of course, kept no books in the house. Of our own library I have already spoken incidentally. A family Bible, Rippon's *Hymns*, Watts' *Hymns for Children*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, an old romance of the days of knight-errantry, primers, with a plate representing John Rogers at the stake, spelling-books, an arithmetic, and a new almanac for the new year, composed all that I can recollect, till within two or three years of my leaving home. Now, comparing myself with other boys of my age, I think I had a taste for study rather greater than the bulk of them, and if books had been within my reach, it is probable that I should have made some proficiency by solitary study at night and on rainy days. When I was about twelve or thirteen years old, father purchased of a neighbor living a mile down Absalom, a copy of Love's *Surveying*, which I well remember afforded me great pleasure. Its definitions and diagrams, triangles, trapeziums, and rhomboids, now come up pleasantly in the vista through which I am reviewing the past; and I even went so far as to plat tracts of land according to courses and distances. But I was not a young Paschal. I had a taste rather than a talent for geometry, and did not go on conquering and to conquer. Ten years afterward, however, the propensity to that science recurred, and finding Euclid's *Elements* among the books which had belonged to cousin John Drake, I put at them, but stopped again after I had solved the forty-seventh proposition; being delighted to observe that it was by a rule dependent on that problem that I had, with others, squared the corners of small cabins and out houses, while I was on the farm. My capacity for arithmetic was, I suppose, up to the mean heat, for before I went from home I had learned decimals and vulgar fractions, gauging, position, and *heard* of algebra.

Many years afterward curiosity prompted me to look a little into that science, but I found it rather hard, and not so much to my taste as geometry, and stopped after going through the binomial theorem. Limited and superficial as were these dippings into mathematical science, they have not been without their value, for they taught me what the objects and (to some small extent) the processes of that science are; and enabled me to understand some things in my studies, which would otherwise have been unintelligible. Another book which fell into my hands (I can not tell how) when I was twelve or thirteen, was Guthrie's *Grammar of Geography*, the study of which was undoubtedly of service; though, as it was not intended for children, much of it was beyond my comprehension, and its hard technical terms pestered me a great deal, not only as to their meaning, but their pronunciation. The phrase, "Brazen meridian" which I ejaculated with a strong accent on the penultimate, was one of those "posers." The very title of the book puzzled me, for I had read in the spelling-book that grammar related to words, and I could not therefore understand its connection with the description of the earth. My first crude ideas of latitude and longitude, of the equator and the rotundity of the earth, were derived from the study of this work. We had in the family a tradition that our great namesake Sir Francis Drake (possibly we were relations) was the first man who sailed round the world. I had long been perplexed to know how that could be, but now understood it. An old hunter who visited at father's had spoken of the *noction* line. I saw in Guthrie that it was equinoctial, and could laugh at his ignorance. I feel grateful to Mr. Guthrie for his patient teachings of so dull a pupil, and would like to meet with him again. Before I fell in with the grammar of geography, I was advanced from Dilworth's to Webster's *Spelling-book*, and was greatly interested in its augmented vocabulary of new and hard words, and in the new reading it afforded, especially in the account of the boy who pronounced to his father an opinion in favor of the superior pleasures of each of the four seasons, as they successively arose. I was in sympathy with him, and now know that I then had, in a germinal state, a trait of character which, in expansion, has remained with me ever since. It is an aptitude to become interested in any study or any pursuit, and to derive from it as much pleasure, *pro tempore*, as from any other.

A couple of years, or thereabouts, before leaving home, I got Entick's (a pocket) *Dictionary*, which was, of course, a great acquisition. I also obtained Scott's *Lessons*, which afforded me much new reading, and I used to speak pieces from it at Master Smith's school, when I went to him the second time. In addition (but not to my school library), father purchased I remember (when I was twelve or thirteen) the *Prompter*, Esop's *Fables*, and *Franklin's Life*—all sterling books for boys. The first was a collection of proverbs and maxims. A puzzle growing out of the last was his being called *doctor*, when he had not studied physic.

Occasionally, father borrowed books for me of Dr. Goforth. Once he bought me the *Farmer's Letters*, a work by Dickinson, secretary to congress during the Revolutionary war. Much of it was above my comprehension, but it made the mind strain forward; an effect produced about the same time by Guthrie's *Grammar*.

Another book from the same source, borrowed, I think, a year or so earlier, was Lord Chesterfield's *Letters* to his son, inculcating politeness. This fell in mighty close with my tastes, and not less with those of father and mother, who cherished as high and pure an idea of the duty of good breeding as any people on earth. The principle of politeness was deeply rooted in both; and their manifestation of it, in the form of deference, in their way, was sometimes, as I thought (even at that early period) carried too far. I was always, however, prone to be deferential, and was never inclined or able to act with rudeness or nonchalance in the presence of my seniors or superiors. Time, of which the elements are observation and reflection, has convinced me that our natural deference ought to be cherished, and that we should cultivate a feeling of respect for what is respectable, while we manifest suavity and kindness to all.

In the olden time newspapers, now the cumbersome pests of so many families, were almost as scarce among the country people around us as Sibylline leaves, and no tracts were spoken of in any house, but those of land. The first newspaper published in the State of Kentucky was begun at Lexington in 1787, the year before our immigration. It was called the *Kentucky Gazette*, and was edited, printed and published by John Bradford. Another was started in Washington, when I was eight or nine years old; but father did not take it. It was called the *Palladium*. Occasionally a number of it fell into my hands and was, from its novelty and variety, a great treat, although much of it was, of course, unintelligible to me. It spoke, I remember, a great deal about the French Revolution, Bonaparte, and the war between France and England; in reference to which father and his neighbors were in close sympathy with the French. I recollect getting a number of it when I was about eleven years old. It was soon after corn planting, and I was sent into the cornfield to keep out the squirrels. I took the paper with me, and leaving the young corn to defend itself as it could, sat down at the root of a large tree near the center of the little field (where of course the squirrels would not disturb me), and beginning at the head of the first column on the first page, read it through, advertisements and all. This may seem to you rather laughable, but it was all right (the neglect of the corn excepted), for it gave me a peep into the world and excited my curiosity.

And now, my dear Dove, I have given you as full a detail as memory permits of my scholastic opportunities and home studies. If I add anything to my narrative, it must be drawing on my imagination, as others have done who are the heroes of their own histories. And this brings to my recollection that the *Life of Robinson Crusoe* (greatest of autobiographers) was among my early readings. I have not read it for forty-five or fifty years, but long and often threaten to do it yet. I neglect to hunt it up, and it never falls in my way. From the size, it must have been an abridgment that I read in days of yore; but it was so well executed that the whole was to me a living reality. So it appears, I presume, to other children; for I remember that when your brother was a child, he came in one evening in a great flurry, and told his mother and myself that he had just seen Robinson Crusoe down in Broadway. I asked how he knew it was Robinson, and he said because he was dressed in skins; getting his copy, at the same time, and showing me a frontispiece which represented the hero in that costume. I then told him that the life was a mere tale, a story, and not a true account; but he could not believe me, and gave as a reason that there was so much of it. Thus it is that circumstantiality, under the hand of genius, leads to irresistible conviction. In common with other children, I experienced in my boyhood all this, when reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Although it was declared to be a dream, all the characters became to me as real personages as if they had been *dramatis personæ* acting before me.

By an association of ideas which I can not understand, I am now reminded of a very *wee* book, the title of which does not come up with the story. It told of two little children, a brother and sister, being in captivity somewhere in eastern Africa or Arabia, and after a long separation, being brought accidentally together and lodged in the same bed, with a man between them; and how they pressed and locked each other's hands over his body. The effect on my feelings, I well remember, was so agonizing, as to indicate not only great intensity of fraternal love and tenderness, but an apt personation of character by me. The latter has remained with me ever since, and is one reason why all works of fiction raise in me emotions so powerful that I am obliged, in a great degree, to avoid their perusal.

Father, as well as myself, was aware that I was about to go to the study of medicine without due scholastic preparation, and if there had been a classical school in our neighborhood, I should, no doubt, have been sent to it, for some months at least. Under the conviction which I have assigned to him, he stipulated with Dr. Goforth that I should be sent to school for six months, to learn Latin; but by some great absurdity this was not done till I had studied for eighteen months that which I, for want of Latin, I could not understand. But to dwell on this would be foreign to my present object. In making a deliberate and, as far as might be expected, a candid estimate of my natural and acquired preparation for the study and practice of medicine, I am led to the conclusion, that both kinds of qualification were more in the moral than the intellectual elements of my character.

I was free from gross vices, or even a tendency to them, and was protected by some degree of conscientiousness. I was still further defended by a love of approbation and praise, which was far from being either dilute or easily clogged; but I was not made vain, self-conceited, or a spoiled child by its administration. On the contrary, the pleasure it afforded was mingled with a kind of regret that I did not deserve more of the same savory aliment of the soul, and a renewed resolution to earn additional supplies by greater exertions in the line of duty. This was a salutary effect of commendation, and indicated a low state of pride. That passion was, indeed, never strong; and, moreover, was counterpoised by a humility which always suggested how far short I came of the excellence which ought to be attained. With these traits, if I had been born a slave, I should never have become a rebel, but conforming to my condition, rendering diligent service, have acquired the confidence of my master. I had patience without apathy, and endurance without insensibility. My curiosity was keen, and my desire for knowledge much stronger than my consciousness of a capacity for acquiring it. I thought how pleasant it would be to know a great deal; but dared not hope that my talents would procure for me the gratification. I had an idea that those who had studied science deeply, and written books, or become otherwise distinguished, had not only been favored with greater opportunities, but far greater talents than myself. As to my actual attainments in learning, they were certainly quite limited, and yet I could read and examine a dictionary for the meaning of words; and here is the starting point of all improvement. My intellectual preparation consisted less, perhaps, in my actual scholarship, than in the want of those habits of sustained application and that strength of memory, which (in ordinary minds) can only be acquired in boyhood. I had, it is true, an ability to engage readily in any study, but, at the same time, might be easily diverted from it to any other. I had not been disciplined into the constancy of attention which it is an office of the school-master to establish within the walls of the school, where nature, my greatest teacher, is shut out. Now, as nature teaches by the works and events which, in the embodiment, constitute the best definition of the word itself, it follows, from her complex character, that her pupils are instructed in many things at the same time or in quick succession, and that, although the faculty of observation, from continued exercise, may acquire much strength, the attention is not drilled into concentrated protracted devotion to one subject. It results, then, from all I have said, that when I engaged in the study of medicine, I had a natural and acquired preparation to become a useful physician, but not to enlarge the boundaries of medical science, by the discoveries and inventions of genius.

And now, my dear Dove, I have written you through yesterday afternoon and that of to day (it is now 9 o'clock) a very long letter, longer than that to any other member of the family (though not elongated through design), a longer letter than you ever received before, or will ever receive again; and yet, a number of things which I expected to put into it have not been reached. An old man's pen, once turned upon the days of his youth, is a siphon, with one end in the great reservoir of the past, and the other on his paper, through which the current *will* flow on till the vessel is exhausted. That you at my age may have as good children to receive the outpourings of your reminiscential hours, is the prayer of your affectionate

FATHER.

LETTER VIII.

To Mrs. Harriet E. Campbell.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL INFLUENCES.

Louisville, January 14, 1848, 10 *o'clock P. M.*

MY DEAR HARRIET:

AFTER finishing, half an hour since, a letter of thirty-five pages to Bettie, I concluded to allay the thirst occasioned by some of Virginia's* excellent supper-table ham, by eating an apple; and having done so, I have taken up one of Brother Charles' equally excellent new pens, and begun a letter to you; the commencement of which is in full view before me, while the end is too distant, or, more properly speaking, too much enveloped in the mists and clouds of futurity, to be seen.

My letter to Sister Margaret spoke of maternal and household influences; that to Sister Belle, of forest influences; that to Sister Bettie, of scholastic influences; and this is intended to set forth religious and social influences, and all other influences which may occur to me as having been efficiently operative on my character in boyhood; especially during the six years which elapsed between the time of our removal into the woods and my departure for Cincinnati. Look out, then, for a medley, and be patient, persevering, and resigned. In announcing my topics, I put religious before social; but have already changed my mind, and resolved to transpose them.

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*Mrs. Dr. Bayless.

My letter to Sister Belle began with society, but I soon wandered into the woods. I must now come to the point from which we departed. None but those who have lived where they saw many persons every hour in the day, can fully estimate the feeling of loneliness which comes into the heart when only trees and a few domestic animals can be seen. This feeling was ours, and especially mother's, for the first year or two after we left the young but somewhat stirring village (so fully presented to you in my last), for the seclusion of our new home. A day would often pass without our seeing any one, while before our removal we saw many every hour. Moreover we no longer saw the great wagons, laden with merchandise for the interior; the caravans of travelers, mounted on horseback; and the gangs of negroes on foot; all moving on to the south. This solitude, however painful (as it was at the time), had its advantages, for it drew us more closely together, and compelled us to rely more intimately on each other; while it enabled us to extract from the visits and company we did have a high degree of enjoyment. I well recollect that when anybody came, I was all the time afraid he was about to start away. The coming of a negro on an errand was a welcome event, and the visit of a boy, even on business, was a matter of delight. My social aptitudes and affections were, indeed, quite as strong at that time as they have remained ever since. [Although it's only eleven o'clock, I am, as my two pages have shown you, very dull—so *good-night.*]

January 15, *P. M.*

An hour or two since I finished my lecture, and the supplementary duty of prescribing for some half dozen invalid students (a duty which I am generally called upon to perform daily), and, I was about to say, I should have nothing official to do, till 11 A. M., on Monday; when I recollected the stated meeting of our Physiological Temperance Society to-night, at which I have to lecture on *Mania a potu.* Thus you see that if in the days of boyhood I was, as set forth in my letter to James, a dealer in whisky, I am, in those of old age, not a rectifier of that poison, but of the perverted taste which abuses it, and of my own perverted employment in boyhood. It is curious and lamentable to observe how much of our time in later life is necessarily devoted, or ought to be, to the correction of the effects of the mistakes and errors of youth. This, however, is not the kind of moralizing which was in my mind when I took up my pen. That was suggested by the latter part of what I wrote last night. It is a beautiful law of human nature, that things which act upon us but seldom should produce much more effect than those which act constantly; or, rather, that the same influence in occasional application, should, in the end, do as much, perhaps, as if applied constantly. During its absence our sensibility to it becomes accumulated, and, of course, its impression is more vividly felt. At Mayslick our social enjoyments were not neglected, but we were unconscious of them. In the woods we felt their interruption, and we also felt their return. There is something in this periodical reproduction of an emotion, in the alternate presence and absence of a social stimulant, that may on the whole, I think, be regarded as salutary to character. I am inclined to think that it tends to exalt our sensibilities; and it certainly tends to equalize the enjoyments of our race. In a former letter I have probably referred to this law of human nature in its application to our bodies—I now speak of it in reference to our minds. Deprivation, then, when not carried too far or continued too long, compensates itself; and in pursuance of this idea I would say, the family happiness of the whole of us is not diminished by my sojourn in Louisville; though it would be by a permanent removal hither; for that would carry deprivation beyond the proper degree.

I have given you to understand that any kind of company was acceptable to us. Our desire was for society, as the desire of a hungry family is for food, or of one suffering from cold, for clothes. In those early times when many families depended on the woods for meat, they preferred venison or turkey, but if the father returned from hunting without game of any kind, his trophies, on the next return, were hailed with joy, although they might consist of nothing better than "possums" or the ribs of a bear. Again, they might prefer linsey-woolsey for coats and roundabouts, but at a certain point of suffering from cold, would rejoice in deer-skins, dressed or undressed. Thus there is a point of intensity in desire at which we cease to discriminate, and gratefully accept whatever belongs to the class of objects on which the desire is directed. I make these rather commonplace remarks in self-defense, or more properly, in family defense, that you may not suppose our social tastes utterly indiscriminating and deficient in refinement, when, in fact, they were more fastidious than those of the generality of our neighbors. But, for the first two years of our country residence, we were kept all the time near the point of social bereavement, at which all fastidiousness disappears; a new condition to all of us; for father and mother emigrated from a densely settled part of New Jersey, and had passed through the stirring scenes of the Revolution, in which their native State so largely participated; and I and my sister, as I have already shown you, had, from our earliest recollections, seen "much people" in

Mayslick. Had our visitors, however, been so numerous as to prompt and permit selection, we should have had no great range of choice; and this brings me to say something of our neighbors.

Mayslick, as I told you in my former letter, was a colony of East Jersey people, amounting in the aggregate to fifty-two souls. Mr. Tenant, who married Aunt Lydia, was a West Jersey man, and he settled near the great road two miles from us. Jonathan Stout, Abraham Stout, and William Dye, each of whom lived within a mile, were all from the same part of that State, and William Johnson, or "old Billy" as he was familiarly called, who had married father's cousin, though last from Virginia, was originally from Jersey. The Hicksons, two families, who resided near Uncle Tenant, the Bunnells and Cahills, were also from that State. Thus I have enumerated thirteen families, and I think there were more. The immigrants from other States were almost entirely Virginians and Marylanders. All were country people by birth and residence; all were illiterate, but in various degrees; and all were poor or in moderate circumstances; a majority or, at least, a moiety, however, were small freeholders. As to religious and moral refinement and a knowledge and use of the domestic arts of civilized life, the Jersey emigrants, as a body, were superior. Next came the Virginians, and last and lowest, the Marylanders; who in many respects were not equal to the Kentucky negroes of the present day. Of such was my old dominie, Master Beaden. The Jersey people were generally without slaves, partly from principle, and partly from the want of means. Most of the settlers from Virginia and Maryland brought slaves with them, though the number in each family was small, often one only; and consequently these families had to work, though not to the same extent as those from Jersey, and a few scattered here and there from other States, where slaves were few in number. The mechanic arts practised at that time were only those which are inseparable from civilization. The blacksmith, house carpenter, turner, tanner, shoemaker, tailor, weaver, and such like, made the whole, and all were very commonplace in skill. The great occupation was clearing off the forest and cultivating the rich and fresh new soil, which reveled in the sunshine; of which, from April to November, through an indefinite period of time, it had been deprived by the overshadowing woods. The little clearings with their log-cabins were detached from each other by intervening forest, through which foot-paths, bridle-paths, and narrow wagon roads, obstructed with stumps, wound their way; and on which, although several families might live within the sound of a rifle or a falling bee tree, a boy felt himself in the almost unbroken wilderness, raising in him an exaggerated idea of the distance from place to place; as I was deeply convinced on my last visit in 1845 to the same neighborhood, when so much of the forest had been destroyed as to bring places, which fifty-five years before had seemed quite remote, into full view of each other, and make them seem quite near. It is a remarkable fact that in the early period of which I am writing, from 1794 to 1800, the white population was greater in that neighborhood than I found it in the visit referred to. In a single solitary walk of two miles, which included the spot of our old home, I passed over the foundation—the decayed logs and dust—of no less than twelve cabins, on the broad hearths of which I used to warm myself in winter, or play around in other seasons, when sent to them on errands, or permitted to visit the boys and girls with which they were redolent. Besides, I saw two of a better kind than the first, erected of hewed logs, which were tenantless and surrounded by hemp. Their inmates might almost be said to have perished by the hemp. One of these was that which my father had built after I left home, and behind which he had, by rebuilding, placed as a kitchen our primitive cabin, on the logs and door cheeks of which I found the rude figures and initials I had inscribed with my Barlow penknife fifty years before. Weeds and briers were growing round the door; and an unutterable feeling of awe and melancholy came over me, as I trod upon the sill on which I used to sit with my little sisters and brothers, to be pushed aside by our dear mother as she went in and out, on her quiet and willing daily duties.

Of the whole family, eight in number, one only besides myself remained to visit and commune with this abandoned and desolate friend of our childhood.

The loss of white population, so impressively shown forth by what I have said, has occurred in various parts of Kentucky, and must be referred to the influence of Slavery. As bodies of different specific gravity rise to the surface in different times, so in every community some will rise in the world more rapidly than others. In a Slave state, new investments are constantly made in land and negroes, and hence the soil is constantly passing from the many to the few; slaves take the place of freemen, "negro quarters" replace the humble habitations of happy families; he who had a stirring and laborious father rides over the augmented plantations as a lord, and the hired man with his axe or sickle is replaced by the overseer with his thong.

But you must return to the primitive settlement, and meditate on the social circumstances under which I passed what, I suppose, in reference to the formation of character, to have been the most important period of my life—that in which it got its set. To aid you in the estimate of influences, I must give some details. Immigrants into the wilderness are, or rather become, social and hospitable; for their insulation makes them glad to see each other. They have private or family visiting, with abundance of small talk about the countries they had left, about their pursuits, their children, and their neighbors, in the last of which, according to my experience, they do not yield to people under any other circumstances. They also have many gatherings. Some are composed of men and boys only, for raising houses, stables, and barns, for rolling logs, for husking corn, for opening new roads, and other purposes; all of which I have repeatedly attended, and well recollect that profanity, vulgarity, and drinking were their most eminent characteristics. All drank, though not to excess, but all of course did not participate in other vices; yet I am bound to say that coarse jocularities were scarcely frowned upon by any. Some sort of physical amusement, including fights, in which biting and gouging were essential elements, with the beastly intoxication of several, would generally wind up these meetings.

Half-past 9 *P. M.*

[A little after six o'clock, I broke off to go to supper, and thence to the meeting of the Physiological Temperance Society. The society was in session two hours, an hour and half of which was occupied with my lecture. I got back a few minutes since, and have just attempted to tranquillize my nerves with a piece of gingerbread from the bakery of Campbell, Graham & Co.,* together with a glass of water.]

That I was preserved from any active participation in or permanent contamination from, these associations (to which I can trace up the ruin of many of my companions), ought to fill my heart with gratitude to God. The influences, under Him, which protected me were, I think, in part, my natural tastes and feelings, but in greater part, the admonition of my parents, and of mother still more perhaps than father.

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* The home firm, to the individual female members of which some of these letters are addressed.

Blest is the heedless little boy
To whom is given,
(The boon of heaven)
A pious mother, ever kind,
Yet never to his wand'rings blind:

Who watches every erring step
In holy fear,
And drops a tear
Of pity on the chast'ning rod,
Then strikes, and points, in prayer, to God.

We had other gatherings composed of females only, or of the two sexes united. Dances were not common; I was never present at one. Weddings, commonly in the daytime, were scenes of carousal, and of mirth and merriment of no very chastened character. The "infare" of the following day presented on the winding road through the green woods a long and picturesque cavalcade, in which the cavalier and his lady-love were paired off with the groom and bride in the van. At the house of *his* father the scenes of the preceding day were re-enacted, with such new accompaniments as new members of the company could suggest, or the inventions of a night of excited genius had brought forth.

Another kind of gathering was the quilting party. Toward evening the young men would assemble, and amuse themselves by athletic exercises without, or talking to and "plaguing the gaals" within, the cabin. The quilt being removed, the supper-table took its place, and after the ladies had risen from the cream of the feast, the gentlemen, who had whetted their appetites by drinking whisky and looking on, proceeded to glut themselves on the *reliquiæ.* Then came on plays of various kinds, interlarded with jokes and bursts of laughter, till bedtime, when the dispersion took place.

At other times small parties were made up by invitation, which were, of course, more select and conducted with greater decorum. If on the week day, they were generally in the evening, for the men had to work in the daytime; but on Sunday they began in the afternoon; for, among the most pious, Sunday, after worship, was regarded as a fit time for visiting, even in considerable parties. They were, however, conducted with greater propriety, and hymns and spiritual songs often made a part of the entertainment. Sunday was also the time for the visits of the young people, especially of young gentlemen from Washington, many of whom sought our community for amusement, and to be among those whose lower rank would allow them wide latitude of manners and conduct.

Up to the time of my leaving home, I was too young to participate much in what I have described; but on my visits during my pupilage I was an occasional participant, and at all times an attentive observer. When not twelve years old, I saw much at which my taste and moral sense revolted, and father and mother strengthened me in the aversion. On a calm survey in retrospect of the whole community, I am compelled to say that in purity and refinement it did not rank very high. I doubt the correctness of what is sometimes said in favor of country life among the laboring classes; and lean to the opinion that city people of a corresponding grade as to intelligence, property, and pursuits, have, on the whole, more virtue and chaster manners.

Mayslick, although scarcely a village, was at once an emporium and capital for a tract of country 6 or 8 miles in diameter, and embracing several hundred families, of which those in father's neighborhood were tolerably fair specimens. Uncle Abraham Drake kept a store, and Shotwell and Morris kept taverns; besides them there were a few poor mechanics. Uncle Cornelius Drake was a farmer merely, and lived a little out of the center of the station; the great men of which were the three I have just named. With this limited population, it seems, even down to this time, wonderful to me that such gatherings and such scenes should have been transacted there. They commenced within five years after its settlement, and increasing with the progress of surrounding population, continued in full vigor long after I left home for Cincinnati. It was the place for holding regimental militia musters, when all the boys and old men of the surrounding country, not less than those who stood enrolled, would assemble; and before dispersing at night, the training was quite eclipsed by a heterogeneous drama of foot racing, pony racing, wrestling, fighting, drunkenness and general uproar. It was also a place for political meetings and stump conflict by opposing candidates, and after intellectual performances there generally followed an epilogue of oaths, yells, loud blows, and gnashing of teeth. Singing-schools were likewise held at the same place in a room of Deacon Morris' tavern. I was never a scholar, which I regret, for it has always been a grief with me that I did not learn music in early life. I occasionally attended. As in all country singing-schools, sacred music only was taught, but in general there was not much display of sanctity. I have a distinct remembrance of one teacher only. He was a Yankee, without a family, between forty and fifty years of age, and wore a matted mass of thick hair over the place where men's ears are usually found. Thus protected, his were never seen, and after the opinion spread abroad that by some *misfortune* they had been cut off, he "cut and run."

The infant capital was, still further, the local seat of justice; and Saturday was for many years, at all times I might say, the regular term time. Instead of trying cases at home, two or three justices of the peace would come to the Lick on that day, and hold their separate courts. This, of course, brought thither all the litigants of the neighborhood, with their friends and witnesses; all who wished to purchase at the store would postpone their visit to the same day; all who had to replenish their jugs of whisky did the same thing; all who had business with others expected to meet them there, as our city merchants, at noon, expect to meet each other on 'change; finally, all who thirsted after drink, fun, frolic, or fighting, of course were present. Thus Saturday was a day of largely suspended field labor, but devoted to public business, social pleasure, dissipation, and beastly drunkenness. You might suppose that the presence of civil magistrates would have repressed some of these vices, but it was not so. Each day provided a bill of fare for the next. A new trade in horses, another horse race, a cock-fight, or a dog-fight, a wrestling match, or a pitched battle between two bullies, who in fierce renconter would lie on the ground scratching, pulling hair, choking, gouging out each other's eyes, and biting off each other's noses, in the manner of the bull-dogs, while a Roman circle of interested lookers-on would encourage the respective gladiators with shouts which a passing demon might have mistaken for those of hell. In the afternoon the men and boys of business and sobriety would depart, and at nightfall the dissipated would follow them, often two on a horse, reeling and yelling as I saw drunken Indians do in the neighborhood of Fort Leavenworth, in the summer of 1844. But many would be too much intoxicated to mount their horses, and must therefore remain till Sunday morning.

I need scarcely tell you that these scenes did not contaminate me. They were quite too gross and wicked to be attractive. On the other hand, they excited disgust, and received from father the strongest condemnation. I turn from them with pleasure to others of a very different kind.

All the first settlers of Mayslick were, either by association or profession, Baptists, and had belonged to the church at Scotch Plains, of whom the Rev. Wm. Van Horne was the worthy pastor. At what time after their immigration a house of public worship was erected, I do not remember, but recollect to have attended public worship in Mr. Morris' barn. It happened that most of the Jersey and Virginia families around the village were likewise Baptists, and therefore it was the predominant sect. Hence all my early ideas of Christian doctrine, worship, and deportment, were derived from that denomination. The "meeting-house," as it was always called, was built on a ridge a quarter of a mile south of the village, hard-by the great road leading to Lexington. A couple of acres surrounding it constituted the burying ground for the station and its neighborhood. A number of walnut and flowering locust trees had been left standing within the inclosure, and between it and the "big road." The house was built of logs, hewn on both sides, and had a shingled roof, one of the first I ever saw; but the finish of everything was rude, and in the winter it must have been an uncomfortable place. When the weather was warm and dry, however, the rustic edifice, in perfect keeping with the scene around, and with the dress and manners of those who assembled on the Sabbath, was attractive, and to this hour constitutes one of my cherished objects of remembrance. No Sunday-school was taught in it, for none had at that time been invented; but previously to our leaving Mayslick, I had become a regular attendant with father and mother, when not left at home "to mind" the younger children. It was, however, after our removal into the country, that my attendance reached its highest interest, and my heart still turns with emotion to the bright and cheerful Sabbath mornings, which were to me like the daily sunshine of an hour, through some opening in the thick leaves of the woods, to the little blossoms below. Several things conspired to afford me this delightful effect. It was a day of rest from the labors of the field, and the first thought of the morning included that welcome fact. And yet it was not a morning of idleness, for the stock had to be looked after and disposed of for the day, and there were many household duties to perform before we could leave home. It was also a day for dressing up; and none but those who labor through the week in coarse and dirty clothes can estimate the cheering influence of a clean face and feet, a clean shirt, and "boughten" clothes on a Sabbath morning. All preparation, moreover, had to be finished at an early hour, for to reach the meeting-house was a work of time. At length, all things ready, and the premises committed to the care of old Lion, we take our departure—mother in a calico dress, with her black silk bonnet covering a newly ironed cap, with the tabs (flaps) tied beneath her chin with a piece of narrow ribbon; father with his shoes just greased and blacked (by myself) with fat and soot well mixed together; in his shirt sleeves, if the weather was hot, or in his Sunday coat, if cool; a worn dress hat over his short smooth black hair; a bandana handkerchief in his pocket for *that* day; and his walking stick in his hand, or the baby in his arms; myself in my fustian jacket, with my hat brushed and set up, my feet clean, and a new rag on some luckless "stubbed" and festering toe; the younger children in their best Sunday clothes; and the whole of us slowly, yet cheerfully, playfully, moving onward through the cool and quiet woods to the house of God! The scene around this village temple can never fade from my memory or my heart. Horses hitched along the fence, and men and women on foot or horseback arriving from all quarters; within the inclosure neighbors shaking hands and inquiring after each other's families; a little group leaning against the fence in conversation; another seated on a bench "talking it over;" another little party strolling among the graves; and squads of children sitting or lying on the grass to rest themselves. The hour for worship arrived, the congregation were seated within and around the cabin-church on benches without backs, and there stood Deacon Morris, a short, broad, grave, and fleshy man of fifty, beneath the pulpit, giving out the hymn, while Old Hundred, by twice as many voices, was mingled with the notes of birds in the surrounding trees. It was the custom of those who came from a distance to bring with them some kind of food, and in the hour of intermission they might be seen in scattered groups engaged in lunching. Sometimes we returned home to dinner, and did not go again; at other times we dined at Uncle Cornelius Drake's. How impressively all this contrasts with the revolting scenes of Saturday's sin and shame which I have described. The village church and the village tavern did in fact represent the two great opposing principles; good and evil, the spirit and the flesh. One might have been taken as the symbol of heaven—the other of hell.

It may be interesting to you to know something of the Baptist preachers and the prevalent religious ideas of those days. Most of the former were illiterate persons, but some were men of considerable natural talents. They all lacked dignity and solemnity, and some of them now and then uttered very droll expressions in the pulpit. This was the case with several brothers by the name of Craig, emigrants from Virginia, whose descendants are extensively spread over the State of Kentucky. A great deal of the preaching of those times was doctrinal, I might say, metaphysical, and most of the religious conversation which I heard was of the same kind. Election, reprobation, and predestination were the favorite themes. They were all held strongly in the affirmative, and the slightest doubt was branded as tending to heresy. To these I may add the ordinance of baptism, in reference to which, infant baptism, and sprinkling instead of immersion, were held to be unscriptural. Baptism in the latter mode could not be performed at Mayslick, because there was not "much water" there; and as it invariably followed the morning service, long horseback processions were often seen traversing the woods along a narrow road to Lee's creek or Johnson's fork. I sometimes attended them, and certainly nothing could appear more primitive and picturesque than the assembled congregation beneath the green trees on some sequestered bank. But I refer you to Uncle Benjamin's *Tales of the Queen City* for the delightful panorama.

Presbyterian ministers occasionally preached in the village; but they found little favor with the predominent Baptist people. The objections to them, as I well recollect, were their advocacy of sprinkling and infant baptism, and their having been educated in early life to the ministry as to a profession.

The Methodists were, in the main, Marylanders and Virginians, the former predominating. Most of them were among the lamentably ignorant. The high and disorderly excitement which characterized their worship was equally lamentable. Their camp-meetings in the woods, which I sometimes attended, presented scenes of fanatical raving among the worshipers, and of levity and vice among the young men who hung about the camp, which were a disgrace to humanity. Their preachers, in point of learning, were even below those of the Baptist connection. Their dogma of falling from grace, so opposed to the cherished opinions of the latter sect, was that which I oftenest heard in objection to them.

Throughout the whole period of my residence there, I never knew a single Episcopalian. Indeed I have no recollection of ever hearing the word pronounced. But I heard much of the "Church of England." It was regarded merely as the persecuting ecclesiastical arm of the British government, an organized body of Arminians enlisted in the service of despotism. These were Whig ideas of the Revolutionary war, so lately passed through, and were not very far from being true;

as you may convince yourself by reading the lives of Wesley, Venn, and Simeon, which show us the condition of the English Church about the middle of the last century. The persecutors of John Rogers and John Bunyan were not likely to be regarded with much favor by those who had learned their letters in a primer, which in one of its rude cuts presented the former at the stake surrounded by his wife and nine children; and who afterward read the *Pilgrim's Progress* more than any other book, except the Bible. It is somewhat remarkable that, thoroughly imbued as I was in boyhood with these traditional opinions, prejudices, and feelings, the first Episcopal church of Cincinnati should afterward have been organized in my house, and that I should have subsequently attached myself to that communion. My predilection for Baptist worship was, however, of a decided character, and if that Church had possessed a written creed, a system of Church government beyond the democracy of the congregation, and an educated clergy, I presume I should have continued within its borders.

I must now pass on to some details which will bring me back to the fireside and the field; but will first make an application to myself of what I have said on the history of a community which is now nearly extinct.

1st. You must have perceived that I was educated, till fifteen years of age, in a state of society which presented the opposing elements of virtue and vice, piety and profanity, in many of their most lovely and most hideous forms. Thus I came at an early period to understand both, and to admire the one while I detested the other. If I had not seen the wickedness, the righteousness displayed around me would have appeared less beautiful. If I had seen the former only, I might, notwithstanding its manifold deformities, have been drawn into a participation more extensive than I was.

2d. As our community was made up of recent immigrants from different States, my mind was enlarged by association with them, my knowledge of character extended. As they were from slaveholding and a non-slaveholding State (for Jersey was practically such), I saw the two great varieties of character which our country presents, had them before me in juxtaposition every day, and could and did compare their opinions, prejudices, feelings, manners, customs, and modes of life. These were important opportunities for a boy, real substantial food for a young mind, and served, in the absence of schools and book studies, to promote its growth. Thus my early advantages were not so limited after all, as I have sometimes, in seeking excuses for not having risen higher in the world, endeavored to persuade myself. [As it is now past 12 o'clock and I wish to write to Brother Charles, I must bid you good night.]

Monday, 11 *P. M.*

You will think, my Echo, this rather a late and drowsy hour to return to my elongated epistle, which in your mother tongue signifies long letter. Nevertheless, there is no harm in my return; it is only the stupid things I may write, that you ought to regret. As they are likely to be very miscellaneous, I know not which to take up first; but dull as I am, I have sense enough to perceive that, being miscellaneous, it is of no importance with which I begin. I shall therefore enter on one which happens (by the way) to be pretty closely connected with the latter part of what I wrote yesterday.

It was not only my favored destiny to have pious parents, but a pious uncle and aunt in Uncle Cornelius and Aunt Lydia Drake, both of whom were staid and soberminded theologians, more deeply read in the Bible and theological works than father and mother. Aunt had rather a masculine cast of mind, and uncle would, with proper education, have made a good judge.

They were much at our house, and we were much at theirs, and I heard a great deal of religious or, at least, theological conversation between them and my parents, and received from them much good advice and admonition, which greatly strengthened the impression made by the advice I received at home. And this leads me to believe that friends and relatives might often aid each other in the discipline and moral government of their children. What is said to us while young by others than our parents, has an aspect of disinterestedness, and is therefore regarded: the same thing said by a father or mother might seem to us as merely a matter of present discipline; and might go but a little way toward forming our principles. The advice of uncle when I was about to leave home for Cincinnati, where he thought I would encounter many new temptations, was more judicious and effective than that of father.

I must again advert to the polemic divinity of the Baptists, by whom I was surrounded. At a very early period, long before I left home, their conversation and debates with others had given a cast of that kind to my own mind, and such questions as the origin of sin, the universality of redemption, and the nature of future punishment had begun to receive attention. Not that I doubted the Bible, for my traditional faith was perfect; I only sought to understand things which seemed obscure; which I *now* perceive are obscure because they are transcendental. At that time I had not drawn the distinction between the attainable and the transcendental. Throughout the period of which I am writing, my thoughts were strongly turned on a future state. Heaven filled my imagination by day, and I was ever seeking to form a conception of it. By night in sleep the idea did not leave me, and I have dreamt, times without number, of witnessing the day of judgment, and of being in heaven. It was a kind of popular credulity at that time, that the world would come to an end at the close of the eighteenth century, and as it was near that period, I lived in expectation of it. I remember, when ten or eleven years old, to have got hold of a little piece, written as I understood by Dr. Franklin (who knew a great deal), that spoke of human beings as being like the ephemera which lived only eighteen hours; and such was my monomania on this subject, that it seemed to me an additional evidence, that at the end of eighteen hundred years from the birth of the Savior, the end of the world would happen. So great was my dread on this point, that any uncommon appearance in the heavens always suggested that the time had arrived. About the age I have just mentioned, when I was hoeing corn in the field one afternoon by myself, there formed in the *east* a great thunder cloud (a very rare phenomenon), and the lightnings were playing in it, with distant thunder for a couple of hours. Terror and awe of the most solemn kind were inspired in me; and although I did not, like many of the Millerites of modern days, abandon my work, the impression made upon me was so strong, that down to the present time I can yet recall the aspect of the cloud. The change which has taken place in my feelings is so great, that I should now meet the end of all things with more composure than a solitary death. Such, at least, is my opinion. Since the grand and terrible idea of the last day, which filled the imagination of my childhood, has been molded into its present form, I no longer dream of it; and I certainly can not regret that it then existed; for I believe that it not only preserved me from some of the vices of that time of life, but contributed to elevate my conceptions and increase my poetical temperament. The feelings I then had, if not the expectation, ought, in my opinion, to be cherished. Our sensibilities to things spiritual and heavenly too often become blunted by the influence of the cares and duties and interests of life; so large a portion of which are sensual and groveling, that all the thoughts and imaginations of our hearts become gross and limited. To have dignity, elevation, purity, and expansion, they must range into the infinite and borrow something from the mysterious. When every child in the world shall be found a firm and faithful believer in what I so implicitly believed, the human race will be in a much better condition than at present; always provided, however, that moral precepts, and not an interceding and sacrificing priesthood, be engrafted on the belief. It is the latter, and that only, which renders the kind of superstition which I have described injurious to mankind. But as it is near 1 o'clock A. M. I am quite too drowsy to pursue a subject of such magnitude, and therefore, *adieu.*

Tuesday, 2 *o'clock P. M.*

[I find that when I broke off last night, I was not so drowsy as I fancied, for I did not sleep well, was in fact poorly about the head, and had been for twelve hours, and have continued so till now; having had some difficulty in expressing my disjointed and reluctant thoughts at my lecture this forenoon.]

My superstition, and that of the people of Mayslick, in the days of which I am writing, extended to other things than heaven and hell. It embraced omens, ghosts, and even the self-motion of dead men's bones. Some cabins were startled by strange sounds; a night or two before the death of my cousin Dr. John Drake, some member of the family heard the sound of a plane, as in preparing boards for a coffin; the barking of dogs during the severe illness of a person was ominous of death; the inmates of a cabin, about a mile from father's, saw a piece of white drapery moving on the snow in the moonlight near their dwelling; and the arm or thigh-bone of a man who had been buried on a spot which was afterward cultivated, was exhumed. I do not remember how or why, but it was reburied, and afterward appeared on the surface of the ground. For myself, if not a firm believer in these specimens of the supernatural, they were so established in my imagination, that I was always, when alone in the dark, in a kind of expectation or fear that something would show itself from the world of mystery. That apprehension is gone; but darkness and solitude, in certain situations, by an association of ideas, still bring up images of that kind. Such displays of belief in the invisible world are the offspring of ignorance or bad education, and should be got rid of, not by attacking and diminishing our principle of superstition, but turning it on proper objects by the right kind of instruction.

We had, at the period of which I write, several common and current credulities, which were not superstitious, though they are erroneously called so. Nothing is a superstition which does not look to a spiritual world; but the opinions and practices to which I now refer, were limited to matter. They went beyond our earth, but not beyond the material universe. A belief in the influence of the moon, not only on the atmosphere, but on vegetation and even animal life, was common. Thus, radishes must be planted at the decrease of the moon, for they tapered downward; and so of some other vegetables; while others still must be sowed or planted in the increase of that orb. And hogs must not be killed in the dark or decrease of that luminary, for the pork would shrink and waste away in the barrel. Then there were the twelve signs of the Zodiac, presiding over twelve different parts of the living body in the twelve months of the year; and these parts were indicated in an abominable frontispiece, surrounded by the symbolic signs and names of the twelve constellations of the Zodiac; but where or what the Zodiac was, no one knew. Old Mr. Guthrie, the grammarian of geography, at length gave me some insight into this remnant of astrology. Notwithstanding our ignorance, or rather, in consequence of it, we believed that many things must be done, or left undone, during the reign of each constellation, and therefore the almanac was an important book of reference. It would not be safe even to wean a baby without consulting the oracle! Having mentioned this greatest of all periodicals, as to the extent of its circulation, I am led to remark that it was, after the necessary tables, composed of the most wretched trash that could be collected—anecdotes, bon-mots, jokes, and short stories, often profane and still oftener licentious. The only exception was *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which presented a mass of worldly wisdom most admirable in its way. As our almanacs were all imported from Philadelphia, they must have been specimens of the best published in the United States at that time, say half a century ago. At the present day there are humorous almanacs published, but there are others abounding in valuable matter on rural and domestic economy; others more especially fitted for cities; others suited to the taste and interests of political parties; others adapted to different religious denominations; and all, except the first, are on the side of morality, or morality and religion. Two great facts are indicated by this change of character. 1st. A division, or rather something corresponding to a division, of labor; 2d. An improved taste in morals and religion. The former shows a vast increase of population—the latter, a delightful increase of refinement and piety. Important revolutions in the state of society, to occur in part of the lifetime of one individual.

Whenever I am writing of our ignorance, the Maryland element of our population comes into my mind. Several of father's nearest neighbors, including one of his tenants (for small as was his little tract of land, only two hundred acres, he had three), were immigrants from that State. They were not only extremely ignorant compared with the Jersey, and most of the Virginia immigrants, in all school learning, but likewise in the domestic arts. I was told that one family had purchased half a pound of Bohea tea, and boiled it in winter with a ham of bacon in place of greens; and I myself remember to have seen in a family to which father sent me on an errand early in the morning, a quantity of tea boiling in a large uncovered Dutch oven (as it was then called), out of which they were dipping it with a tin cup and drinking it from the breakfast table. Many of them were indolent, and more than an equal number "given to drink." The religious portion were chiefly Methodists; a fact which I have already mentioned. My father's Maryland tenant was named Hickman. The first lodgment of his family was in a tree top in the month of May, the tree with a heavy garniture of green leaves being cut down for that purpose. But father had already built a small stable without a floor, which was not wanted at that season of the year, and, as soon as it could be cleaned out they removed into it, cooking by a fire on the outside, till a cabin was built near to father's. This man had a wife older and proportionably larger than himself, with two or three little children. He was very poor, and yet owned a negro man in middle life, and a woman rather old, at least twice the age of himself. His treatment of both was cruel in the extreme. A single pair of the flimsiest negro shoes was all the man got in the year, and the old woman was quite as miserably clothed. They were fed on stinted diet. Both worked in the field, and were pushed under the whip to the extremest degree. Its use on the man did not excite our feelings so much as that on the old woman. She had been his nurse in infancy, and yet he would tie her up, strip her back naked, and whip her with a cowhide till the blood would flow to her feet, and her screams would reach our ears at the distance of more than three hundred yards. Of course, we were greatly delighted when he left us. All the masters of the neighborhood were not as cruel as this man; but the treatment generally of negroes at that time was severe, as to food, clothing, punishment, and required service, compared with what it now is, even far in the south, and of course was barbarous compared with the present regimen over Kentucky generally: another evidence of the amelioration of society. Of all the Jersey immigrants father, I think, was the only one who did not become a slaveholder. Even good old uncle Cornelius purchased a man by the name of Clem, and argued from the Bible that it was right. Whether right or wrong, Clem had great cause to rejoice, for he was treated kindly, never perhaps received a blow, was incorporated into the family, and lived to old age. He also purchased a woman. In 1800 his only son, Jacob, married the daughter of Judge Conway, a Virginian, who had negroes, and Jacob also purchased one or two. Eighteen years afterward I purchased from him two negro children, a brother and sister, Carlos and Hannah, eleven and nine years of age, and brought them to Cincinnati, whereby they were emancipated, and had them bound to me by the overseers of the poor, till they should come of age. Hannah was your nurse.

One of our Jersey neighbors, "old Billy Dye," as he was always called, a pushing kind of farmer, also purchased negroes. I was often sent to his house on errands, and one day I reached his door just in time to hear the last blows and groans of a whipping. The slave came out in agony and tears, and the floor was strewn with fragments of the rod, over which he stood in the rage of a demon. On returning home, I related the whole to father, whose blood welled with indignation, and he demanded to know if I did not speak out and let the old man have my mind; becoming almost angry with me because I had held my peace. This man had daughters, who brought disgrace on his name, and his two sons, after marrying, died confirmed drunkards; and still his was one of my principal visiting houses, and one of the most fashionable places of resort for the young people of the neighborhood.

The first Constitution of Kentucky was adopted in 1791, three years after we entered the State; the second, eight years afterward. Pending its adoption, a very strong effort was made over the State to elect members of the convention who would favor the gradual abolition of slavery. Mr. Clay, who had just then arrived at Lexington, united himself with that party, and labored in the good cause. I need scarcely tell you that your grandfather was of the same party. In fact, he was one of its most impassioned members; and all my own thoughts and feelings took the same direction. The discussions, public and private, were numerous, and the excitement ran so high that Phil. Thomas, a politician of some note, declared that he would wade to his knees in blood before it should take place. He lately died at Baton Rouge, La., in his eightieth year, under the title of General Philemon Thomas.

For several years before I left home, father with some of his neighbors talked a great deal of moving off to Ohio, then called the Territory, and actually made a visit of exploration into the valley of Paint Creek and to Chillicothe, then a new village, extending it thence to the Miami country. They returned loud in their praises of the Paint Creek bottoms (on which you and I have so often taken drives), and also of the Little

Miami valley. Why they did not remove, I can not tell; but I remember the motives for removal, which led them to meditate it: 1st. The existence of slavery in Kentucky; 2d. The uncertainty of land titles; 3d. The want of good water. Had he removed at that time, when I was about thirteen years of age, the necessity and value of my services in opening a new farm would have no doubt prevented my studying medicine, and I might now have been a farmer, supplying families in Cincinnati with good clean butter, and acting at home as a justice of the peace, a school trustee, or an overseer of the poor! To all of which duties I should have been better adapted, than to my present high responsibilities. [As it is 12 o'clock again, *bonne nuit.*]

Wednesday, half-past 9 *A. M.*

I register the slavery discussion, of which I have given you some notice, among my early advantages, not only giving me information, but exciting thought. I may refer to some others of a kindred character. The outbreak of the French revolution occurred when I was about four or five years old, and excited a deep emotion over the United States. The aid which France had rendered us in our revolutionary struggle was still fresh in the memory of the people, and their hearts were of course in sympathy with the French, whom great masses of our citizens would have willingly assisted by going to war with England. General Washington opposed himself to this policy. John Adams succeeded him; and both were regarded by the zealous and grateful well-wishers of struggling France, as leaning to England, from which the sword had so lately severed us. To raise money for the support of our Government, as we had but little commerce to afford impost duties, certain direct taxes were levied by Mr. Adams' administration, among which was an excise duty on distilleries and their products; also, I believe, a "stamp act" or duty on paper to be used for deeds, notes, and other documents; all of which had been among those measures of the British Government which led us to rebel. These acts of Mr. Adams' administration were attacked with violence and virulence by the Republican press, as it was then called; and to defend itself from these assaults, that administration had the weakness to enact a sedition law. Such was the highly exciting state of national politics, from my tenth to my fifteenth year inclusive; and no part of the Union experienced the excitement in a higher degree than "Old Mason," except perhaps Sister Belle's Western Pennsylvania, where an actual insurrection was embodied, in which, to some extent, if I am not mistaken, both her father and Albert Gallatin (for whom your grandfather called a son, born soon afterward,) took a hand. Now, as from my earliest recollection of public affairs, I had a great deal of feeling and sympathy with them, I could not fail to be an attentive listener, and, of course, an apt scholar, throughout the period which has been designated; and in looking back upon it, I am persuaded that the school was a real source of intellectual improvement. Mr. Jefferson became the candidate of the party to which I, at the age of twelve, belonged, and on the 4th of March, 1801, when he was inaugurated President of the United States, three months after I commenced the study of medicine, I wrote, and sitting alone in my chamber in a small white farm house, where Mrs. Gen. Lytle now resides, drank, in cold water, thirteen toasts in celebration of the triumphant event. This little piece of veritable history shows that the workings of our popular institutions are in fact efficient causes of intellectual growth in our boys, and explains why we have so many able statesmen, lawyers, and divines, who have never been submitted to the teachings of the university.

In a despotic country, such a country boy as I was could never have heard any of the discussions in religion and politics to which I had so many opportunities of listening, nor could he have had any of the lively sensibility to those or other great interests, which, like a healthy appetite to the body, favor the development of mind. I had not only variety of character, but variety of topics, presented to me; and while none of the former was intellectually high, many of the latter were of great magnitude, and the very apprehension of them served to enlarge the horizon of my childhood; while the diversities of character greatly augmented the area of my social sympathies, especially in the humbler walks of life.

Had I a retentive memory for details, and a power of delineation, I could draw you a number of portraits that would display many original features. I know too well my incapacity to venture on any thing of the kind, but may refer in a few paragraphs to two or three of them.

"Old Billy Johnson," mentioned in a former letter, lived a mile or more west of father's, and was one of the owners of the pond, where he had a small tanyard; he was also a cobbler and a farmer. He had two or three daughters and five sons, all older than myself. His good, old, equable, motherly, and pious wife Charity was, as I have said before, my father's cousin. He was a man of some reading, but distinguished for his oddities and his sudden flashings of impatience or petty anger. He was a great talker, had a historical memory, had lived in Jersey and Virginia before he came to Kentucky, and I learned (imperfectly) many things from him. His young son, Abram, a little older than myself, he always called "Aby my pigeene." Among the anecdotes told of him I recollect but two distinctly. He and his sons would frequently breakfast in common on mush and milk out of a huge buckeye bowl, each one dipping in his spoon. When the old gentleman happened to be in a hurry and wished to have them all in the field as quick as possible, he would eat in the manner of the rest, till they came toward the bottom, then throw down his spoon, pick up the bowl with both hands, drink off the remainder, jump up, and saying they had all "eat enough," start away. Once when he and good old Aunt Charity were sitting in Darby and Joan style by the door of the cabin, he was fixing in the clapper of a cow-bell, rather a perplexing affair at best, and the flash of petulance took the direction of his right arm, and, as was his custom, shutting his eyes he slung the "tarnal thing" into a flax patch in front of the house. In a minute the paroxysm was over, and he inquired in the mildest tones—"Honey, did you see where the bell lit?" Charity had noticed the spot, and the offender was reclaimed and restored to favor. How often, under the evil influence of our passions, we do things which require us to appeal to charity!

Old Rector was another original of those days. He was born and "raised" in the valley of Virginia, in the neighborhood of Winchester or "Rumney" as he was wont to call the town of Romney. Afterward he lived a long time on Chartier's creek, or the "Shirtee," as he pronounced it, south of Pittsburg in Western Pennsylvania, when it was almost a wilderness. Thence he removed, and settled, for a time, as a kind of squatter, by the best spring of the neighborhood, about half a mile from father's. He went there one or two years before us. It was from his spring that I and the boys of the neighborhood used to "tote" drinking and cooking water, in a "dry time," and the scene in the morning was not unlike that presented at some of the wells of Judea, eighteen hundred years before; for many of the visitors were women. This old man had a wife who was infirm and scarcely ever left the house; a couple of daughters, one of whom was nearly idiotic; two grown sons, the younger of whom was a fat (going at large) fool; the other a great simpleton, with an upper jaw shaped like that of a snapping turtle, and projecting over the lower further than I have ever seen, either before or since. Not one of the family, from the father to the youngest child, could either write or read. There were other children, married and living off at a greater distance. Such, for the first two years, were our nearest neighbors. The names of the boys were John and Dan, and I was with them a great deal, when nine, ten and eleven years of age: such is the sympathy of mind between children and adults of feeble intellect. Happily they had no gross vices, and being good tempered we got on without injury to either party. But I must return to the old man. He had nearly all his life been a great hunter—was in fact a large coarse Leather Stocking—and still depended much on his rifle for the means of subsistence, as he cultivated but little land. For several years he was our most frequent visitor, especially from the time that white frosts set in till the nights got short at the close of the ensuing spring.

He generally came after supper, and would mostly sit till father would go out, leave the door open, and talk to him about the hight and appearance of the moon, the stars, or the clouds. He was a large, raw-boned, good-natured, homely, grotesque, talkative old man, and had a never-ending vein of disjointed narrative of the past, as he had seen it about "Rumney," and on "the Shirtee," and "round Pitt." How much my own historical and autobiographical reminiscences are modeled after him! Father and mother often got tired of his visits, as they were not more protracted than his conversation was repetitious; but to me they were otherwise, and I hailed his coming.

What he said about the valley of Virginia indicated that it had, at the middle of the last century, rather a rude, vulgar, and turbulent population. His stories of the "Shirtee" and "Pitt" made on my memory a deeper impression. He was familiar with the names and family circumstances of Gen. Morgan and his son-in-law or brother-in-law Gen. Neville; and I believe that between his wife and one of those families there was some relationship; but his character and condition were so low that I never ventured to inquire of Morgan Neville concerning it. He was an implicit believer in witchcraft, and "raising" and "laying" the devil. Concerning the last, he related that when he lived on the "Shirtee," he had seen a preacher with the Bible in his hand "lay" the devil under one of the posts of a fence;

which I thought a very remarkable feat. His residence in that region had given him an exhaustless fund of material on the Indians, Indian wars, and Indian fighters. He was familiar, in his way, with the life and exploits of Simon Kenton, knew Cresap personally, and all about the murder of the family of Logan, the Mingo chief; and often excited my imagination and feelings by his account of the burning on the Sandusky of Colonel Crawford by the Delawares, in 1782. Sixty years after that tragedy, and forty-eight years after its first citation to me, when I was on the banks of the Tyamochtee, a branch of the Sandusky, I was searching for some remaining black coal of the fire which once shone so flamingly in my "mind's eye," the image of my first teacher in western history, the simple-hearted, illiterate, garrulous old man, was constantly before me, but could not point out the exact spot where Crawford was burnt. It was, however, hard by the railroad track, and as the cars roll along, the ashes of the martyr rise in the air, and are unconsciously breathed by thousands of ladies and gentlemen, who have never even pronounced his name, for they never read the history of their own country.

But the cherished theme of the old man was hunting and trapping. With the methods of taking wolves by building a small cabin and placing in it a piece of meat, attached to something which kept open the door, that would shut and latch itself when the meat was seized;

and with the mode of setting and baiting a trap, I became as familiar as other boys elsewhere were at the same time with the declension of Latin adjectives. From him I first learnt that when his foreleg is caught in the steel trap, the wolf will sometimes gnaw off his foot and escape. That seemed to me very remarkable, for I did not know, or think, that the pressure would benumb the parts below the teeth of the trap. The old man garrulous also taught me the sounds imitative of the wild turkey's gobble, by which that silly and unsuspecting bird, at the dawn of day, might be drawn near the log behind which the hunter was concealed; and then he would impress the teaching with stories of one hunter killing another who was imitating the gobble of a turkey. Deer hunting, however, seemed to have been old Leather Stocking's cherished pursuit. Its results were clothing, food, and fiddle-strings for the banjo. In the preceptive part of his Nimrodic occupation I became quite *au fait*. The best seasons of the year were made familiar to me: then you must not hunt, after the leaves have fallen, when the weather is dry, but wet, for the animal will hear you at a great distance; nor in windy weather, as he will smell you equally as far, unless you have the sagacity to get on the right side of him before you know where he is; nor when a snow is falling, for you can not track him, nor follow him by his blood if you have wounded him; but may do both with great success after the snow "holds up." I was not less familiar with the ambush (ambuscade) of the deer-lick. You must go in the night and construct it, at a suitable distance, of green bushes, conceal yourself in it, and watch till the dawn of day when the animal comes to drink, and then "draw a sight" upon his head, or behind his foreshoulders. Finally, the old man often detailed the processes for "dressing" buckskins, in which both he and myself were generally in part clothed. Thus it was that in many series of winter nights, I learned many things of no particular value in themselves, but they were suggestive, excited curiosity, and kept my mind in a state of activity. I therefore regard them as having been useful to me, and class the old hunter among my school-masters.

Mr. Rector, as I ought to call him after acknowledging him as one of my teachers, had a married daughter whose husband's name was "Billy Rhodes." He lived near to Aunt Lydia Tenant, two miles from our house, and having children near my own age, I was often there. He also had a father who resided with him; but for whom I should not mention the family. Old Mr. Rhodes, or "Granddaddy," as the children called him, was a man of large frame, very meanly dressed, with a rude and extensive white beard. When I most frequently saw him, he must have been, as it now appears to me, nearly ninety years of age. He stayed constantly in the little cabin, and much of the time in bed. He was silent, childish, and morose; seemed to have no sympathy with those around him, and they appeared to have but little care or affection for him, who was their terror. His aspect, and the relations of the family with him, made on my feelings and memory an ineffaceable impression. I had never before, have scarcely since, seen the forlorn and repulsive character of extreme old age so impressively illustrated; and I believe that to the sad spectacle which he exhibited to me fifty-three or four years ago, I may trace up much of my dread of falling, at that advanced period of life, out of communion of mind and heart with children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. When an old man is found in this desolate isolation—those around him praying that he would die, instead of laboring to make him comfortable and cheerful—the fault is generally, I presume, in himself; for it is more reasonable to believe one person to be wrong in feeling and conduct, than a whole family.

Mr. Rector had a married son, living in the same neighborhood with Rhodes whose name was Charles. I introduce him here because he exerted, strange to say, at least a *nominal* influence on your brother! Being the most respectable member of the old gentleman's family, he was often the topic of conversation, and always designated by his father under the endearing appellation of Charley. As I did not relish what related to Charley as much as what was told of Logan, Cresap, and Crawford, I became at last utterly tired and disgusted with the name. Sixteen or seventeen years afterward, while I was engaged in the study of Botany, with the *Systema Naturæ* of Carolus Linnæus for my guide, I had become so enamored with the character of the great Swedish naturalist, that I determined to call my first born son after him; but having my old aversion to "Charley," I charged everybody to call him Charles! As he was not baptized, I kept his middle name in the background, intending to give it or not according to his future taste for natural history, or his promise of distinction in letters or science. He was told, however, that a middle name was in reserve for him, if he should prove worthy of it. I waited till he was about sixteen, and then, at his request, substituted my own for that of the naturalist of the north: had I waited longer, I should not have done it.

Speaking of a neighbor of my Aunt Tenant reminds me of her death, and of the sorrow into which it threw us, for she was an amiable sister and aunt, and our visitings were delightful. The loss to mother was especially severe. Immediately after the birth of her second daughter, she was taken ill with what I now know, from what was said, to have been puerperal fever. Mother was with her, and father went there one morning, and returned, telling us that he must go to town (Washington) for Dr. Goforth. I well remember seeing him trot off in his clean shirt sleeves, with the dirt rubbed off his shoes, and his Sunday hat on his head. The doctor was in the country, and they did not get out till in the night. We had to stay alone. The next day father and mother came back, and told us that Aunt Lydia was dead! It was the first death, except of young children, that had occurred among us, and we were very sorrowful. To console us, father took out of his pocket some rolls of cinnamon bark, which Cousin John Drake, then a student of medicine, had given him. It was the first I had ever tasted, and the impression made by it on the body was so associated with the emotion of mind, that from that time to this, I have scarcely ever seen a roll of cinnamon bark, without thinking of the early fate of my good Aunt Lydia.

A year or so after this melancholy event, another occurred of an opposite kind, but again especially affecting mother. I was "minding the cow" at the cabin door, where she was eating slop early in the morning, while mother milked her. In the midst of it, a stranger on foot walked slowly up and spoke to me. Mother heard him, looked round, rose to her feet, stood "stock still," and burst into tears with loud convulsive sobbing. I was perfectly astounded, but in a moment they were clasped in each other's arms: it was her oldest brother Manning Shotwell, whom she had not seen for eight years, and I suppose that as many letters had scarcely passed between them. He was a poor man, and having lost his wife had determined to visit us. He walked from Jersey to Fort Pitt, and then took water to Limestone, whence he walked out to Mayslick, which he reached late in the evening and so remained all night at uncle's. Father was out on the farm; and at length returning, our good old breakfast table of black walnut rejoiced in having round it the happiest family "in all Kentuck!" Uncle remained with us for several weeks; and as the conversation embraced an account of everything he could say about Jersey and our relations there, and all that father and mother could tell him of our journey out, and our lives to that time, it was quite an occasion of mental improvement to myself—always an interested and attentive listener. Good evening.

11 *o'clock P. M.*

[I broke off at 8 o'clock to visit Dr. Gross, who had invited fifteen or twenty physicians to meet Dr. Cartwright. I wore my new clothes. How amazingly cheering it is to be dressed up now and then. The philosophy of dressing is not much better understood than many other philosophies. To understand it well, a man must have been a poor boy, and known the happiness conferred by an occasional new wool hat or new pair of brass "slee buttons"—price ninepence; and having known this, possess the means and time to dress up occasionally in after life.]

Not long after Uncle Manning left us, we had another visitor from Jersey, whose arrival excited a more general interest. He was no other than the Rev. William Van Horne, the old Scotch Plains pastor of the five families who had emigrated in 1788, and has been already mentioned. No other man living could have produced so deep an impression on the hearts of the whole connection. Several of them had been communicants in his church, and all belonged to his congregation. Like the rest he had been a staunch Whig, and during the Revolution acted as a chaplain. He still wore a three-cornered cocked hat, dressed in black broad-cloth, was a fine-looking old gentleman, of good intelligence, and now and then fell into a fit of laughter that would make his face as red as if it had been tinted with carmine. Of course, all the sources of hospitality which the five families could draw upon, were pumped dry. Father and mother's turn at length came. He and several of our Mayslick relations were to spend the day, and dine with us. Whatever could be done the day before in the way of putting things "to rights," was of course performed, and the next morning we were up bright and early. Lizzy and I were (willingly) taxed to the extent of our skill. The best sweet potato hills were opened; the washing of the long yellow potatoes, among other things, devolved on me; and I recollect that when mother laid them in a dutch oven and poured a little water on them, they looked beautiful. Altogether the day passed off "very fine," and afforded us new topics of conversation for a long time. Parson Van

Horne preached for us in the log church, and having finished his visit, took an affectionate leave, and proceeded on his journey to Cincinnati, and thence to Warren county, where he owned a section of land adjoining what is now the town of Lebanon. Eight years afterward, when I went to Philadelphia to attend lectures, I visited Jersey, and lodged a part of my time at his house. Two years afterward, he started with his son and six daughters for a residence at Lebanon, but died in Pittsburg. You probably know some of his descendants.

I remember the visit of a very different personage, an itinerant tinker, who, by the way, was a very useful man in those early times. He was a small, middle-aged man, who rode a pony and had under him a huge pair of coarse saddlebags, in which he carried his molds, soldering irons, and every implement required in his vocation. He soldered up holes in our tin-cups, turned old pewter basins into new, and did so many "chores" in the line of his profession, that we were quite "made up." He was in all respects a queer character, but I was too young to analyse it. I mostly remember that father and mother were ready to laugh all the evening at his oddities, which, as it now seems to me, included bashfulness and affection, and at the breakfast table next morning, when he had finished, he leaned back at an angle of 45°, and while in that posture, as I was passing, I happened to touch his chair and over he went, throwing his feet as high up as the table. Father and mother could not restrain their laughter, though they attempted to scold me for being so careless. He scrambled up with his face as red as a gum leaf in October, and soon put off, having tinkered us up and afforded us new matter for conversation. You may think it strange that I relate this incident, but you should not; for the very fact of my remembering it fifty-three or four years shows the deep impression which it made on me. He presented a new aspect of character, and I saw the wonderful art of stopping up cracks in tin vessels with solder, and of casting pewter plates and basins. It was knowledge gained and monotony broken up—an impulse on the path of life. It was to me what (perhaps more than what) a far greater event would be to Frank, or Charley, or Joe. We are not molded at one operation, but, as our little tinker made a quart basin, hammered out by successive blows, and this was one of them. Happy is that child to whom the hammer is applied with skill! Happy may you and all the other parents to whom I write, count yourselves, if you can so direct it upon the little immortals whom God has committed to your tinkering, that when you are old their hearts will prompt them to rise up and call you blessed! [Tis near 1 o'clock—adieu.]

Thursday, near 3 P. M.

I might multiply my recollections of characters and events connected with society, which exerted on me an influence, good or bad, but have resolved to forbear, as my letter has already reached an appalling length. I might also trace out the history and fate, or present condition, of several of my playmates and cornfield companions; but, for the same reason, shall not. Indeed a letter of sixty pages ought, I think, to be regarded, under the law, as carried to the maximum; and therefore I subscribe myself your loving

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LETTER IX.

To Mrs. Elizabeth M. McGuffey.

Nature and Extent of Acquirements, at the Time of Commencing the Study of Medicine—Journey from Mayslick to Cincinnati—Begins the Study of Medicine.

Louisville, Dec. 20, 1845, 11 *o'clock P. M.*

My Dear Bettie:

I HAVE just thrown upon the pile my one hundred and fifty-sixth sibylline leaf on Autumnal Fever, thus closing up my week's work; and although my arm (your parti-colored *robe de chambre* to the contrary notwithstanding) feels weary, and my fingers are a little cramped, I have begun, as you see, a new leaf on a new topic. When I shall finish it I can not tell; and when it will reach you I can not, sibyl as I am, even prophesy; for my thermometer has been at cypher for two mornings, and is now only 4° above. Thus not only are the river mails entirely suspended, but my cherished project of eating a Christmas dinner with you is at an end. I can not even hope that this sheet will represent me on that festive occasion. Yesterday, I dispatched one to Sister Belle, but the boat returned after an ineffectual attempt to ascend the river, and my epistle is, I suppose, resting composedly in the Louisville post-office. If the obstructions were only to the upward voyage, I could bear it better; but when I think how many days may drag along before I receive a *bulletin de santé* from Dovecote,* I feel rather fidgety. (Webster notes this word as *vulgar*, but I hope you will not take offense.)

As my letter to Sister B. was written on the anniversary of my arrival in Cincinnati, so this is begun (perhaps will be finished) on the anniversary of the commencement of my medical studies. Since that time forty-five years have rolled away, nearly seventeen more than you have lived in the world. Of course, the circumstances of my arrangements for, and entrance on, the new career (I had to look in the dictionary for the spelling of the last word, which will show you that I have not yet overcome the defects of the education with which I engaged in the study of my profession), I say, of course, the events of that time now rise dimly before me, when I throw my mind's eye back, as do the objects of a place from which we have departed, when we stop, turn round, and look back upon them. And still, there was much in the plans, labors, and occurrences of that year, to impress its memories more deeply on my heart than those of any year before, or of any year since, except that in which I gained, and that in which I lost, your dear mother.

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*A pet name for the house on Fourth street, between Race and Elm streets, Cincinnati, where he resided with Mr. and Mrs. McGuffey.

The long talked of project—that of "making me a doctor"—had at length been finally settled in the affirmative, and I was to enter on the study in a few months with my cousin, Dr. John Drake, whose education was then nearly completed, and whose genius was only equalled by his great moral purity. With this prospect before me, he was taken ill in July with typhus fever, and died in August. This was my first disappointment, and it was a real misfortune to me, for he would have been a good preceptor, and I could have studied at home, and thus saved father an expense which he was in no way prepared to meet. He courageously persevered, however, in his cherished purpose, and I had to submit; although, on his account, I would have preferred being bound to a tradesman; and had actually selected a master, Mr. Stout, of Lexington, a saddler, to whom some of my cornfield companions had already gone. But my preparatory education was not yet completed. True, I had learned to spell the words in old Dilworth, and a good proportion of those in Noah Webster, Jun., Esq., whose spelling-book then seemed to me a greater marvel than does at this time his quarto dictionary now lying before me. But I must fall back upon A. D. 1800, and continue the catalogue of my accomplishments in literature. As a reader I was equal to any in what I regarded as the highest perfection—a loud and tireless voice; which I am sure you would say still inheres with me, if you had been within a hundred yards of the Institute, during my lecture this morning. In chirography I was so so, in geography obscure, and in history cypher. In arithmetic, as far as the double rule of three, practice, tare and tret, interest, and even a fraction in decimals. My greatest acquirement—that of which I was rather proud—was some knowledge of surveying, acquired from Love (I mean to name the author as well as my taste), but which I have long since forgotten. Of grammar I knew nothing, and unfortunately there was no one within my reach who could teach it. Limited as were my attainments, they exceeded that of many boys around me who knew much less; still, as I was going to be a doctor, it was decided that I must have another quarter's schooling. Accordingly, father subscribed again to Master Smith, who kept in a log school-house, on the banks of the Shannon in the woods, just two miles west of where he lived. Thirty-six years afterward, I visited the spot, and found the old hickory under which we used to play, quietly as ever casting off now and then his "shell bark," with a personal appearance exactly the same as he wore in my boyhood. So I resumed my suspended school studies. But the corn had to be hoed, and seeding time required the wheatfield to be harrowed after the sower, and the seed had to be covered with the hoe near the numerous stumps, and it was indispensible for me to labor with my hands as well as head. So I had to rise at the dawn of day, and work in the field till breakfast time, then eat and start with my dinner in my hand. As the distance was two miles, I had to use my feet as well as my head and hands, and generally ran most of the way; as I do now in going to Dr. Bayless' to breakfast. Indeed I have always had such a propensity for running, that it seems a marvel that I never ran away. But what did I do when I reached the consecrated log-cabin? Why, work among the hard words in Webster, especially certain *outre* tables of monosyllables, and certain other tables of "words alike in sound, but different in signification and spelling;" write, cypher, and read in Scott's *Lessons*. Meanwhile, other arrangements were being made for the life before me, such as knitting socks, making coarse India muslin shirts instead of tow linen, providing a couple of cotton pocket handkerchiefs, and purchasing a white roram hat (which to my great grief was stolen in less than a month after I reached Cincinnati). It was also necessary that father should make a visit to Dr. Goforth before I should be taken down, as a bargain was to be concluded. But before this was undertaken, a serious calamity fell upon us. Either three or four (I forget which) of the children, Sister Lizzy, Sister Lydia, Sister Lavinia, and your Uncle Benjamin were all, about the same time, taken down with the ague and fever; a disease never known before or since at the place where we lived; and some of them, especially Sister Lydia, continued with the disease for several weeks. In the midst of it, father got kicked by a horse on the instep of one of his feet, which became greatly inflamed, and a small spot mortified. This, of course, terminated my schooling. I well remember the cares, toils, and anxieties of dear mother and myself; for every thing within and without now devolved upon us.

At last, when father had got well enough to travel, as the autumn was passing away, he determined to make his visit to the doctor. He was gone about a week, and suffered a good deal in his foot from its hanging down. When he got back, he announced that all was arranged, and that I was to go down before the setting in of winter. I was to live in the doctor's family, and he was to pay four hundred dollars, provided I remained, as it was expected I would, four years; by which time, I was to be transmuted into a doctor, as I should then be nineteen. My whole time, however, was not to be given up to the study of medicine; for the doctor was to send me to school for two quarters, that I might learn Latin. But it was sagely decided, that it was not to be done before I began the study of medicine, but at some future time. My destiny now began to be a neighborhood talk, and, indeed, excited a considerable sensation. It was decided that I was to be a gentleman, and lead a life of ease and gentility. I was already called "doctor" by some, and no one of the neighbors, old or young, passed me without having something to say about it. Some of them cautioned me against getting proud, and others, especially my good and venerable old uncle Cornelius, exhorted me to beware of bad young men and evil companions, of which he had understood there were a great many about Fort Washington, or "Cin." as it was sometimes called. Not a few of my young comrades were envious of me, and not a few of their mothers were in a similar plight in reference to mine, who showed such a proud disposition in wishing to make a doctor of her son "Dannel." As to myself, I well recollect that this period of preparation at home, and critical agitation abroad, was by no means very joyous. I was fond of study, but not passionately so, and if I had any aspirations, they were not intense; and several circumstances conspired to countervail them. 1st. I had looked into the medical books of my cousin, and found them so learned, technical, and obscure, that I was convinced my education was too limited. 2d. My father was too poor to pay for what he had undertaken, and was too ailing to dispense with my labors on the farm, now that I had got old enough to do half a man's work. 3d. I was a great home-body; had never been out of the family more than a day or a night at a time; felt timid about going among strangers in a town, and mingling with "the quality." 4th, and finally, I was distressed at the idea of an absence of four or five months. At length, all arrangements were made, and the 16th of December was fixed on for my departure; but instead of starting on the journey I will start to bed, as I find it is after one o'clock. So good-night, or, rather, morning.

9 o'clock A. M.

Having overslept myself, I did not run to Dr. Bayless' to breakfast this morning; and after having done up my work, I sat down to some excellent black tea, crackers, and dried beef, from which I have just risen. How many miserable and destitute people, old and young, there may now be within sight of the dome of the edifice in which I write, who are cold and hungry, I can not pretend to guess. What a delightful world this would be, notwithstanding its clouds and frosts, if every body around one was happy. It is in vain, however, to dream of such a condition, for human nature is so perverse that, as you have just seen, I was made unhappy at or by the thought that I was about going to Cincinnati to learn to be a doctor and a gentleman! And this illustration reminds me of what I was about to tell you, when I threw down my pen eight hours ago. When I was fifteen, travelling (the word was then spelled with two l's, and I retain the habit, never losing an old attachment), getting from one part of the country to another was a very different affair from what it now is (except when the river is frozen over), for one may now breakfast in Mayslick and sup in Broadway. In the first place, the roads were most of the way only "bridle paths," and difficult to follow, for at their ramifications or forks there were no finger boards, and not many living fingers to point out the true way to the puzzled traveller. In the second place, between Mayslick and Cincinnati there were no taverns. Third, and lastly, as the said *via nova, deserta, obscura* was, also, *montosa et rugossissima*, the travel along it was slow and wearisome. It resulted from these premises, that we had to provide some other means than the "cut money," which then made our small change; and accordingly mother put up a quantity of provisions, of which, at this late period, I recollect nothing but a couple of roast chickens and some bread. But before this stage of our preparations arrived, father had been looking out for a traveling companion, as a winter journey back through such a wilderness, after parting from his "dear son Dannel," seemed to require the cheering companionship of a fellow traveller. At length he found one, a Mr. Johnson (I think his name was Abram), who wished to see something of the country, and concluded to be of our party.

The morning of the 16th of December at length arrived, and the parting came with it. Lizzy was thirteen, Lydia ten, Benjamin six, Lavinia three, and Livingston about one. There we all were in the cabin where more than half had been born, where I had carried the younger ones in my arms, and amused them with the good old cow Brindle, as she drank her slop at the door while mother milked her; and there too was old Lion, my friend and field and woods companion, in the midst of us, quite conscious that a journey was at hand, and by no means an uninterested member of the family. The parting over, we mounted, and he escorted us down the lane, which soon reached the woods, and I took a farewell look at the little cabin, then wiped my eyes (for like dear Charley's the water *would* keep coming into them—crying, you see, runs in the blood); and set my face fairly to the west; and to the west, as you know, it has remained set for the forty-five years that have since, by the western rounds of the sun, been rolled away.

Our first two miles brought me in sight of the old hickory and its log school-house on the banks of the Shannon; our first halt, at noon, was in a village of a dozen cabins and two or three frames, called Germantown, where we stopped to feed, and dine at Dr. Doniphan's. The doctor was an acquaintance of father's, and appeared to take an interest in me. He had studied awhile in Washington with Dr. Goforth, before the doctor removed from there to Cincinnati, and had been well acquainted with my cousin, John Drake. He was a Virginian, a widower with one little daughter, a large man, was full of humor and Scotch snuff, talked through his nose when it was not too full, and indulged in frequent and fluent fits of loud laughter. After dinner we put off, and passing in the next fourteen miles a few solitary cabins, by night reached Leathers' cabin and ferry, on the banks of the river opposite the mouth of Bull-skin creek; where, notwithstanding the unsavory character of the locality, I must leave you for a while.

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Mr. Leathers' Pennsylvania Dutch hotel consisted of a log cabin of one room, which was made to answer for bar, dormitory, refectory, and family apartments. The night, however, was not as cold as that we have just passed through, and as the blood of fifteen is warmer than that of sixty, I got on pretty well. In the hope of reaching Cincinnati the next day, we made an early start. The river was about as high as it is now, and abounded in cakes of floating ice. I had not been on it before since I could remember, and had not yet learned to swim. Our ferry-boat was of a small size, and my fears were very large. Our crew consisted of the old man and his daughter, a good-looking, rosy-faced damsel of sixteen or seventeen. They toiled, and twisted, and dodged. My confidence increased as the voyage continued. We approached the shore of Ohio, and I, greatly delighted, escaped from the perils of the deep, realizing for the first time (for any thing I could then foresee) the truth of the saying that he who is born to be, etc., etc. We mounted, and not only left the water, but the valley in which it flows. Our first halt was at Bohannon's, which was about twelve or fourteen miles. There we dined and fed. We had not passed a house on the way. At the mouth of Big Indian, where Point Pleasant now is, we again descended to the river. Next, we halted and refreshed at John's mill on Fifteen Mile creek. A son of the family now lives on Sycamore street, Cincinnati. Then we came to the mouth of the Little Miami, and had to travel up it a mile, before we could ford it. There I was struck with the appearance of the trees which grow in the bottom lands liable to frequent inundation. I had not before seen such a locality. A mile further brought us into the then village of Columbia, and also brought twilight. By this time it was beginning to rain, and had been thawing all the day. In the center of the place there was a tavern, kept in a two story log-house, and we "put up" for the night. Father and I lodged in one bed, and Mr. Johnson in the other. In the course of the night the cords hurt him through the feathers, which were then a scarce article, and the cord (quite as scarce an article) broke in one place; whereupon he took his knife, and cutting round, let himself down on the floor. At daylight next morning we were off, intending to breakfast at Dr. Goforth's. It rained, and the mud had become deep. Between the lower end of Columbia and the upper end of Cincinnati (below Deer creek bridge), there were two cabins; one half way, the other where Kilgour's garden comes to the street on the river bank. We passed the post-office, then kept by Mrs. William Oliver's father, Major Ruffin, in front of Mr. Symmes',* and made our way to Peach Grove, where Mrs. Lytle now lives; the grounds through which we reached it being, near the house, embellished with corn-stalks, from which the ears had been lately pulled. Father remained a day, when to my dismay he took leave of me, and I

* * * *

took to Chesselden's *Anatomy*.

Your affectionate
FATHER.

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*The house referred to as Mr. Symmes' is the two story stone house still standing about fifty feet east of the south-east corner of Lawrence and Pearl streets. It was built about the year 1812, by Daniel Symmes, and after his death was occupied for many years by the late Peyton S. Symmes.

LETTER X.

Conclusion.

Louisville, Jan. 20, 1848, 3 *o'clock P. M.*

MY DEAR CHILDREN OF ALL CLASSES:

I HAVE just finished a letter of sixty-four pages, as, in fact, you know, by having read it as a preliminary to this. It is the eighth I have sent you within a month, amounting to two hundred and forty or fifty pages. In these pages, written without premeditation or plan, and only four of them copies (to get rid of an error of logic in some of my philosophical reflections), I have embodied in a truly off-hand style the principal matters connected with the first fifteen years of my life, which seemed to me to have exerted much influence on my character and destiny. As you all know, a great change in my condition, position, and pursuits took place at that time; the history of which I gave in a letter to Dove two years ago; which letter, should your children ever have the curiosity to read what I have written, should be taken up after the rest.

Charles has by letter proposed to me to continue my narrative on to the year 1820. If I were out of literary occupation, I might do so; but as it is, I must resist the temptation; and until I get out the first volume, at least, of my *Physical and Medical History of our Great Valley*, must lay aside the reminiscential pen. The letters I have written within a month have, of course, suspended writing on my book; but before I began them, I was not doing a great deal in that way; for I found it exceedingly difficult to write daily on one medical subject and lecture on another. But the writing down of reminiscences did not constitute any drawback on my lectures; on the contrary (myself being the judge) I never lectured as well before; the theory of which I have already given in one of my epistles.

When I began my letter to Echo, I intended that it should be the last, and supposed it would reach about thirty pages. When I reached there, I thought that what would follow would be too little for another, and so kept on. Could I have anticipated an extension to sixty, I would have thrown it into two; and I really hope you will not have attempted to travel through it at a single reading.

I can not close without saying to you that I have written what I have with a right good will; for some men love to write about themselves: then it was pleasant to fall back upon and mingle once more with the family, and commune with father and mother, and play with the little children, and hear the babies cry. It was also pleasant to renew the friendships and pastimes and field emulations of boyhood: finally, it was delightful to wander once more in the woods, and sit down under the patriarchs of the forest, defended by their protecting arms from the heat of the summer sun, and listen to the songs of little birds above, or the voices of little insects in the flowers below, or to throw my hat over some luckless butterfly that happened to pass along.

In all the latter years of my life I have observed, that whenever I am intently reading or writing on any subject whatever, I am in some locality with which I was familiar in boyhood. When in reading Neal's *History of the Puritans*, I came to the civil wars and the era of Cromwell, I had a map of London, Oxford, and other localities, drawn on a spot about half-way between Mayslick and Uncle Abraham's Upper Lee's Creek mill, certain large trees indicating the sites of the places named in the history; and I had a locality in the same quarter for the prison in which John Bunyan was confined, and another for the stake at which John Rogers was burnt. And what is remarkable, as often as I took up the work, the scenes were referred to the same spot, which is still, after several years, associated with them in my memory. In like manner, when writing on the laws of our climate, or combining the facts which establish the proper treatment of our Autumnal Fever, I am in some one of those early sylvan scenes; and as long as I continue to resume the same investigation, the same objects, unbidden, appear around me. I have never been able to discover anything in the subject which places me in the particular spot on which I find myself, nor do I know how far what I have said is true of others. In the letters which I have now brought to a close I was writing of those localities and their objects, all of which were legitimately before me, and I was there, not elsewhere, in imagination. Thus, in narrating an event or a labor of any kind, the locality on which it was really performed was the one which was present to my mind. With such an unconscious yearning (to speak in paradox) toward the places dear to my boyhood, I could not fail to find great enjoyment in a *bona fide* imaginary review of them. In fact, after I got fairly started I was carried away by them, and could'nt stop if I would, till the subject was exhausted.

Should I ever resume my narrative, whatever interest you may take in it, mine will be much less. I have traveled through the romantic period, and feel sorry that I *have*. It is no longer in my contemplation as a pleasing task to be performed. I am like the child that has eaten up its sugar plum, after having for days enjoyed the anticipation of the feast. You are, as yet, too near the era of your childhood to be able to comprehend these feelings, but I hope you may all live to realize them. Yet I can not hope that such of you as have had the misfortune to pass your childhood and youth in the city, will ever find in your reminiscences the enjoyment which I have found in mine.

That Heaven will bless and prosper and save you all, is the prayer of your affectionate

FATHER.

APPENDIX.

Note A, p. 23.

5

On the 23d of September, 1834, Dr. Drake delivered before the Union Literary Society of Miami University, a "Discourse on the History, Character, and Prospects of the West," from which the following passages are extracted, illustrative of the trials and heroism of the pioneers of that region:

"The early history biography, and scenery of the Valley of the Mississippi will confer on our literature a variety of important benefits. They furnish new and stirring themes for the historian, the poet, the novelist, the dramatist, and the orator. They are equally rich in events and objects for the historical painter. As a great number of those who first threaded the lonely and silent labyrinths of our primitive woods were men of intelligence, the story of their perils and exploits has a dignity which does not belong to the early history of other nations. We should delight to follow their footsteps, and stand upon the spot where, at night, they lighted up the fire of hickory bark to frighten off the wolf; where the rattlesnake infused his deadly poison into the foot of the rash intruder on his ancient domain; where in the deep grass, they laid, prostrate and breathless, while the enemy, in Indian file, passed unconscious on his march. We should plant willows over the spots once fertilized with their blood, and the laurel tree where they met the unequal war of death, and remained conquerors of the little field.

"From the hero we should pass to the hero's wife, the companion of his toil, and too often the victim of the dangers into which he plunged. We shall find her great according to the occasion; contented under deprivation, and patient through that sickness of the heart which nature inflicts on her who wanders from the home of her fathers; watchful that her little ones should not stray from the cabin door, and be lost in the dark and savage woods; wild with alarm when the night closed in, and the wanderer did not return; or frantic with terror when the yell of the Indian told the dreadful tale that he had been made a captive, and could no more be folded to her bosom. We should follow her to other scenes, when the merciless foe pursued the mover's boat, or assaulted the little cabin where, in the dark and dismal night, the lone family must defend itself or perish. Here it was that she rose above her sex in active courage, and displayed, in defense of her offspring more than of herself, such examples of self-possession and personal bravery as clothe her in a new robe of moral grandeur.

"The exciting influences of that perilous age were not limited to man and woman; the child also felt their power, and became a young hero; the girl fearlessly crushed the head of the serpent that crossed her forest path, when hieing alone to the distant neighbor; and the boy, while yet too young to carry the rifle, placed the little tomahawk in his buckskin belt, and followed in the wake of the hunter; or sallied forth, a young volunteer, when his father and brothers pursued the retreating savage. Even the dog, man's faithful sentinel in the wilderness, had his senses made keener, and his instinct exalted into reason, by the dangers that surrounded his playmates of the family.

"Were it consistent with the object of this discourse, I could introduce incidents to illustrate all that is here recounted; many might be collected from the narratives which have been published; but a much greater number lie buried in the memories of the aged pioneers and their immediate descendants, and will be lost unless they be speedily made a part of our history. As specimens of what remain unpublished, permit me to cite the following, for which I have the most respectable authorities:

"A family, consisting of the husband, the wife, and two children, one two years old, the other at the breast, occupied a solitary cabin in the neighborhood of a block-house, where several other families resided, in the year 1789, near the Little Miami river, in this State. Not long after the cabin was built the husband unfortunately died; and such was the grief and gloom of his widow, that she preferred to live alone, rather than mingle with the inhabitants of the crowded block-house, where the noise and bustle would be abhorrent to her feelings. In this solitary situation she passed several months. At night it was a common thing to see and hear the Indians around her habitation; and to secure her babes from the tomahawk she resorted to the following precaution: Raising a puncheon of the floor, she dug a hole in the ground and prepared a bed, in which, after they had gone to sleep, she placed them side by side, and then restored the puncheon. When they awoke and required nourishment she raised it, and hushing them to sleep, returned them to their hiding place. In this way, to use her own words, she passed night after night, and week after week, with the Indians and her babes, as the sole objects of her thoughts and vigils.

"Would you have an example of fortitude and maternal love, you could turn to no nation for one more touching or original.

"The next incident I shall narrate, was communicated to me by one of the most distinguished citizens of the State just mentioned. I shall give it to you in his own words.

"'In the latter part of April, 1784, my father with his family, and five other families, set out from Louisville, in two flat-bottomed boats, for the Long Falls of Green river. The intention was to descend the Ohio river to the mouth of Green river, and ascend that river to the place of destination. At that time there were no settlements in Kentucky within one hundred miles of the Long Falls of Green river (afterward called Vienna). The families were in one boat, and their cattle in the other. When we had descended the river Ohio about one hundred miles, and were near the middle of it, gliding along very securely, as we thought, about ten o'clock of the night, we heard a prodigious yelling by Indians, some two or three miles below us on the northern shore. We had floated but a little distance farther down the river, when we saw a number of fires on that shore. The yelling still continued, and we concluded that they had captured a boat, which had passed us about mid-day, and were massacreing their captives. Our two boats were lashed together, and the best practicable arrangements made for defending them. The men were distributed by my father to the best advantage, in case of an attack; they were seven in number, including himself. The boats were *neared* to the Kentucky shore, with as little noise by the oars as possible. We were afraid to approach too near the Kentucky shore, lest there might be Indians on that shore also. We had not yet reached their uppermost fire (their fires were extended along the bank at intervals for half a mile or more), and we entertained a faint hope that we might slip by unperceived. But they discovered us when we had got about midway of their fires, and commanded us to *come to*. We were silent, for my father had given strict orders that no one should utter any sound but that of his rifle; and not that until the Indians should come within powder-burning distance. They united in a most terrific yell, and rushed to their canoes, and pursued us. We floated on in silence—not an oar was pulled. They approached us within less than a hundred yards, with a seeming determination to board us. Just at this moment my mother rose from her seat, collected the axes, and placed one by the side of each man, where he stood with his gun, touching him on the knee with the handle of the axe, as she leaned it up by him against the side of the boat, to let him know it was there, and retired to her seat, retaining a hatchet for herself. The Indians continued hovering on our rear, and yelling for near three miles, when, awed by the inferences which they drew from our silence, they relinquished further pursuit. None but those who have had a practical acquaintance with Indian warfare, can form a just idea of the terror which their hideous yelling is calculated to inspire. I was then about ten years old, and shall never forget the sensations of that night; nor can I ever cease to admire the fortitude and composure displayed by my mother on that trying occasion. We were saved, I have no doubt, by the judicious system of conduct and defense, which my father had prescribed to our little band. We were seven men and three boys—but nine guns in all. They were more than a hundred. My mother in speaking of it afterward, in her calm way, said we had made a *providential escape*, for which we ought to feel grateful.'

"Although but a few years have elapsed since that night of deep and dismal emotion, the war fires which blazed beneath the white limbs of the sycamore and gleamed upon the waters have long since been superseded by the lights of the quiet and comfortable farm house; the gliding bark canoe has been banished by the impetuous steamer; and the very shore on which the enemy raised their frightful death yell, has been washed away by the agitated waters! No where in the annals of other nations, can we find such matchless contrasts between two periods but half a century apart.

"In the year 1786, three brothers set out from a wooden fort, in which some families were intrenched, to hunt on Green river, in the State of Kentucky. They ascended the river in a canoe for several miles, when, finding no game, they determined on returning home. The oldest brother left the canoe, that he might hunt on his way back. As the other two slowly floated down the stream, and were at a point called the Little Falls, they discovered an Indian skulking toward them through the woods. He was on the same side of the river with their brother. After deliberating a moment, they decided on flight; and applying their paddles with great industry soon reached the fort, but did not relate what they had seen. In about an hour the brother arrived, and while ignorant of their discovery made the following statement:

"'That has happened to me to-day, which never happened to me before. I had not met with any game, and became tired of walking, and turned in toward the river, intending to meet my brothers at the Little Falls, and take a seat in the canoe; but when I got near to that point, my dog sat down and howled in a low and piteous tone. I coaxed him, patted and flattered him to follow me, but he would not; and when I would approach him, he would jump up joyously and run off from toward the river, and look at me and wag his tail, and seem eager to go on.

After endeavoring, in vain, to get him to follow me, I concluded to follow him, and did so. He ran briskly before me, often looking back, as if to be sure that I was coming, and to hasten my steps.'

"The brother was then told, that at the very point where the faithful dog had arrested his march toward the canoe, those who were in it had discovered the Indian. All who had heard the story, believed that he had been perceived by the animal, and recognized as the enemy of his master; for, as my respectable correspondent adds:

"'The dog of the hunter was his companion and friend. They were much together, and mutually dependent upon and serviceable to each other. A hunter would much rather have lost his horse than his dog. The latter was the more useful animal to his master, and greatly more beloved by him.'

"Nearly two years afterward another incident occurred at the same family fort, which displays the dangers which beset the emigrants of that period, and illustrates the magnanimity of the female character.

"About twenty young persons, male and female, of the fort, had united in a flax-pulling, in one of the most distant fields. In the course of the forenoon two of their mothers made them a visit, and the younger took along her child, about eighteen months old. When the whole party were near the woods, one of the young women, who had climbed over the fence, was fired upon by several Indians concealed in the bushes, who at the same time raised the usual war whoop. She was wounded, but retreated, as did the whole party; some running with her down the lane, which happened to open near that point, and others across the field. They were hotly pursued by the enemy, who continued to yell and fire upon them. The older of the two mothers who had gone out, recollecting in her flight, that the younger, a small and feeble woman, was burthened with her child, turned back in the face of the enemy, they firing and yelling hideously, took the child from its almost exhausted mother, and ran with it to the fort, a distance of three hundred yards. During the chase she was twice shot at with rifles, when the enemy were so near that the powder burnt her, and one arrow passed through her sleeve, but she escaped uninjured. The young woman, who was wounded, almost reached the place of safety when she sunk, and her pursuer, who had the hardihood to attempt to scalp her, was killed by a bullet from the fort.

"I shall not anticipate your future researches into our early history, by narrating other incidents; but commend the whole subject to your keeping, and hope to see you emulate each other in its cultivation. You will find it a rich and exhaustless field of facts and events, illustrating the emotions of fear and courage, patience and fortitude, joy and sorrow, hope, despair, and revenge; disclosing the resources of civilized man, when cut off from his brethren, destitute of the comforts of life, deficient in sustenance, and encompassed with dangers, against which he must invent the means of defense or speedily perish; finally exhibiting the comparative activity, hardihood, and cunning, of two distinct races, the most opposite in manners and customs and arts, arrayed against each other, and with their respective weapons of death, contending for the possession of the same wilderness."

Note B, p. 35.

Dr. Drake's affection for the Buckeye tree had received from him a more extended expression, about fourteen years before the date of this letter. On the 26th of December, 1833, there was in Cincinnati a celebration by natives of Ohio, of the forty-fifth anniversary of the first settlement of that city and of the Miami country; in which Dr. Drake participated as an invited guest. I well remember how the occasion, before and at the time, aroused all his poetic fervor and "backwoods" enthusiasm. The celebration took the form of a dinner, served up at the "Cincinnati Commercial Exchange," on Front street, between Main and Sycamore, near where the first cabin was erected in 1788. One hundred and sixty persons, nearly all natives of Ohio, sat down to the table; where no ardent spirits, nor wine, other than *native* wine, made and presented by Nicholas Longworth, Esq., were used. A full account of all that was said and sung and done, was published in a pamphlet, from which I extract the following speech by Dr. Drake, in response to a toast to "*The Author of* 'THE PICTURE OF CINCINNATI.'" The Author rose, and after returning thanks to the meeting, and alluding to a description of the Buckeye in the *Picture of Cincinnati*, asked permission to say something on the fitness of that tree to be acknowledged as the emblem of those whom he addressed; and he spoke as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN: Having been born in the East, I am not *quite* a native of the valley of the Ohio, and, therefore, am not a Buckeye by birth; still I might claim to be a greater Buckeye than most of you who were born in the city, for my Buckeyeism belongs to the *country*, a better soil for rearing Buckeyes than the town.

"My first remembrances are of a Buckeye cabin, in the depths of a cane brake, on one of the tributary brooks of Licking river; for whose waters, as they flow into the Ohio, opposite our city, I feel some degree of affection. At the date of these recollections, the spot where we are now assembled, was a Beech and Buckeye grove; no doubt altogether unconscious of its approaching fate. Thus, I am a Buckeye by engrafting, or rather by inoculation, being only in the bud when I began to draw my nourishment from the depths of a Buckeye bowl.

"The tree which you have toasted, Mr. President, has the distinction of being one of a family of plants, but a few species of which exist on the earth. They constitute the genus *Æsculus* of the botanist, which belongs to the class *Heptandria*. Now the latter, a Greek phrase, signifies *seven men;* and there happen to be exactly seven species of the genus—thus they constitute the seven wise men of the woods; in proof of which, I may mention, that there is not another family of plants on the whole earth, that possesses these talismanic attributes of wisdom. But this is not all. Of the seven species, our emblem-tree was discovered *last*—it is the youngest of the family—*the seventh son!* and who does not know the manifold virtues of a seventh son!

"Neither Europe nor Africa has a single *native* species of *Æsculus*, and Asia but one. This is the *Æsculus Hippocastinum* or horse chestnut. Nearly three hundred years since, a minister from one of the courts of Western Europe to that of Russia, found this tree growing in Moscow, whither it had been brought from Siberia. He was struck with its beauty, and naturalized it in his own country. It spread with astonishing rapidity over that part of the continent, and crossing the channel, became one of the favorite shade trees of our English ancestors. But the oppressions and persecutions recounted in the address of your young orator, compelled them to cross the ocean, and become exiled from the tree whose beautiful branches overhung their cottage doors.

"When they reached this continent, did they find their favorite shade tree, or any other species of the family, to supply its place in their affections? They did not—they *could* not; as from Jamestown to Plymouth, the soil is too barren to nourish this epicurean plant. Doubtless their first impulse was to seek it in the interior; but there the Indian still had his home, and they were compelled to languish on the sands of the seaboard. The Revolution came and passed away: it was a political event, and men still hovered on the coast; but the revolving year at length unfolded the map of the mighty West, and our fathers began to direct their footsteps thitherward. They took breath on the eastern base of the Alleghany mountains without having found the object of their pursuits; then scaled the lofty summits—threaded the deep and craggy defiles—descended its western slopes—but still sought in vain. The hand of destiny, however, seemed to be upon them; and boldly penetrating the unbroken forests of the Ohio, amidst savages and beasts of prey, they finally built their half-faced camps beneath the Buckeye tree. All their hereditary and traditional feelings were now gratified. They had not, to be sure, found the horse chesnut, which embellished the paths of their forefathers; but a tree of the same family, of greater size and equal beauty, and, like themselves, a native of the new world. Who, of this young assembly, has a heart so cold, as not to sympathize in the joyous emotions which this discovery must have raised? It acted on them like a charm; their flagging pulses were quickened, and their imaginations warmed. They thought not of returning, but sent back pleasant messages, and invited their friends to follow. Crowds from every State in the Union soon pressed forward, and, in a single age, the native land of the Buckeye became the home of millions. Enterprise was animated; new ideas came into men's minds; bold schemes were planned and executed; new communities organized; political states established; and the wilderness transformed, as if by enchantment.

"Such was the power of the Buckeye wand; and its influence has not been limited to the West. We may fearlessly assert, that it has been felt over the whole of our common country. Till the time when the Buckeye tree was discovered, slow indeed had been the progress of society in the new world. With the exception of the Revolution, but little had been achieved, and but little was in prospect. Since that era society has been progressive, higher destinies have been unfolded, and a reactive Buckeye influence, perceptible to all acute observers, must continue to assist in elevating our beloved country among the nations of the earth.

"Every native of the valley of the Ohio should feel proud of the appellation, which, from the infancy of our settlements, has been conferred upon him; for the Buckeye has many qualities which may be regarded as typical of a noble character.

"It is not merely a native of the West, but peculiar to it; has received from the botanist the specific name of *Ohioensis*; and is the only tree of our whole forest that does not grow elsewhere. What other tree could be so fit an emblem of our native population?

"From the very beginning of immigration, it has been a friend to the 'new comers.' Delighting in the richest soils, they soon learned to take counsel from it in the selection of their lands, and it never yet proved faithless to any one who confided in it.

"When the first 'log cabin' was to be hastily put up, the softness and lightness of its wood made it precious; for in those times laborers were few, and axes once broken in harder timber, could not be repaired.

"When the infant Buckeyes came forth, to render these solitary cabins vocal and make them instinct with life, cradles were necessary, and they could not be so easily dug out of any other tree. Thousands of men and women, who are now active and respectable performers on the great theater of western society, were once rocked in Buckeye troughs.

"In those early days, when a boundless and lofty wilderness overshadowed every habitation, to destroy the tree and make way for the growth of corn, was the great object, *hic labor*, *hoc opus erat*. Now, the lands where the Buckeye abounded, were from the special softness of its wood, the easiest of all others to 'clear,' and in this way it afforded valuable, though negative assistance to the first settlers.

"Foreign sugar was then unknown in these regions, and our reliance for this article, as for many others, was on the abounding woods. In reference to this sweet and indispensable acquisition the Buckeye lent us positive aid; for it was not only the best wood of the forests for troughs, but every where grew side by side with the graceful and delicious sugar maple.

"We are now assembled on a spot, which is surrounded by vast warehouses, filled to overflowing with the earthen and iron domestic utensils of China, Birmingham, Sheffield, and, I should add, the great western manufacturing town at the head of our noble river. The poorest and the obscurest family in the land may be, and is, in fact, adequately supplied. How different was the condition of the early immigrants! A journey of a thousand miles over wild and rugged mountains permitted the adventurous pioneer to bring with him little more than the Indian or the Arab carries from place to place—*his wife and children.* Elegances were unknown; even articles of pressing necessity were few in number; and when lost or broken could not be replaced. In that period of trying deprivation, to what quarter did the 'first settlers' turn their inquiring and anxious eyes? To the Buckeye—yes, gentlemen, to the Buckeye tree; and it proved a friend indeed, because, in the simple and expressive language of those early times, it was a 'friend in need.' Hats were manufactured of its fibres—the tray for the delicious 'pone' and 'johnny cake'—the venison trencher—the noggin—the spoon—and the huge white family bowl for mush and milk, were carved from its willing trunk; and the finest 'boughten' vessels could not have imparted a more delicious flavor, or left an impression so enduring. He who has ever been concerned in the petty brawls, the frolic, and the fun of a family of young Buckeyes around the great wooden bowl, overflowing with the 'milk of human kindness,' will carry the sweet remembrance to his grave.

"Thus, beyond all the trees of the land, the Buckeye was associated with the family circle,—penetrating its privacy, facilitating its operations, and augmenting its enjoyments. Unlike many of its loftier associates, it did not bow its head and wave its arms at a haughty distance; but might be said to have held out the *right hand of fellowship;* for, of all the trees of our forest, it is the only one with *five* leaflets arranged on one stem—an expressive symbol of the human hand.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: I beg you to pardon the enthusiasm which betrays me into continued trespasses on your patience. As an old friend of the Buckeye tree, I feel that to be faithful I must dwell still longer on its virtues.

"The original 'ditty' which has just been sung with such animation, sets forth in homely but hearty phrases some of its figurative characters. Let me in humble prose recount a few of them, with others not yet 'said or sung.'

"In all our woods, there is not a tree so hard to kill as the Buckeye. The deepest 'girdling' does not 'deaden' it, and even after it is cut down and worked up into the side of a cabin, it will send out young branches, denoting to all the world that Buckeyes are not easily conquered, and could with difficulty be destroyed.

"The Buckeye has generally been condemned as unfit for fuel; but its very incombustibility has been found an advantage; for no tree of the forest is equally valuable for 'back logs,' which are the *sine qua non* of every good cabin fire. Thus treated, it may be finally, though slowly, burnt; when another of its virtues immediately appears; as no other tree of our woods affords so great a quantity of alkali. Thus there is piquancy in the very ashes!

"The bark of our emblem-plant has some striking properties. Under a proper method of preparation and use, it is said to be efficacious in the cure of ague and fever, but unskillfully employed, it proves a violent emetic; which may indicate that he who tampers with a Buckeye will not do it with impunity.

"The fruit of the Buckeye offers much to interest us. The capsule, or covering of the nut, is beset with sharp prickles, which, incautiously grasped, will soon compel the aggressor to let go his hold. The nut is undeniably the most beautiful of all which our teeming woods bring forth; and in many parts of the country is made subservient to the military education of our sons; who, assembling in the 'muster field' (where their fathers and elder brothers are learning to be militia men), divide themselves into armies, and pelt each other with Buckeye balls; a military exercise at least as instructive as that which their seniors perform with Buckeye sticks. The inner covering of the nut is highly astringent. Its substance, when grated down, is soapy, and has been used to cleanse fine fabrics, in the absence of good soap. When the powder is washed, a large quantity of starch is obtained, which might, if times of scarcity *could* arise in a land so fertile as the native soil of this tree, be used for food. The water employed for this purpose, holds in solution an active medicinal agent, which, unwarily swallowed, proves a poison; thus again, admonishing those who would attempt to 'use up' a Buckeye, that they may repent of their rashness.

"Who has not looked with admiration on the fine foliage of the Buckeye in early spring, while the more sluggish tenants of the forest remain torpid in their winter quarters? And what tree in all our wild woods bears a flower which can be compared with that of our favorite? We may fearlessly challenge for it the closest comparison. The early putting forth, and the beauty of its leaves and blossoms, are appropriate types of our native population, whose rapid and beautiful development will not be denied by those whom I now address, nor disproved by a reference to their character.

"Finally, the Buckeye derives its name from the resemblance of its nut to the eye of the buck, the finest organ of our noblest wild animal; while the name itself, is compounded of a Welsh and Saxon word; belonging therefore to the oldest portions of our vernacular tongue, and connecting us with the primitive stocks, of which our fathers were but scions planted in the new world.

"But Mr. President and Gentlemen, I must dismiss this fascinating topic. My object has been to show the peculiar fitness of the Buckeye to be made the symbol-tree of our native population. This arises from its many excellent qualities. Other trees have greater magnitude and stronger trunks. They are the Hercules of the forest; and, like him of old, who was distinguished only for physical power, they are remarkable chiefly for their mechanical strength. Far different is it with the Buckeye, which does not depend on brute force to effect its objects; but exercises, as it were, a moral power, and admonishes all who adopt its name, to rely upon intellectual cultivation, instead of bodily prowess.

"Permit me, Mr. President and Gentlemen, to give you the following sentiment:

"THE BUCKEYES OF THE WEST.—*Theirs is the only power which can permanently unite the Hemlock of the North and the Palmetto of the South, in the same national arbor.*"